# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 193, No. 22. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illustrated [illegible]
Founded A° D° 1728 by [illegible]in

NOV. 27, 1920

5c. THE COPY
10c. In Canada

Beginning The Wrong Twin—By Harry Leon Wilson

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

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C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
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Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
E. Dinsmore,
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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 27, 1920 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 22

# THE WRONG TWIN

## By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AN ESTABLISHMENT in Newbern Center, trading under the name of the Foto Art Shop, once displayed in its window a likeness of the twin sons of Dave Cowan. Side by side, on a lavishly fringed plush couch, they confronted the camera with differing aspects. One sat forward with a decently, even blandly, composed visage, nor had he meddled with his curls. His mate sat back, scowling, and fought the camera to the bitter end. His curls, at the last moment, had been mussed by a raging hand.

This was in the days of an earlier Newbern, when the twins were four and Winona Penniman began to be their troubled mentor—troubled lest they should not grow up to be refined persons; a day when Dave Cowan, the widely traveled printer, could rightly deride its citizenry as small-towners; a day when the Whipples were Newbern's sole noblesse and the Cowan twins not yet torn asunder.

The little town lay along a small but potent river that turned a few factory wheels with its eager current, and it drew sustenance from the hill farms that encircled it for miles about. You had to take a dingy way train up to the main line if you were going the long day's journey to New York, so that the Center of the name was often construed facetiously by outlanders.

Now Newbern Center is modern, and grows callous. Only the other day a wandering biplane circled the second nine of its new golf course, and of the four players on the tenth green but one paid it the tribute of an upward glance. Even this was a glance of resentment, for his partner at that instant eyed the alignment for a three-foot putt and might be distracted. The annoyed player flung up a hostile arm at the thing and waved it from the course. Seemingly abashed, the machine slunk off into a cloud bank.

Old Sharon Whipple, the player who putted, never knew that above him had gone a thing he had very lately said could never be. Sharon has grown modern with the town. Not so many years ago he scoffed at rumors of a telephone. He called it a contraption, and said it would be against the laws of God and common sense. Later he proscribed the horseless carriage as an impracticable toy. Of flying he had affirmed that the fools who tried it would deservedly break their necks, and he had gustily raged at the waste of a hundred and seventy-five acres of good pasture land when golf was talked.

Yet this very afternoon the inconsequent dotard had employed a telephone to summon his car to transport him to the links, and had denied even a glance of acknowledgment at the wonder floating above him. Much like that is growing Newbern.

*Shining Silver—Thousands of Dollars of It, the Owner Had Declared*

There was gasping aplenty when Winona Penniman abandoned the higher life and bought a flagrant pair of satin dancing slippers, but now the town lets far more sensational doings go almost unremarked. The place tosses even with the modern fever of unrest. It has its bourgeoisie, its proletariat, its radicals, but also a city-beautiful association and a rather captious sanitary league. Lately a visiting radical, on the occasion of a certain patriotic celebration, expressed a conventional wish to spit upon the abundantly displayed flag. A knowing friend was quick to dissuade him:

"Don't do it! Don't try it! Here, now, you got no freedom! Should you spit only on their sidewalk, they fine the heart's blood out of you."

II

MIDWAY between these periods of very early and very late Newbern there was once a shining summer morning on which the Cowan twins, being then nine years old, set out from the Penniman home to pick wild blackberries along certain wooded lanes that environed the town. They were barefooted, wearing knee pants buttoned to calico waists, these being patterned with small horseshoes which the twins had been told by their father would bring them good luck. They wore cloth caps and carried tin pails for their berries. These would be sold to the Pennimans at an agreed price of five cents a quart, and it was Winona's hope that the money thus earned on a beautiful Saturday morning would on Sunday be given to the visiting missionary lately returned from China. Winona had her doubts, however; chiefly of Wilbur Cowan's keenness for proselyting, on his own income, in foreign lands. Too often with money in hand he had yielded to the grosser tyranny of the senses.

The twins ran races in the soft dust of the highway until they reached the first outlying berry patch. Here they became absorbed in their work. They were finding well-laden bushes along the fence of what to-day is known as the old graveyard.

Newbern now has a sophisticated new cemetery, with carved marble and tall shafts of polished granite, trimmed shrubs and garnished mounds, contrasting—as the newer town to the old—with the dingy inclosure where had very simply been inhumed the dead of that simpler day. In the new cemetery blackberry bushes would not be permitted. Along the older plot they flourished. The place itself is overgrown with rank grasses, with ivy run wild, with untended shrubs, often hiding the memorials, which are mostly of brown sandstone or gray slate. It lies in deep shadow under cypress and willow. It is very still under the gloom of its careless growths—a place not reassuring to the imaginative.

The bottoms of the tin pails had been covered with berries found outside the board fence, and now a hunt for other laden bushes led the twins to a trove of ripened fruit partly outside and partly inside that plot where those of old Newbern had been chested and laid unto their fathers. There was, of course, no question as to the ownership of that fruit out here. It was anyone's. There followed debate on a possible right to that which grew abundantly beyond the fence. By some strange but not unprecedented twisting of the mature mind of authority, might it not belong to those inside, or to those who had put them there? Further, would Mrs. Penniman care to make pies of blackberries—even the largest and ripest yet found—that had grown in a graveyard?

"They taste just the same," announced the Wilbur twin, having, after a cautious survey, furtively reached through two boards of the fence to retrieve a choice cluster.

"Then she can't tell 'em from the others," reasoned his sophist brother. "After we get the pail full we couldn't tell 'em ourselves."

"I guess nobody would want 'em that owns 'em," conceded Wilbur.

"Well, you climb over first."

"We better both go together at the same time."

"No; one of us better try it first and see; then if it's all right I'll climb over too."

"Aw, I know a better patch up over West Hill in the Whipple woods."

"What you afraid of? Nobody would care about a few old blackberries."

"I ain't afraid."

"You act like it, I must say. If you wasn't afraid you'd climb that fence pretty quick, wouldn't you? Looky, the big ones!"

The Wilbur twin reflected on this. It sounded plausible. If he wasn't afraid, of course he would climb that fence. It stood to reason. It did not occur to him that anyone else was afraid. He decided that neither was he.

"Well, I'm afraid of things that ain't true that scare you in the dark," he admitted, "but I ain't afraid like that now. Not one bit!"

"Well, I dare you to go."

"Well, of course I'll go. I was just resting a minute. I got to rest a little, haven't I?"

"Well, I guess you're rested. I guess you can climb a plain and simple fence, can't you? You can rest over

*"Now Eat!" She Was, Indeed, a Remarkable Woman. She Had Not First Asked Him if He Were Hungry*

there, can't you—just as well as what you can rest here?"

The resting one looked up and down the lane, then peered forward into the shadowy tangle of green things with its rows of headstones. Then, inhaling deeply, he clambered to the top of the fence and leaped to the ground beyond.

"Gee, gosh!" he cried, for he had landed on a trailing branch of blackberry vine.

He sat down and extracted a thorn from the leathery sole of his bare foot. The prick of the thorn had cleaned his mind of any merely fanciful fears. A surpassing lot of berries was there for the bold to take. His brother stared not too boldly through the fence at the pioneer.

"Go on and try picking some," he urged in the subdued tones of extreme caution.

The other calmly set to work. The watcher awaited some mysterious punishment for this desecration. Presently, nothing having happened, he glowed with a boldness of his own and mounted to the top of the fence, where he again waited. He whistled, affecting to be at ease, but with a foot on the safe side of the fence. The busy worker inside paid him no attention. Presently Merle yawned.

"Well, I guess I'll come in there myself and pick a few berries," he said very loudly.

He was giving fair notice to any malign power that might be waiting to blast him. After a fitting interval, he joined his brother and fell to work.

"Well, I must say!" he chattered. "Who's afraid to come into a graveyard when they can get berries like this? We can fill the pails, and that's thirty cents right here."

The fruit fell swiftly. The Wilbur twin worked in silence. But Merle appeared rather to like the sound of a human voice. He was aimlessly loquacious. His nerves were not entirely tranquil.

"They're growing right over this old one," announced Wilbur presently. Merle glanced up to see him despoiling a bush that embowered one of the brown headstones and an all but obliterated mound.

"You better be careful," he warned.

"I guess I'm careful enough for this old one," retorted the bolder twin, and swept the trailing bush aside to scan the stone. It was weather-worn and lichened, but the carving was still legible.

"It says 'Here lies Jonas Whipple, aged eighty-seven,' and it says 'he passed to his reward April 23, 1828,' and here's his picture."

He pointed to the rounded top of the stone, where was graven a circle inclosing primitive eyes, a nose and mouth. From the bottom of the circle on either side protruded wings. Merle drew near to scan the device. He was able to divine that the intention of the artist had not been one of portraiture.

"That ain't either his picture," he said with some heat. "That's a cupid!"

"Ho, gee, gosh! Ain't cupids got legs? Where's its legs?"

"Then it's an angel."

"Angels are longer. I know now—it's a goop. And here's some more reading."

He ran his fingers along the worn lettering, then brought his eyes close and read—glibly in the beginning:

*Behold this place as you pass by.*
*As you are now, so once was I.*
*As I am now, so you must be.*
*Prepare for death, and follow me.*

The reader's voice lost in fullness and certainty as he neared the end of this strophe.

"Say, we better get right out of here," said Merle, stepping toward the fence.

Even Wilbur was daunted by the blunt warning from beyond.

"Here's another," called Merle, pausing on his way toward the fence. In hushed, fearful tones he declaimed:

*Dear companion in your bloom,*
*Behold me moldering in the tomb,*
*For*
*Death is a debt to Nature due,*
*Which I have paid, and so must you.*

"There now, I must say!" called Merle. "We better hurry out!"

But the Wilbur twin lingered. Ripe berries still glistened above the stone of the departed Jonas Whipple.

"Aw, gee, gosh, they're just old ones!" he declared. "It says this one passed to his reward in 1828, and we wasn't born then, so he couldn't be meaning us, could he? We ain't passed to our reward yet, have we? I simply ain't going to pay the least attention to it."

A bit nervously he fell again to picking the berries. The mere feel of them emboldened him.

"Gee, gosh! We ain't followed him yet, have we?"

"'As I am now, so you must be!'" quoted the other in warning.

"Well, my sakes, don't everyone in town know that? But it don't mean we're going to be—be it—right off."

"You better come just the samey!"

But the worker was stubborn.

"Ho, I guess I ain't afraid of any old Whipple as old as what this one is!"

"Well, anyway," called Merle, still in hushed tones, "I guess I got enough berries from this place."

"Aw, come on!" urged the worker.

In a rush of bravado he now extemporized a chant of defiance:

*Old Jonas Whipple*
*Was an old cripple!*
*Old Jonas Whipple*
*Was an old cripple!*

The Merle twin found this beyond endurance. He leaped for the fence and gained its top, looking back with a blanched face to see the offender smitten. He wanted to go at once, but this might be worth waiting for.

Wilbur continued to pick berries. Again he chanted loudly, mocking the solemnities of eternity:

*Old Jonas Whipple*
*Was an old cripple!*
*Old Jonas Whipple*
*Was an old ——*

The mockery died in his throat, and he froze to a statue of fear. Beyond the headstone of Jonas Whipple, and toward the center of the plot, a clump of syringa was plainly observed to sway with the movements of a being unseen.

"I told you!" came the hoarse whisper of Merle, but he, too, was chained by fright to the fence top.

They waited, breathless, in the presence of the king of terrors. Again the bush swayed with a sinister motion. A deeper hush fell about them; the breeze died and song birds stilled their notes. A calamity was imminent. Neither watcher now doubted that a mocked Jonas Whipple would terribly issue from the tangle of shrubbery.

The bushes were again agitated; then at the breaking point of fear for the Cowan twins the emergent figure proved to be not Jonas but a trifling and immature female descendant of his, who now sped rapidly toward them across the intervening glade, nor were the low mounds sacred to her in her progress. Her short skirt of a plaid gingham flopped above her thin, bony legs as she ran, and she grasped a wide-brimmed straw hat in one hand.

### III

IT SHOULD be said that this girl appalled the twins hardly less than would an avenging apparition of the outraged Jonas Whipple. Beings of a baser extraction, they had looked upon Whipples only from afar and with awe. Upon this particular Whipple they had looked with especial awe. Other known members of the tribe were inhumanly old and gray and withered, not creatures with whom the most daring fancy could picture the Cowan twins sustaining any sane human relationship. But this one was young and moderately understandable. Observed from across the room of the Methodist Sunday school, she was undoubtedly human like them; but always so befurbished with rare and shining garments, with glistening silks and costly velvets and laces, with bonnets of pink rosebuds and gloves of kid, that the thought of any secular relationship had been preposterous. Yet she was young, an animal of their own age, whose ways could be comprehended. She halted her mad flight when she discovered them, then turned to survey the way she had come. She was panting. The twins regarded her stonily, shaping defenses if she brought up anything regarding anyone who might have mocked Jonas Whipple.

When again she could breathe evenly, she said: "It was Cousin Juliana driving by was why I dashed in here. I think I have foiled her."

She was not now the creature of troubled elegance that Sabbaths had revealed her. The gingham dress was such as a daughter of the people might have worn, and the straw hat, though beribboned, was not impressive. She was a bony little girl, with quick, greenish eyes and a meager pigtail of hair of the hue that will often cause a girl to be called Carrots. Her thin, eager face was lavishly freckled; her nose was trivial to the last extreme. Besides her hat, she carried and now nonchalantly drew refreshment from a stick of spirally striped candy inserted for half its length through the end of a lemon. The candy was evidently of a porous texture, so that the juice of the fruit would reach the consumer's pursed lips charmingly modified by its passage along the length of the sweet. One needed but to approximate a vacuum at the upper end of the candy, and the mighty and mysterious laws of atmospheric pressure completed the benign process.

It should be said for the twins that they were not social climbers. In their instant infatuation for this novel device they quite lost the thrill that should have been theirs from the higher aspects of the encounter. They were not impressed at meeting a Whipple on terms of seeming equality. They had eyes and desire solely for this delectable refection. Again and again the owner enveloped the top of the candy with prehensile lips; deep cavities appeared in her profusely spangled cheeks. Her eyes would close in an ecstasy of concentration. The twins stared, and at intervals were constrained to swallow.

"Gee, gosh!" muttered the Wilbur twin, helpless in the sight of so fierce a joy. His brother descended briskly from the fence.

"I bet that's good," he said genially, and taking the half-filled pail from his brother's unresisting grasp he approached the newcomer. "Try some of these nice ripe blackberries," he royally urged.

"Thanks a lot!" said the girl, and did so. But the hospitality remained one-sided.

"I have to keep up my strength," she explained. "I have a long, hard journey before me. I'm running away."

Blackberry juice now stained her chin, enriching a color scheme already made notable by dye from the candy.

"Running away!" echoed the twins. This, also, was sane.

"Where to?" demanded Wilbur.

"Far, far off to the great city with all its pitfalls."

"New York?" demanded Merle. "What's a pitfall?"

"The way Ben Blunt did when his cruel stepmother beat him because he wouldn't steal and bring it home."

"Ben Blunt?" questioned both twins.

"That's whom I am going to be. That's whom I am now—or just as soon as I change clothes with some unfortunate. It's in a book. Ben Blunt, the Newsboy; or From Rags to Riches. He run off because his cruel stepmother beat him black and blue, and he become a mere street urchin, though his father, Mr. Blunt, was a gentleman in good circumstances; and while he was a mere street urchin he sold papers and blacked boots, and he was an honest, manly lad and become adopted by a kind, rich old gentleman named Mr. Pettigrew, that he saved from a gang of rowdies that boded him no good, and was taken to his palatial mansion and given a kind home and a new suit of clothes and a good Christian education, and that's how he got from rags to riches. And I'm going to be it; I'm going to be a mere street urchin and do everything he did."

"Ho!" The Wilbur twin was brutal. "You're nothing but a girl!"

The runaway flashed him a hostile glance.

"Don't be silly! What difference does it make? Haven't I a cruel stepmother that is constantly making scenes if I do the least little thing, especially since Miss Murtree went home because her mother has typhoid in Buffalo? You wait till I get the right clothes."

"Does she beat you something awful?" demanded the Merle twin unctuously.

The victim hesitated.

(Continued on Page 117)

"I Don't Care!" She Muttered. "I Will, Too, Run Away! You See!"

# THE HALFWAY HOUSE

## By George Pattullo

IN ENGLAND, France and Switzerland they told me Italy was going Bolshevik, that things might blow up there any minute and the country flame into bloody revolution. When I reached the industrial centers of Northern Italy I found the red flag flying from almost every large factory, the workmen in possession and running the establishments as best they could, and a deadlock between them and the employers. Workers' guards held the plants by force, with barbed-wire barricades, sandbag breastworks, machine guns and rifles; practically all the mills in the metallurgical industry had been taken over. And when I learned their demands and the program they contemplated, my amazement was twofold: First, that some of the concessions the Italian workers insist on should only now be arriving, for labor in the United States has had them for many years; second, the extreme lengths to which they propose going at one jump, as revealed in the rest of their program.

"I'd call that Bolshevism, wouldn't you?" I asked of one of the confederation's leaders.

"No, it is not," he declared emphatically. "It differs from Bolshevism, because we don't aim at confiscation of property. In Italy, private property will remain intact. But labor must have a share in the direction of the industries. I would call our program a sort of halfway house."

Having gained so much, it remains to be seen whether they will remain long content with the halfway house. The history of labor unrest during the past year and a half in Italy shows that the workers have never rested with the capture of an immediate objective, but have consolidated their position and made it the jumping-off place for another offensive. It may well be they intend to repeat the performance.

"In a short time, perhaps in a few weeks," said the Avanti, the official Socialist organ, "a new struggle will begin which will mark the last hour for the masters. The present hard blow to the principle of the right to property will be followed by others. If the workmen know how to continue the struggle they will have the final victory."

### *The Bourbons of Italian Industry*

AT THIS writing the workers are triumphant; public sentiment has been overwhelmingly on their side; the government has recognized the principle of their participation in the control of industry; but it is a surface victory, more apparent than real. Be that as it may, the oldest civilization in Europe is to-day an experiment station in which they are trying out the most radical program in industry ever attempted on a large scale; it is an epoch-making experiment; and whether they fail through permitting the extremists in their ranks to gain the upper hand, or whether they win by moderation and careful consolidation of each position, step by step, the repercussion of these events is going to be felt in the farthest corner of the civilized world.

The struggle holds many object lessons in what not to do. For this situation need never have arisen. Had the industrials, as they call the employers, not displayed almost unexampled greed; had they not shown themselves the most Bourbon of reactionaries, grasping, unyielding, and blind to the possibilities; had they shown the least disposition to play fair—the impasse might never have been reached. It is idle for them to-day to blame the government for its weakness and supine lethargy in handling the trouble. A government reflects usually the sentiment of the country, and the sentiment of the country was against the employers in this fight. Moreover, the government could not well have proceeded otherwise than it did. It could not have relied entirely on the loyalty of the army had the situation developed into civil war, for it is more than probable that the bulk of the soldiery would refuse to fight the workers.

And the Socialists are virtually in control in Italy. They could oust the present régime any time they saw fit; that is generally admitted. But their more moderate leaders consider the moment inopportune. With hard times upon the country, Italy handicapped by the tragically low value of the lira in the exchange markets, and foreign relations in ticklish condition, it would be inviting disaster to inaugurate a new order, and up to date the Italian Socialists and workers have followed this lead, refusing to make the movement political.

Said the Giornale d'Italia, the organ of Baron Sonnino, which certainly cannot be accused of radical leanings: "The masters have not had the vaguest idea of the great movement that was being prepared against them, and have been, as usual, slow in their concessions, narrow-minded and uselessly obstinate in their comprehension of the great problem, and they have forced the men to tear the concessions from them, which if they had been granted before, or at least when they were asked, would have been sufficient to avert the conflict.

"The government, on the other hand, has behaved as an outsider more than as a neutral—and as an absentee more than as an outsider. This means that it has been indifferent to all abuses, to all violences, to all acts of effrontery, and has allowed the right of property and the right of liberty to be trampled under foot. Hence the prestige of the state, the dignity and strength of the law, come out of the struggle very much the worse for wear.

"The accusation made by certain papers that some banks and bankers have helped the victory of the workmen and the downfall of the masters is unfortunately only too likely, if it cannot, indeed, be proved. All this has been because one of the financial groups which are constantly trying to dominate politics thought that the victory of the workmen would help it against its enemies. But we have reason to believe that the whole truth is not yet known, and that there are certain agreements among the groups themselves whose victims this time are—notwithstanding the illusion of victory—the Italian workmen; also, notwithstanding the bitterness of defeat, the Italian employers, and more than all, the public." These allusions are to the struggle between the old-established banking powers of Italy and a newer group.

### *Survivals of the Feudal System*

ANOTHER newspaper, whose tendencies may be gauged by the fact that it supports ex-Premier Orlando, also took a fling at the employers. The Epoca came out with: "One wonders why the masters did not consent sooner to the participation of the men in the technical, financial and disciplinary management of the works. Famous economists have preached this principle for fifty years. As far back as ten years ago, Deputy Luzzatti predicted that there would be either permanent strikes or more liberal terms for labor.

"How was it possible to have risked the danger of a revolution to attain this end? If two weeks ago the moderate tendencies of Deputy d'Aragona had not prevailed over the maximalist ones, the occupation of the factories would have spread, the government would have had to intervene, and we should have had revolution. Not the legal revolution which is now taking place—but actual revolution."

The manager of an American concern whose factory was taken over by the workers told me in Milan: "Italy is paying to-day for generations of wrongs." And I think that sizes up the economic revolution fairly well.

But to begin at the beginning: The lower classes have never had a fair show in the country which is now the Kingdom of Italy. They have been exploited for centuries. Small wonder that the United States, with its limitless opportunities for industry and thrift, has seemed like a promised land to millions of Italians during the past thirty years.

In the old days a petty chieftain built a stout fortress on top of a hill and forcibly took possession of as much country as his mercenaries could reach and control. Of course he bore a title of some sort—he was a princeling or a count or a baron—but in reality he was nothing but a brigand, employing the same methods a Mexican outlaw uses. Many large estates in Italy to-day were acquired originally in this strong-arm fashion.

He owned practically all the land, and the peasants who tilled it paid him taxes and looked to him for protection from any other noble robber who might take it into his head to swoop down from his aerie and harry and pillage neighboring territory. Because of the ambitions and greed of these chieftains in building up their territories and power there ensued countless wars, and in these the peasants were often called upon to take up arms. They had no real quarrel with the peasants of the land they fought against but they had perforce to fight, all the same.

The great nobles were constantly at swords' points. Rivals for possession of everything they could grab, they never united save against a common danger from invasion by foreign hordes or when an uprising in the principality of one of them enlisted all their order to quell it. For the aristocracy upon which the monarchical system is based has always been the same: They have no national distinctions when the existence of their order is threatened.

So it went in the lands known now as Italy—ding-dong for hundreds of years. Powerful princes hacked out kingdoms for themselves; the nobles and gentry lived in grandeur; it was a wonderful country for the few. Their castles and palaces, their churches and monuments, are sufficient testimonials of their wealth and power. One emerges from a stately edifice of stone and marble, filled with priceless works of art and treasures in precious stones, silver and gold, overcome with wonder and a species of awe that genius of man could have wrought so marvelously—and outside are whining beggars whose forbears sweated in rags that this might be. Outside are meanly clad throngs of people going about their daily work, in whom hope of betterment has long since died.

Nearly all the land having passed into the hands of the nobles and the aristocracy and the church, it became the business of these gentry to preserve their state by inculcating in the lower orders respect for the upper classes and established institutions, and resignation with their own lot. They did succeed in instilling into the minds of the lower classes a quite ridiculous notion that the aristocracy were of special clay, but their efforts to make them like it met with less success.

Occasionally patience became exhausted and their wrongs cried out for atonement. Then they discovered that by banding together under their own leaders they could make head against their oppressors. Thus, after centuries, domination by brute force passed.

However, the change from the old order to modern industrialism brought them only a change of masters. Where a hard-handed noble had oppressed them by armed might and a mythical right from God, a modern captain of industry accomplished almost the same results by exploitation. Having arrived at a place of power through superior ability, he could command the forces of capital and the machinery of established government.

Thereupon the workers organized to combat this domination and wrest from the small class which exercised practically complete control of their livelihood, their just rights and a measure of independence. It is the history of every country in the Old World, of course. And everywhere to-day they are tackling the question of just how far superior ability is entitled to go in relation to the masses less fortunately endowed. What limits should be put on brains? For the capitalistic system involves, among other things, the operation of superior brains applied to the production of wealth. The workers contend that the masses of the people should be just as effectually protected against exploitation by superior brains and energy as exploitation by brute force. And so we have the phenomena of communistic and syndicalist movements.

### *Fruits of War Lost in Peace*

THOUGH the era of feudalism and rule by might passed, the land still remained largely in the hands of a small class of great owners. That is why they have had local uprisings of peasants this past summer and the seizure of estates by the men who toiled on them.

This somewhat lengthy digression is necessary to obtain a background for recent events. It serves to show, also, why the Italian peasants and workers have been driven to extremities which would have no justification whatsoever in a country differently organized.

Labor has always been cheaper in Italy than in any other industrial country in Europe. Indeed, its industries are founded on cheap labor, because all the coal and raw materials the plants use are imported, and they could not compete with other countries unless the workers offset the handicap by a low scale of wages.

Before the war the Italian workers made from three and a half to six lire a day, which would have been considered a mere pittance in our money. But a lira would buy something then. They claim they were much better off in 1914 with the low wage scale than they are to-day. Their pay has been raised from three hundred and fifty to five hundred per cent, but cost of living has climbed faster. This year it was six hundred and thirty per cent higher than in 1914, according to official returns. And it did not ascend gradually, as in most countries, but by leaps and bounds after the armistice.

They won their war but lost the peace. Many fair-minded observers who have studied Italy's plight are of opinion that she did not receive her proportional share of the spoils. The peace brought sharp reactions at home and affected her adversely in the markets of the world. Her exchange dropped to a pitifully low value, and she must import from abroad at a tremendous sacrifice in order to sustain her industries and feed her population.

For instance, the government, which makes the purchases of grain abroad in order to avert disaster, sells imported wheat to the people at thirty-one per cent of what it costs. They are taking a yearly loss of five and a half billion lire on wheat alone. Up to date this loss is represented in a deficit; how they propose to make it up is a mystery. And all the while large stocks of grain are available in Jugo-Slavia, where they have a surplus, but the political situation is such that they cannot trade with Jugo-Slavia and must draw from the reservoir beyond the Atlantic.

This is merely staving off the evil day, of course, but it seems to be a necessary measure—and about every other European country except Great Britain is temporizing with its problems in somewhat similar fashion, making new borrowings instead of paying their debts by taxation, lest high taxes should provoke unrest that would turn out the parties in power.

The Socialist party was a factor in the political arena of Italy long before the war, but it had not attained a position remotely approaching its present strength. Subdivided into several groups, as the party is in every European land, it had forty-five members in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Socialists were opposed to entering the war. So was Giolitti. That has been a feather in their caps, for when the aftermath of victory proved so disastrous for Italy they could sit back and say, "Well, what did we tell you?" Events thus adding to their prestige and strength, in the last elections they returned a hundred and fifty-six members—the total membership is five hundred and eight. Though this does not give them a majority, yet they hold the balance of power, through ability to defeat the government any day they wish by combining with one of the other parties. Which explains the government's attitude in the struggle between the industrials and unions; the workers are Socialists, though varying widely in degree.

The strongholds of Socialism lie in Northern Italy, which is industrial. There live her most efficient workmen, much superior to the southern emigrant type. The agricultural population to the south is more conservative. Yet even their conservatism is of a kind which most Americans would consider radical. Illiteracy is much more prevalent in the rural than in the industrial areas; in some regions it will run as high as seventy per cent of the inhabitants.

During the war the soldiers had time to think over many things they had never previously bothered their heads about. They perceived the dependence of the upper orders on the lower, and began to analyze the normal system under which they lived in the light of these facts. The leaven of new ideas and theories was working. They returned home sullen with discontent.

### *Profiteering and Its Consequences*

THE conditions encountered on returning to civil life fanned their smoldering resentment to active hostility against the established system. To them and their kind war had brought only death and suffering, privations and intensification of poverty; to the industrials it had brought profits. Perhaps in no country in the world had the profiteers benefited so enormously. In Italy they went after profits with almost complete blindness to eventualities. So the Italians soon learned to dub everybody who made money during the war *pescecane*—dogfish, or shark.

A clamor was raised to wrest these excessive and unholy profits from the *pescecane*. Had Nitti taken the step at the opportune time it might have eased the situation; at any rate the treasury would have realized enormous sums and a corresponding burden been lifted from the shoulders of the people. But he delayed; and now that the Giolitti government has acted, it is too late. The profiteers have put their profits beyond reach.

In 1919 the workers woke to the fact that their scale of pay would not meet the ascending cost of living, despite some increases. Those engaged in the metallurgical industries struck for a substantial raise, which the industrials would not grant. The strike ran along for nearly two months, and they were beaten—badly beaten. They did secure a slight increase, approximating ten per cent, but it was regarded as wholly inadequate.

About four hundred and fifty thousand men are engaged in the metallurgical industries, and their union is known as the F. I. O. M. As with us, this union belongs to a general confederation of labor, which claims a membership in excess of two and a half millions.

The Fiom, as they abbreviate it, lost their strike and the workers went back to the factories. But they had by no means given up; there were other means open to attain their ends.

They began what they call a "white strike." Each worker did just as little as he possibly could, punctiliously observing all the legal requirements and keeping the usual hours of employment, but opposing the employers with obstructionist tactics.

For example, a man would keep on rubbing a bolt or polishing a piece of metal long after it was really in first-class shape, pretending the work was not yet to his liking. Or he would discover something wrong with the tools—anything to cause delay. There exist literally hundreds of laws for regulating hygienic conditions and the safeguarding of workers in Italian plants, but they are seldom operative. Many were placed on the statute books as a sop to reformers and labor leaders. As soon as the Fiom adopted the white strike, insistence was made that all these legal provisions should be observed. Some of them were wholly unnecessary, but that made no difference. It was the law, and they demanded it should be complied with. The employers could not do otherwise than acquiesce, and so the workers accomplished their purpose—to slow up production. Output was cut from twenty to fifty per cent.

Meanwhile the workers were practicing local strikes. The purpose of many of these remains a puzzle. It may be that the employers' contention is right—that these strikes were in the nature of rehearsals.

On no other grounds can they be plausibly explained. No question of wages or hours or the usual grievances was involved in many of them, though throughout Italy "more pay and shorter hours" have been insistently demanded; they were purely and solely sympathetic strikes. I have heard employers assert that the irresponsible element among the workers was quite ready to strike whenever they got enough money to lay off for a holiday.

They were certainly sympathetic. Their sympathy passed all bounds. The workers quit for an entire day in one of the largest industrial cities in order to demonstrate in thousands, with red flags and bands and spellbinders—and all because the Socialist mayor of the place had been ordered to raise the Italian flag on the occasion of a national celebration. In another city the trolley lines and all local transportation were tied up some hours as a protest—because the driver of an automobile had run over a workman. It got so that the workers, whenever they wished to record their feelings emphatically on any matter whatsoever, regardless of its nature, stopped work.

If their object was to paralyze industry they succeeded. If it was to perfect themselves in strike methods and to achieve coördination before the final great effort, they succeeded. Employers combated these troubles as best they could, but finally decided business could no longer be conducted under such conditions.

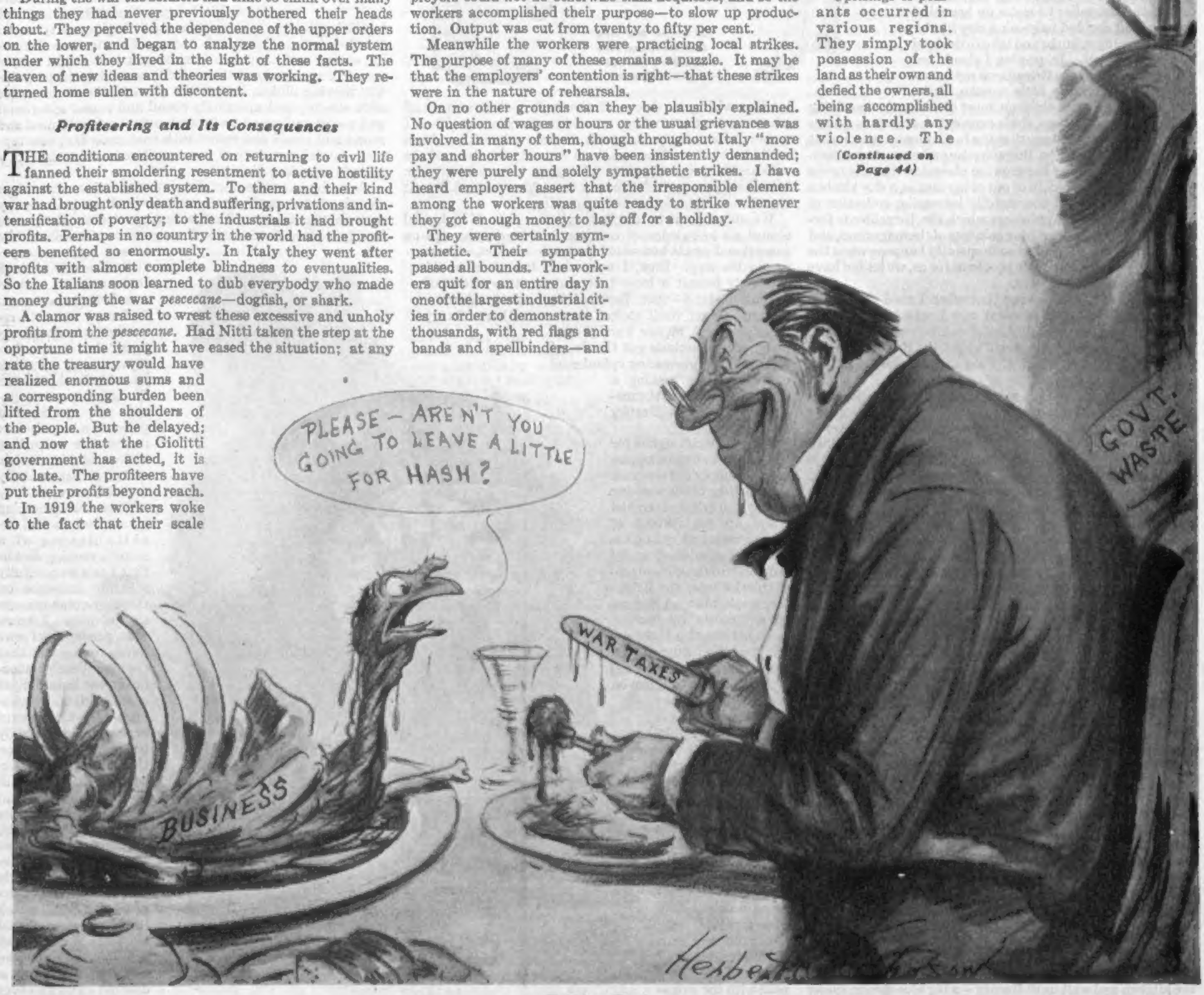
### *Uprisings Among the Peasants*

WHILE the workers in the metallurgical industries were thus carrying the struggle to a climax other movements of almost equal significance were afoot, but they gained little attention outside of Italy.

Discontent was rife among the peasants in some regions. The small farmers who owned their own land had done well out of the war. Lots of them made fortunes and have moved into the cities, where their wives and daughters plan to atone for years of struggle by lives of ease. But those who owned none of the land they worked failed to get their share of the profits they saw accumulated all round them, and became readily susceptible to Bolshevistic ideas. The theories of Bolshevism were eating into the heart of the whole country.

Uprisings of peasants occurred in various regions. They simply took possession of the land as their own and defied the owners, all being accomplished with hardly any violence. The

(Continued on Page 44)

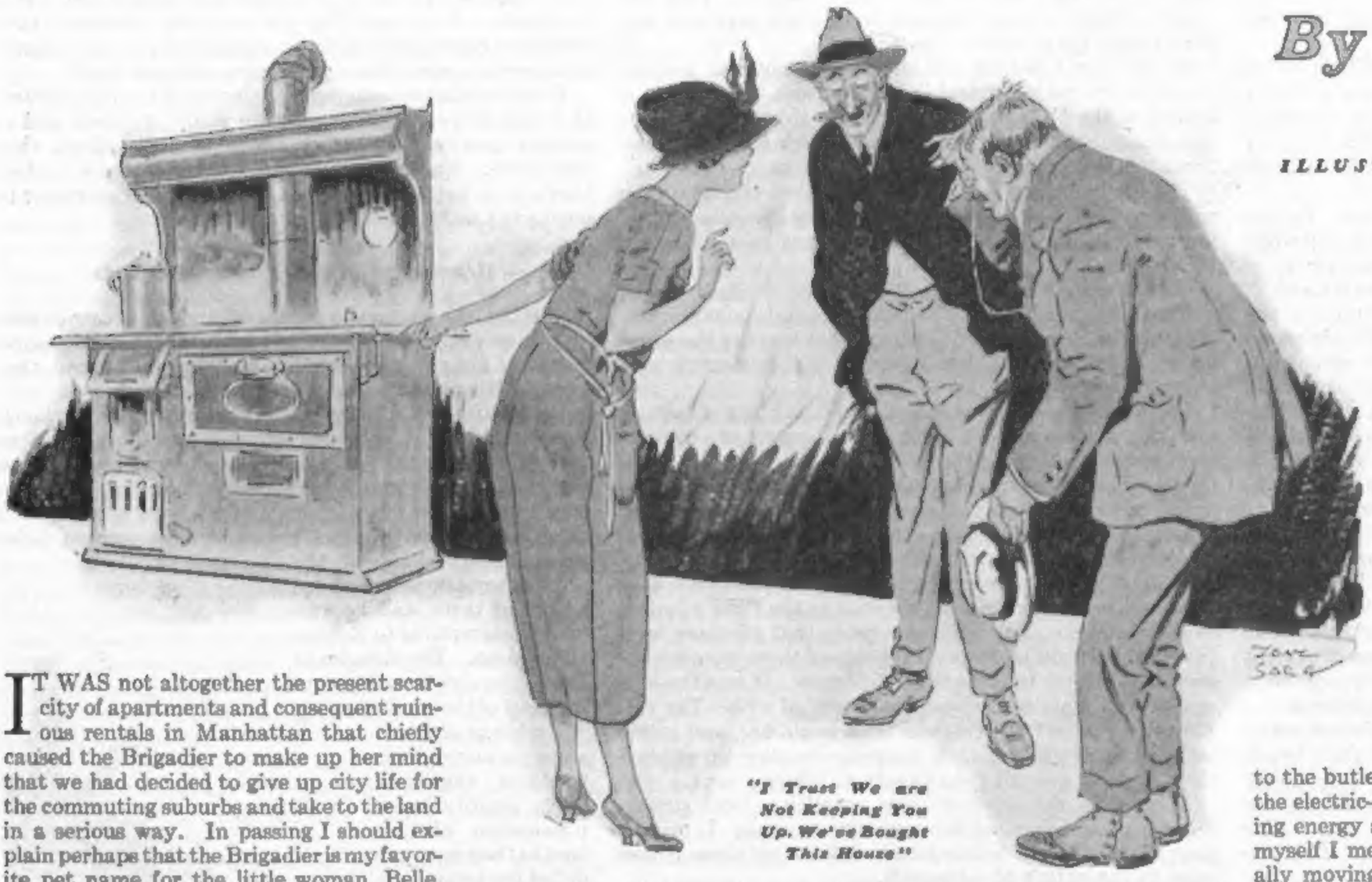



*Talking Turkey*

# THENCE BY SEAGOING HACK

## By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



"I Trust We are Not Keeping You Up. We've Bought This House"

IT WAS not altogether the present scarcity of apartments and consequent ruinous rentals in Manhattan that chiefly caused the Brigadier to make up her mind that we had decided to give up city life for the commuting suburbs and take to the land in a serious way. In passing I should explain perhaps that the Brigadier is my favorite pet name for the little woman, Belle, though to her sister's children, most of whom she has living with us most of the time, she is even better known as Auntie Bellum. No, I should say that the fundamental reason that suddenly prompted the Brigadier to make so vital a decision for us was rather her growing obsession that she never would be able to afford, in or out of my means, a city kitchen large enough to hold the steadily increasing collection of household electrical appliances which the Brigadier is forever spying in the advertising columns of the magazines, and as steadily buying. And as so frequently happens when the Brigadier solves big or little problems for us, we let her have her own way in the matter.

Let me also say in passing that when I used the phrase "the little woman" a moment ago I was but following a fashion of speech and should not be taken literally. Certainly there is nothing small about the Brigadier, mentally or physically. Even if I do say it myself, she has everything.

"You know yourself it's perfectly ridiculous"—the Brigadier speaking—"to pay, as we do pay now, big storage bills every month on all those brand-new electrical necessities that will never be of the slightest use to us until we get a house of our own with kitchen-floor area large enough to let us get our stuff out of storage and use it. If you can find an inch of room left in our dinky kitchen for even that cute little electric mangle iron for dress ties that I gave you on our last wedding anniversary I'll say you're Mr. Edison. And we have an electric clothes drier coming any day now, and I bet it will not even fit inside our storage compartment in the warehouse. Is that your idea of economy?" The Brigadier, as usual, had an unanswerable argument.

Then again, our cook, Barney Flynn—whom the Brigadier in some more or less open and aboveboard method had decoyed away from the General Electric people a day or two after our Inga Swensen—a good cook in her way, but a rotten mechanic—had carelessly tried to turn a frying egg with some sort of kitchen implement that wasn't insulated and had got herself short-circuited—I say our cook, Barney, who preferred the country to the city anyway, for weeks had been nursing the Brigadier's obsession on.

Almost from the day of that sudden big blue-green flash which illuminated the last view I ever had of our Inga, I began to listen expectantly for uproars from the kitchen. There would be a first flash or roar, a smell of burning rubber, then real cursing and swearing and finally a walloping thump as Barney, perhaps in the middle of a batch of tea biscuits or the Friday fish fry, would slam his monkey wrench or pliers, or any other up-to-date cooking utensil he happened to be using, viciously to the floor. And I regret to have to add that even when Barney's language began to blow out fuses the Brigadier would continue to sit there calmly and send glances across her tatting or the breakfast things in a way that plainly said, "And I don't blame poor Barney." Which left it up to me to go out to the kitchen and wait until Barney—a big blue-denim spider in overalls trying to extricate himself from his web of kitchen wiring to throw off the switch—had turned off whatever he was cooking or washing or ironing. Then I would have to help him with first-aid oil and bandages while he blatted along again on his old, old story of the unbearable inconveniences of trying to run a modern household power plant in one of these Manhattan kitchens that fit too tight across the suspenders.

We didn't want to lose Barney's services. If he lacked almost all knowledge of cooking, and he did, he was an exceptionally neat household mechanic—in fact, a treasure in his way. Inga, I remember, too often would carelessly permit a loose bolt, nut or stray strand of insulation tape—that bane of up-to-date domestic science—to get itself cooked into one of her culinary triumphs, and in her hurried moments she sometimes got the tins of olive oil and lubricating cylinder oil confused while making a salad dressing; but the mechanically perfect Barney never!

If I sometimes sighed for those simpler days when we used to supply our servants with dainty black working gowns and crisply starched white aprons, instead of the overalls and eating tobacco demanded now by our cooks in these more mechanical times, the Brigadier would always bring me to my senses by hauling forth her scrapbook of electric goods literature clipped from the magazines and advertising booklets. Then on the authority of innumerable and gifted advertising littérateurs she would convince me that in the new order of things all domestic science consists of merely throwing the juice into the circuit and letting the volts or amperes or something do absolutely everything.

I suppose I'm a bit old-fashioned. I try hard to keep pace with the Brigadier; but I'll confess that wistful memories of our Inga and her quaint broiled breakfasts will persist in coming back to me every time I see or hear a street light sputter or smell a short circuit in the Subway.

In justice to myself as well as to the new domestic science, however, let me hasten to say that I am the quickest to admit that from the first day the Brigadier seriously began to introduce electricity into our married life I recognized the money-saving excellences of a life of high voltage. At least it has been my personal experience that nowadays when I find myself tempted to spend money loosely I do not have to argue the temptation down subjectively. Perhaps I'll make out the check to the golf-goods house or the mail-order cigar man as in the old days of coal stoves, solid flatirons, curl papers, and ice boxes that would not function unless supplied daily with the low-grade, insanitary kind of ice naturally found in frozen lakes and streams; but before I mail the check beyond recall I first step out to the butler's pantry and open the little japanned door on the electric-light company's meter. Then instead of wasting energy and happiness in making a losing fight within myself I merely stand there a while watching the perpetually moving dinkus behind the glass façade of the meter slide steadily and unerringly round and round and round and round and round and round and round and round and round and round and round with that snakelike, nonstopping, fateful certainty of movement so characteristic of a meter's recording dinkus.

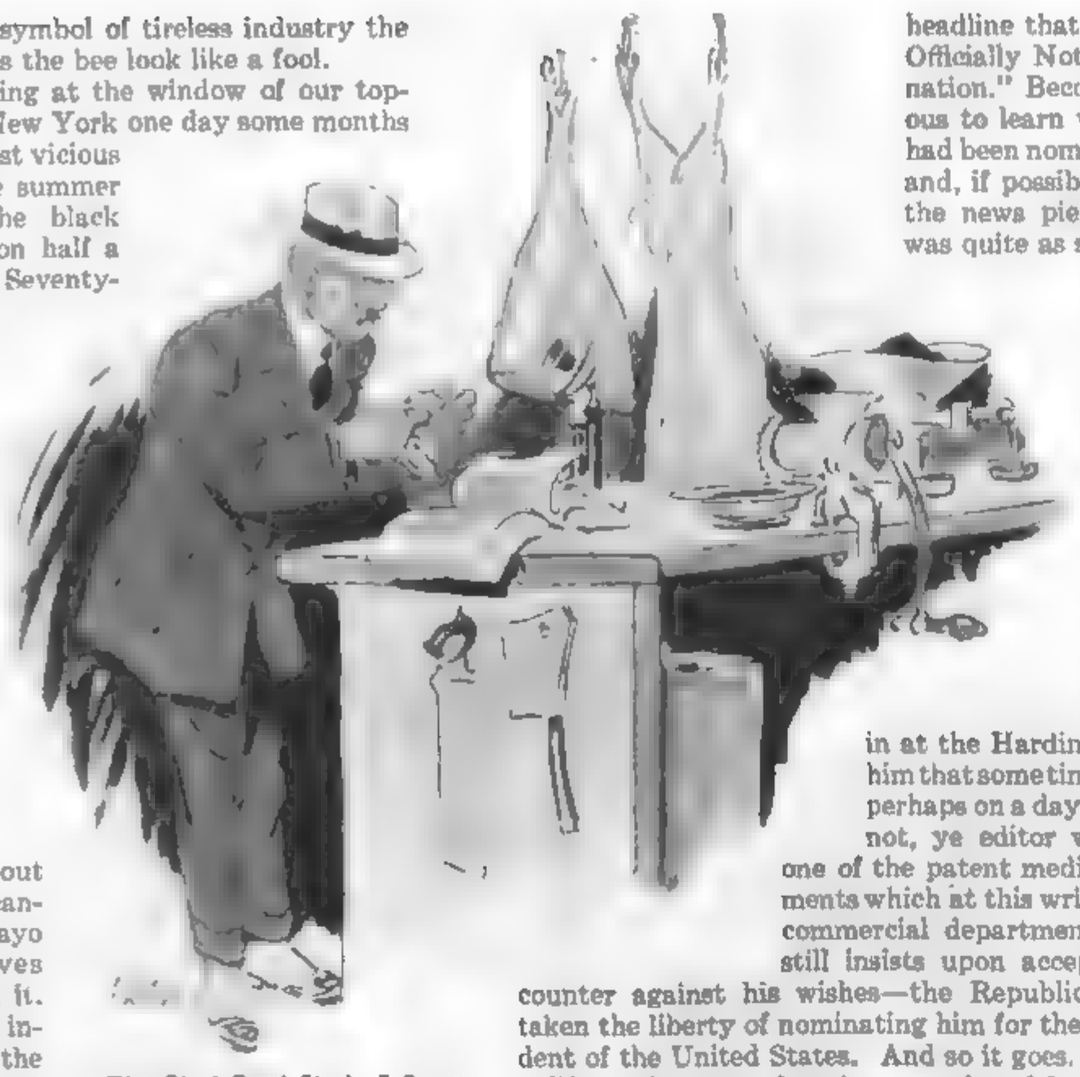
One minute or less of gazing into the active vitals of an electric meter usually is enough to send me back to my desk in the library with the firm resolve to disfigure a freshly written check beyond recognition. Care should be taken, however, especially if one is inclined to be neurotic, not to overdo the experiment. In fact, I was told recently by a noted actuary that in one foreign country—I think he said Scotland—the life-insurance companies will not issue a policy to a householder unless the recording dinkus of his electric meter is hermetically sealed from view.

There is something about that fateful inevitableness of a meter's moving dinkus that has a wonderfully sobering influence on the easy-come-easy-go sort of man. I know that personally I owe much to the fact that the one piece of absolutely one hundred per cent perfect mechanism known to science or mechanics, the only mechanical invention that never freezes in cold weather or jams in hot, that never rusts in wet weather or cracks in dry, never rips, ravels or runs down at the heel, is the revolving dinkus of an electric meter. The most expensive Swiss watch has to be cleaned and oiled now and then, but did you ever see the dirt that could stop a dinkus? Did you ever see one that had to

Barney Flynn Appeared, Carrying a Lighted Kerosene Lamp

be oiled? No, as a symbol of tireless industry the moving dinkus makes the bee look like a fool.

I remember standing at the window of our top-floor apartment in New York one day some months ago watching the most vicious thunderstorm of the summer whiz low above the black waters of the Hudson half a mile or so away. At Seventy-ninth Street the storm naturally swung round at right angles and made a bee line for our kitchen. Instantly it opened up on us with one searing flash that tasted of sulphur. Our cook, Barney Flynn, it so happened, was wiring a steak at the moment preparatory to broiling it. That first crash snapped the T-bone out of the steak in as clean-cut a fashion as the Mayo brothers themselves could have loosened it. The bolt welded to instant immovability the handles of a pair of Barney's pet pudding pliers, and what it did to Barney himself gave me my first real insight into the workings of the employers' liability act of the sovereign state of New York. Finally it hurled a silver platter filled with potato salad across the pantry and full into the face of the electric meter, smashing the protective glass of the meter to smithereens and burying the dinkus in a rich, cream-colored goo.



*The First Real Study I Gave to the Receipt Did Not Begin Until I Had Spread It Out Beside the Telephone in the Butcher Shop*

When the last of the lightning bolts had quit hitting us, I remember, the broken, sagging and tangled wires all over the place gave one the impression that the Brooklyn Bridge had been hastily dismantled and stored in our kitchen. Only two wires had defied the lightning and had got away with it. One was the wire leading from the electric light company's plant into the meter and the other was the wire running from the meter back to the desk of the company's credit man. It was impossible, of course, to see the recording dinkus of the meter through its thick coating of potato salad, but a close inspection of the coating revealed the fact that the outer surface of the goo was perceptibly palpitating with the calm regularity of the bosom of a sleeping babe.

Yes, hats off, say I, to the genius who perfected the device known to science as the dinkus. Statisticians have figured it out that the life of some electric devices, if left to the mercies of the few female kitchen mechanics still remaining in modern domestic service, often is as brief as the time required to blow out a fuse, or a negligible fraction of a second; but the same figures show that, even when assaulted, the average life of a recording dinkus is ——

I fear, however, I am forgetting that my purpose here is not to submit a thesis for a master's degree in electrical science. As a matter of fact, the basic theme I have in mind is the domestic real-estate situation along the eastern watershed of the Alleghany range, with particular reference to real estate bordering on—and often at six-hour intervals situated from a few inches to a few feet beneath—the natural phenomenon known as tidewater. I feel that it is only fair to include submarine real-estate conditions in my present paper if for no other reason than that when the Brigadier and I finally did locate a large kitchen with some other rooms attached, and—extremely late in the season—had planted a tentative vegetable garden between tides, we raised nothing much in the way of a table crop except a few snappers—which is the local name down here in Jersey for the young of the bluefish swarming about our garden in the autumn or huddled beneath our furnace at the first real hint of winter.

I suppose when we finally decided to leave the metropolis flat on its back and seek a kitchen and things of our own in the country we were not unique in the initial steps we took. I mean to say that, like everyone else in the earliest throes of buying a place in the country, we first subscribed for what might be described as a country gentleman's weekly, published, if memory serves me aright, in Philadelphia; and simultaneously we began to devote six days of each week chiefly to waiting for the real-estate sections of the New York Sunday papers to be unloaded at our door.

We got into the habit of reading only the real-estate news. I recall, for instance, noting by chance one day a headline that ran, "Harding Officially Notified of Nomination." Becoming idly curious to learn which Harding had been nominated for what and, if possible, why, I read the news piece. I fancy I was quite as surprised as Ye Editor Harding on the previous day must have been when I learned from the newsitem that on the day before the official notification committee of the Republican Party had dropped in at the Harding home to tell him that sometime previously—perhaps on a day when, likely as not, ye editor was setting up one of the patent medicine advertisements which at this writing the purely commercial department of his paper still insists upon accepting over the counter against his wishes—the Republican Party had taken the liberty of nominating him for the office of President of the United States. And so it goes.

The real-estate advertisements found in that section of a Sunday newspaper which usually is folded in with the colored "comic" section—the quotation marks are mine—as a rule made little or no mention of kitchens. Therefore we had to read between the lines and deduce. I present as a sample advertisement one which I have just selected at random from a clutter of old clippings still sticking out of a pigeonhole of my desk:

SACRIFICE! NEW JERSEY! BARGAIN!

Suburban home advantageously situated within commuting distance of either New York or Philadelphia. House amply large enough to accommodate modern American family. Grounds naturally ornamented with mossy natural-art bowlders which beautify as well as lessen area of lawn upkeep. Perfect privacy assured for years, as little likelihood of neighborhood becoming congested. Splendid view for miles in all directions of Nature untouched by ruthless hand of man. Pure well water. Modern up-to-date garage, 78 by 110 feet, with generous storage room of same exceptional dimensions in former hayloft above. Unlimited densely shaded natural chicken runs in immediate vicinity, plot itself ideal for amateur duck farming. Lawn adaptable for tennis court or sporty clock golf, or for outdoor shuffleboard, bowling, archery, swings, berrying, target shooting, trapshooting, skating ponds and coasting in season; field sports or, if preferred, exceptionally sporty croquet course. Mail delivered at own front gate regular intervals. Trolley service in general vicinity. Motor-bus service nearest state highway June-October. Good physician, dentist, druggist within telephone call. Tax rate negligible. House itself modern Dutch colonial design, with recent addition in quaint Tudor. Screened piazza, all windows and doors thoroughly screened. Atlantic Ocean within motoring distance. Good schools in nearest town. Hand pump in butler's pantry. Big bargain for right party. Your own broker or address Hermet J. Thrush, the Crickets, R. F. D. 6, Cranbury-in-the-Pines, N. J.

No kitchen, you'll note; or at least no kitchen worthy of advertising space. Yet here was an advertisement peculiarly illustrative of the rare ratiocinative processes of the Brigadier. "Pure well water"—those three simple words buried away in the advertisement instantly caught and held the farseeing mind of the Brigadier. The one piece of mechanical equipment out of the question in a city apartment and therefore the only thing needed by the Brigadier to complete our set was a motor-driven electric pump in the cellar which would always assure us a supply of purest water pumped from the bowels of our own earth.

While we were waiting for a chance to run out to Cranbury-in-the-Pines to inspect the Thrush place the Brigadier devoted her time advantageously to shopping for an electric pump among the machinery departments in the basements of our larger metropolitan dry-goods stores. And in one bargain sale of domestic machinery she was fortunate enough to find a beauty—the pump itself finished in a delicate pastel shade of lavender automobile enamel that stood out in striking contrast to—yet was in complete harmony with—the rich black finish of the half-horse-power motor. Furthermore, the floorwalker in the machinery department of the dry-goods store gave us his firm's guaranty that the pump would fill a five-hundred-gallon cellar tank with hygienic drinking water—less, of course, the sixty decimal point four cubic atmospheric ions needed in the tank to gravitate the equivalent of one kilowatt per fluid quart per ion per capita, the floorwalker explained, either laterally or perpendicularly when functioning—every twenty-eight minutes, or two decimal point six ordinary tumblers of pure sanitary drinking water every ten hours for each man, woman and child, the floorwalker said, in the community of Yonkers. And this without strain. As it was obvious that, even if we decided not to take Mr. Thrush's place at Cranbury-in-the-Pines, we could always find use for the pump in any country-house cellar anywhere, I readily agreed with the Brigadier that the outfit was, as she put it, a good buy.

The chief reason, I suppose, that we never did find a chance to run out to the Thrush place was that on the same day the dry-goods store wagon brought the pump, motor and tank to our apartment house, the news that we had decided to buy a home in the suburbs seemed to have zipped from end to end of the Eastern real-estate market.

Now let me say in passing and in all modesty that I have an analytical mind. I have evolved, for instance, an original theory that explains much that is hazy to the general

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*The Broken, Sagging and Tangled Wires Gave One the Impression That the Brooklyn Bridge Had Been Hastily Dismantled and Stored in Our Kitchen*

# SOPHIE SEMENOFF

## By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

PEOPLE who knew Eddie Ransom—and he had many bowing acquaintances among those who came to eat and gyrate in the handsome dining rooms of Tait's-by-the-Sea—cast curious eyes toward him and his well-proportioned partner as they whirled between courses round the polished dancing floor. Eddie looked more graceful and more dissipated than ever in the second lieutenant's uniform he was soon to discard, and as for Garnie Crest, it was easy to see how pleased she was to have snatched him away from the Bolsheviks and to be holding him once more in her thrall. Her cheeks were red for him—or reddened, shall I say?—and as they danced they laughed a great deal, rather wildly, and their mirth seemed quite in tune with the jazz band.

They danced again, appealed loudly for an encore, and at last swung mirthfully back to their neglected dinner. The fat philosophers who would rather eat than dance amused themselves with comments upon the interesting couple. Some said that it would have been better had Eddie remained in Russia instead of coming home to bother his respectable, steady-going parents; a majority thought that Eddie's return would be a good thing for San Francisco, which had grown stodgy since the days of the great fire. But the gossips were unanimous in curiosity as to the outcome of the affair between Eddie Ransom and Garnie Crest. She had gone to great trouble to get him, all agreed, for her divorce from Wheeler Crest hadn't been an easy one to manage. Even the judge who granted the decree had known perfectly well why she was freeing herself. Among the lookers-on at Tait's there was one sufficiently unkind to mention birds of a feather; yet another, himself a successful amateur gambler, was willing to lay five to two that Eddie would back out and refuse the challenge. It would be a good joke on Garnie, wouldn't it? Blithe indeed!

Quite aware of the comment they were causing, the animated couple reseated themselves at a little table by the wall. Garnie Crest in all her full-blown beauty looked over at the perspiring Eddie and laughed again, a hearty, good-natured laugh.

"What you need's exercise," she said. "I'll bet you've spent your perfectly dreadful Siberian campaign shooting crapskis in the back of a saloonavitch."

"What I need's another drink," he murmured, and suiting action to words he reached for his hip, conjured a silver flask, and rilled an amber dose into his water glass.

He reached for Garnie's goblet, but she shook her head and drew it away.

"It's punk Scotch," she declared; "and six is my limit."

For the past two hours, since their leisurely drive round town, through Golden Gate Park and out to the beach, she had been wondering how to begin with Eddie. They had met like good club fellows. She had been tremendously glad to see him and to slap him on the back and to listen to his comic anecdotes. They had taken their comradeship up just where they had left it off—or where had lain the difference? Certainly their fun together had been carefree, to all appearances. Yes, but it had been boisterous in order to evade a few quiet questions. And now, how to begin?

"When I got back to Vladivostok," said Eddie, resuming a discussion of the afternoon, "there were two stingy letters waiting for me. One of 'em said, 'Golly, I'm in court!' and the other said, 'Gee, I'm divorced!' That was a lot of comfort for a lost guy out in the wilds, wasn't it?"

"I bet you worried!" exclaimed Garnie in her pleasantly jeering tone.

"Worry I did! What else did I have to do all those months except to worry and to toss American highballs with Japanese officers and take rifles away from muzhiks and give 'em back again and stop revolutions and start 'em again and run soviets and eat cabbage soup? Another month over there and I'd a-been writing Russian novels, I was that morbid. I got all wormy with the idea that you and Wheeler had met over the body of your dead canary bird and decided to make it up. It got on my mind."

"Yes it did!" she gibed.

"Sure it did. When you sit up all night composing poems, doesn't that mean you've got something on your mind?"

*"What in the World's Happened to You? Has Father Canned You at Last? How Long Have You Been Marching With the Sons of Toil?"*

"Not necessarily," she decided. "But where's the poem?"

"It lies like a pearl in memory's casket," said Eddie. "I don't think you'll care for it, Garnie. It's awful symbolical. You know that's what's the matter with us Russians. We're symbolical."

"Carbolical, I think you mean," suggested she. "Eddie, I think you're stewed. And now what's the poem?"

"It's just a little thing," he wandered on. "You know, I don't think we Americans appreciate what precious gems these little things are. We're crude, rough bourgeois, you know. Everybody tells us that. Nothing like the Japanese, f'r instance. Now I recited this little poem to a friend of mine—Japanese officer. Can't pronounce his name. Used to call him Captain Panorama. Well, Panorama went wild over that gem. Said what he liked about it was that it got finished so soon. That's the secret of great poetry. There was a Japanese genius named Banzai who wrote masterpieces with only seven syllables. Mikado sent him a vote of thanks and made him so happy that he committed hara-kiri ——"

"If the poem's as long as the introduction," said Garnie, "let's go home."

"You have no idea how beautiful it is in Japanese," Eddie was quick to explain; "but this is how you do it into English:

*"There once was a careless Lothario*
*Eloped with a queen in a Bleriot.*
*But her husband avengin'*
*Poured sand in the engine,*
*And thus queered the whole darned scenario."*

"It's pretty poor," said Garnie Crest. "And you needn't worry about Wheeler, if he's the husband you refer to. Wheeler never did have sand enough to stop an engine."

"Did he pass out without a groan?" asked Eddie.

"Positively. He was happier than I was, I think. And that must have been some happy. Do you know, Eddie, when I got back from Reno I just wanted to take a running jump from the ferry and fly up Market Street as far as Van Ness and circle three times round the City Hall shooting firecrackers and waving a flag?"

"Nothing in the world could be more independent than that," agreed Eddie, opening his wild gray eyes with the lampblack fringes.

"Independence is the word," said she. "Eddie, you can't imagine how perfectly blissfully happy I am to be free!"

"Oh, that's how the wind's blowing!" he exclaimed, leaning forward with an amused, troubled smile.

"Now that I have a soul of my own and elbowroom in the world, I wonder how I ever endured being tied up to a man whose bad habits interfered with mine. Ever since May, Eddie, I've been singing like a bird. My life's so full of joy that I want to bust. I go and come as I please, hang my coat wherever there's a check room, and don't have to report to anybody. I'm taking lessons on the saxophone, and of course if you think we've got to get married, I'll be able to support you ——"

"Look here, Garnie," he broke in, and his tone was far from sad, "we haven't got to get married, if that's how you feel."

"It's up to you," replied she. "I've just had myself unmarried from one lemon, and I'm fool enough to take on another. Hush, Eddie! I don't exactly mean that. But you know my faults just as well as I know yours. Our greatest danger, I think, is similarity of tastes. And then there's Russia ——"

"Russia?" asked Eddie, elevating his bushy brows and showing concern for the first time.

"Those Russian girls. I know all about the way they've been vamping American soldiers. How do I know you haven't gone blooey over five or six of 'em who'd make me look like a faded rose?"

"Cross my heart," laughed Eddie, but the noise came rather dryly from his throat.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" she inquired. "Am I going to accept the man all Russia scorns? However, a promise is a promise. We've never taken one another seriously—that's what I like about you. And there are a lot more things to recommend you, Eddie. You're a good sportsman, according to your lights, and I shouldn't wonder if you'd be an improvement on Wheeler. I don't see any reason why we shouldn't make a go of it."

Eddie Ransom looked down to his plate and began fussing with the guinea fowl, which he had allowed to get cold.

"Well, is there?" persisted Garnie, studying his handsome face, which had grown puffy, even in its young thirties.

"Any objection to our getting married, you mean?" he asked, his smile returning, but his eyes looking blank.

"Is there?" she repeated.

"Just the least little one," he said, and made a show of resuming his food.

"For heaven's sake, cut out this Russian mysticism and talk turkey!" she commanded.

"I'm awfully fond of you, Garnie," he temporized, still holding that sheepish grin. "And if you insist I'm perfectly willing to commit a crime for your sweet sake."

"What's the boy talking about?" she asked the noisy orchestra. "What crime, Eddie Ransom?"

Eddie cleared his throat. "Bigamy, to be exact," he informed her, and his smile faded.

They looked seriously into one another's eyes for the first time, perhaps, during their frivolous intimacy.

"Eddie Ransom, do you mean to tell me you're married?" she asked him in a small incisive tone.

"I don't mean to tell you anything," he mumbled. "I wish I knew. Good Lord, Garnie, if there was some way of finding out ——"

"I thought so," murmured she, as if to herself. "He didn't draw a sober breath all the time he was away. He sort of thinks he's married, wishes he knew, and doesn't want to commit bigamy. Eddie, if they don't repeal Amendment Eighteen you'll die in the gutter."

Strangely enough, he wasn't listening. His whole attention seemed to be given to the cigarette which he was gently tapping on his platinum case. As she watched him there surged into her heart the emotion which often fills the room left vacant by love. Garnie was jealous almost before she realized it

"Is—is she pretty?" she asked hesitantly.

"She's a perfect peach, Garnie," he replied quite dispassionately.

"Oh!" She came at once back to her bantering tone and said naturally, "I thought you'd fall in love with one of those Russian vamps."

"That's the funny part about it, Garnie. I'm not in love. They're playing a grand fox trot. Shall we dance?"

"We shall not," she informed him rather shrilly. "Now look here, Eddie Ransom. I'm all fed up on mystery. If you don't loosen at once I'm going to throw this sauce bordelaise at the head waiter and go forth into the night."

"Of course, I suppose I owe it to you ——" began Eddie fumblingly, only to be taken up short

"You don't owe me a darned thing You're just as free a man as I am, I guess, since you've come out of Russia, the land of unlimited yearning. But just the same you'd better loosen up or I'll—I'll ——"

She didn't know what she'd do; indeed she looked not in the least desperate as the dimples came back into her full cheeks and she beamed with good-natured curiosity.

"It sounds queer," he began by way of preface.

"If it didn't I'd know you were lying to me, you cute little fox! Please don't be all night. I've got to be up by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning and I mustn't miss my sleep."

Eddie Ransom leaned across the table, and spoke under her hat brim, that his story might not be lost in the orchestra's jumble of disharmonies.

"I ain't a Russian novelist," was his quite unnecessary protest, "but after you've lived out there for a while you begin to realize how they get that way. Most of the so-called fighting was in a coal-mining district about a two-hours' jitney out of Vladivostok. About the time Senator Johnson was sobbing his heart out, telling the Senate how the Russian A. E. F. was getting it raw, I was feeling a whole lot safer than I used to feel when I went to the gas-fitters' picnics at Shell Mound Park."

"You're vague, as usual," cut in his listener. "Please give me a little geography. Is this Russian Republic divided into states?"

"Sure," he agreed. "The one I was operating in was the State of Confusion. The State of Frenzy was just beyond, and we jazzed into that once or twice. That's the story I'm driving at.

"Far as I could ever make out the purpose of the Siberian expedition was to shoot law and order into a country where Pancho Villa would be running the supreme court if he wasn't busy teaching school down South. So we went into Siberia expecting anything to happen, and we were never disappointed, because it always did. What are you going to do with an enemy you can't really get mad at? How're you going to haul down a flag that's got the Stars and Stripes sewed to one side and Trotzky red to the other? Every time we started to treat 'em rough we'd find the town hall illuminated in red, white and blue with the mayor waiting on the steps to offer us jobs on the soviet food commission. They're real nice people, the Russians They never shot us up but what they apologized for it. Whenever you tried to call 'em down they'd give you the baby to hold.

"After a lot of that stuff it wasn't so queer that we got muddled and wondered if we were carrying on or just backing up.

"In the funny little burg of Klovitskya we found the citizens circulating a petition to get annexed to the U. S. A. The K. O. didn't know exactly how to do it, or I guess Woodrow Wilson would have had another state on his hands. They weren't all so enthusiastic as that, but even in hot belts, where they sat up nights shooting us out of the bush, the Bolshies would drop in now and then to ask our advice about running the government. They looked up to us something awful. I got to be an authority on everything from infantile paralysis to free love. I kinda felt sorry for those gentle simps, all the time preaching equality and trying to find out who was boss. If I had been an ambitious man I bet I could have made myself Emperor of Siberia and got my throat cut in a week.

"You never could tell which way they were going to jump. F'r instance, one morning I was riding along a lonesome road when two fuzzy guys with chins like weeping willows jumped off Noah's own wagon, yelled a lot of language and began dragging me off my horse. I didn't want to die. I always had a prejudice against the thing. But down I came, zowie, right in the middle of the road. My gun got jammed in the holster and I was measuring myself for a wooden kimono when what did those two poor fish do? Just flopped down on their foolish faces and began kissing my boots!

"Was I fussed? I was. Nothing to do, I thinks, but shoot 'em both and put 'em out of their misery. About that time my interpreter comes along and tells me not to worry. It seems they were calling me Deliverer and were imploring me to take the Russian Government and see what I could do with it.

"All they wanted was a real job with real pay and three square meals a day. They made such a swell nomination speech that I guess I would have accepted if the K. O. hadn't been such a grouch

"That's about the way things went, with variations. We ambled comfortably along from place to place, stopping a revolution here, starting another there. We bunked in barns and palaces, abandoned by cows and barons, respectively. I got myself a grand palace one night and had just bedded myself down in a corner of the ballroom when someone busted in on me. He looked the way Von Hindenburg would if he'd been hit on the head with an electric pile driver. He was so short that his overcoat dragged on the floor and he was tied up to a saber which was so long that it kept banging him in the ear as he walked. The assassination of big headliners was quite the thing about that time, and I was quite nervous.

"'What's on your mind, Shorty?' says I.

"'I am coom for to guard de chief of police,' says he.

"That made me feel better. I wasn't the chief of police and I didn't want to be. Just what he really wanted I never knew. But you understand how a man feels when a perfect stranger comes to shoot and remains to talk. The sawed-off patriot was awful proud of his English and told me how he had learned it in the Y. M. C. A. at Tokio. He was still talking when I went to sleep."

(Continued on Page 74)

*"It Looks as Though Welch and the Russian Ballerina Had Struck a Snag"*

# THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

## By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ALONG the first week in May they was a couple hot days, and Katie—that's my little sister-in-law—can't stand the heat. Or the cold, or the medium. Anyway, when it's hot she always says: "I'm simply stifling." And when it's cold: "I'm simply frozen." And when it ain't neither one: "I wished the weather would do one thing another." I don't s'pose she knows what she's saying when she says any one of them things, but she's one of these here gals that can't bear to see a conversation die out and thinks it's her place to come through with a wise crack whenever they's a vacuum.

So during this hot spell her and my wife and I was still stopping at the Baldwin, where we'd been at most of the time since we come to the Big Town, and we was having dinner with a bird named Gene Buck that knowed New York like a book, only he hadn't never read a book, and Katie made the remark that she was simply stifling.

"If you think this is hot," says our friend, "just wait till the summer comes. The Old Town certainly steams up in the Old Summer Time."

So Kate asked him how people could stand it.

"They don't," he says. "All the ones that's got a piece of change ducks out somewheres where they can get the air."

"Where do they go?" Katie asked him.

"Well," he says, "the most of my pals goes to Newport or Maine or up in the Adirondacks. But of course them places is out of most people's reach. If I was you folks I'd go over on Long Island somewheres and either take a cottage or live in one of them good hotels."

"Where, for instance?" says my Mrs.

"Well," he said, "some people takes cottages, but the rents is something fierce, and besides, the desirable ones is probably all eat up by this time. But they's plenty good hotels where you get good service and swell meals and meet good people; they won't take in no riffraff. And they give you a pretty fair rate if they know you're going to make a stay."

So Ella asked him if they was any special one he could recommend.

"Let's think a minute," he says.

"Let's not strain ourselfs," I said.

"Don't get cute!" said the Mrs. "We want to get some real information and Mr. Buck can give it to us."

"How much would you be willing to pay?" said Buck.

It was Ella's turn to make a wise crack.

"Not no more than we have to," she says.

"They Call Them Yaphounds—I Don't Know Why; Maybe on Account of the Noise They Make"

"I and my sister has got about eight thousand dollars per annum between us," said Katie, "though a thousand of it has got to go this year to a man that cheated us up on Riverside Drive.

"It was about a lease. But papa left us pretty well off; over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Don't be so secret with Mr. Buck," I says. "We've knew him pretty near a week now. Tell him about them four-dollar stockings you bought over on Fifth Avenue and the first time you put them on they got as many runs as George Sisler."

"Well," said Buck, "I don't think you'd have no trouble getting comfortable rooms in a good hotel on seven thousand dollars. If I was you I'd try the Hotel Decker. It's owned by a man named Decker."

"Why don't he call it the Griffith?" I says.

"It's located at Tracy Estates," says Buck. "That's one of the garden spots of Long Island. It's a great big place, right up to the minute, and they give you everything the best. And they's three good golf courses within a mile of the hotel."

The gals told him they didn't play no golf.

"You don't know what you've missed," he says.

"Well," I said, "I played a game once myself and missed a whole lot."

"Do they have dances?" asked Kate.

"Plenty of them," says Buck, "and the guests is the nicest people you'd want to meet. Besides all that, the meals is included in the rates, and they certainly set a nasty table."

"I think it sounds grand," said the Mrs. "How do you get there?"

"Go over to the Pennsylvania Station," says Buck, "and take the Long Island Railroad to Jamaica. Then you change to the Haverton branch. It don't only take a half hour altogether."

"Let's go over tomorrow morning and see can we get rooms," said Katie.

So Ella asked how that suited me.

"Go just as early as you want to," I says. "I got a date to run down to the Aquarium and see the rest of the fish."

"You won't make no mistake stopping at the Decker," says Buck.

So the gals thanked him and I paid the check so as he would have more to spend when he joined his pals up to Newport.

II

WELL, when Ella and Kate come back the next afternoon, I could see without them telling me that it was all settled. They was both grinning like they always do when they've pulled something nutty.

"It's a good thing we met Mr. Buck," said the Mrs., "or we mightn't never of heard of this place. It's simply wonderful. A double room with a bath for you and I and a room with a bath for Katie. The meals is throwed in, and we can have it all summer."

"How much?" I asked her.

"Two hundred a week," she said. "But you must remember that's for all three of us and we get our meals free."

"And I s'pose they also furnish knobs for the bedroom doors," says I.

"We was awful lucky," said the wife. "These was the last two rooms they had, and they wouldn't of had those only the lady that had engaged them canceled her reservation."

"I wished I'd met her when I was single," I says.

"So do I," says Ella.

"But listen," I said. "Do you know what two hundred a week amounts to? It amounts to over ten thousand a year, and our income is seven thousand."

"Yes," says Katie, "but we aren't only going to be there twenty weeks, and that's only four thousand."

"Yes," I said, "and that leaves us three thousand for the other thirty-two weeks, to pay for board and room and clothes and show tickets and a permanent wave every other day."

"You forget," said Kate, "that we still got our principal, which we can spend some of it and not miss it."

"And you also forget," said the Mrs., "that the money belongs to Sis and I, not you."

"I've got a sweet chance of forgetting that," I said. "It's hammered into me three times a day. I hear about it pretty near as often as I hear that one of you's lost their new silk bag."

"Well, anyway," says Ella, "it's all fixed up and we move out there early to-morrow morning, so you'll have to do your packing to-night."

III

I'M NOT liable to celebrate the anniversary of the next day's trip. Besides the trunks, the gals had a suitcase and a grip apiece and I had a suitcase. So that give me five pieces of baggage to wrestle, because of course the gals had to carry their parasol in one hand and their wrist watch in the other. A redcap helped load us on over to the station, but oh you change at Jamaica! And when we got to Tracy Estates we seen that the hotel wasn't only a couple blocks away, so the ladies said we might as well walk and save taxi fare.

I don't know how I covered them two blocks, but I do know that when I reeled into the Decker my hands and arms was paralyzed and Ella had to do the registering.

Was you ever out there? Well, I s'pose it's what you might call a family hotel, and a good many of the guests belongs to the cay-nine family. A few of the couples that can't afford dogs has got children, and you're always tripping over one or the other. They's a dining room for the grown-ups and another one for the kids, w'ile the dogs and their nurses eats in the grillroom à la carte. One part of the joint is bachelor quarters. It's located right next to the dogs' dormitories, and they's a good deal of rivalry between the dogs and the souses to see who can make the most noise nights. They's also a ballroom and a couple card rooms and a kind of a summer parlor where the folks sets round in the evening and listen to a three-piece orchestra that don't know they's been any music wrote since Poets and Peasants. The men get up about eight o'clock and go down to New York to Business. They don't never go to work. About nine the women begins limping downstairs and either goes to call on their dogs or take them for a walk in the front yard. This is a great big yard with a whole lot of benches strewed round it, but you can't set on them in the daytime because the women or the nurses uses them for a place to read to the dogs or kids, and in the evenings you would have to share them with the waitresses, which you have already had enough of them during the day.

When the women has prepared themselfs for the long day's grind with a four-course breakfast, they set round on the front porch and discuss the big questions of the hour, like for instance the last trunk murder or whether an Airedale is more loving than a Golden Bantam. Once in a w'ile one of them cracks that it looks like they was bound to be a panic pretty soon and a big drop in prices, and so forth. This shows they're broad-minded and are giving a good deal of thought to up-to-date topics. Every so often one of them'll say: "The present situation can't keep up." The hell it can't!

By one o'clock their appetites is whetted so keen from brain exercise that they make a bum out of a plate of soup and an order of Long Island duckling, which they figure is caught fresh every day, and they wind up with salad and apple pie à la mode and a stein of coffee. Then they totter up to their rooms to sleep it off before Dear gets home from Business.

Saturday nights everybody puts on their evening clothes like something was going to happen. But it don't. Sunday mornings the husbands and bachelors gets up earlier than usual to go to their real business, which is golf. The womenfolks are in full possession of the hotel till Sunday night supper and wives and husbands don't see one another all day long, but it don't seem as long as if they did. Most of them's approaching their golden-wedding jubilee and haven't nothing more to say to each other that you could call a novelty. The husband may make the remark, Sunday night, that he would of broke one hundred and twenty in the afternoon round if the caddy hadn't of handed him a spoon when he asked for a nut pick, and the wife'll probably reply that she's got to go in Town some day soon and see a chiropodist. The rest of the Sabbath evening is spent in bridge or listening to the latest song hit from The Bohemian Girl.

The hotel's got all the modern conveniences like artificial light and a stopper in the bathtubs. They even got a barber and a valet, but you can't get a shave w'ile he's pressing your clothes, so it's pretty near impossible for a man to look their best at the same time.

Well, the second day we was there I bought me a deck of cards and got so good at solitary that pretty soon I could play fifty games between breakfast and lunch and a hundred from then till suppertime. During the first week Ella and Kate got on friendly terms with over a half a dozen people—the head waiter, our waitress, some of the clerks and the manager and the two telephone gals. It wasn't from lack of trying that they didn't meet even more people. Every day one or the other of them would try and swap a little small talk with one of the other squatters, but it generally always wound up as a short monologue.

Ella said to me one day, she says: "I don't know if we can stick it out here or not. Every hotel I was ever at before, it was easy enough to make a lot of friends, but you could stick a bottle of cream alongside one of these people and it'd stay sweet a week. Unless they looked at it. I'm sick of talking to you and Sis and the hired help, and Kate's so lonesome that she cries herself to sleep nights."

Well, if I'd of only had sense enough to insist on staying we'd of probably packed up and took the next train to Town. But instead of that I said: "What's to prevent us from going back to New York?"

"Don't be silly!" says the Mrs. "We come out here to spend the summer and here is where we're going to spend the summer."

"All right," I says, "and by September I'll be all set to write a book on one-handed card games."

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"I Got a Bottle for You. I Left it Upstairs and I'll Fetch it Down After Supper"

# THE BAD COMPANIONS

## By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ANNETTE KELLY'S father was killed in a lift accident when Annette was yet a child—barely twenty-one years of age, in fact; all her father's friends, taking counsel upon the matter, agreed that she was a mere infant. Within the narrow circle of Gustavus Kelly's intimates—all people of an achieved and acknowledged maturity—she had stood for the tender and endearing quality of youth; she enhanced all the sense of their victory over their own innocence; and she might have been a daughter to any one of them.

The late Kelly had been an artist, a painter; but not the speculative kind of painter whose work is submitted to the chances of the market at the Salon or the Academy. His contribution to the art of the age took the shape of regular and well-paid work for a manufacturer of Old Masters. There is a Corot of his in the Imperial Museum at Berlin; and a Velasquez from his brush paid full duty in New York on the way to its long home in Pittsburgh. He was, at the time of his death, a spare tallish man, with a straggle of graying beard completing a thin humorous face, and mild eyes that could lighten with an ironic spark. The little French wife he had married in his student days had died when Annette was born; and the work he had accepted to tide over the first difficult days of marriage had come to content him. What he lacked in ambition he made up for by skill; he was an admirable craftsman; his conscience was easy; and life, on the whole, had used him tenderly. Even death, when it came, was not hard upon him.

It chanced that at the moment when Kelly was entering the lift on the fifth floor Mr. Malling, chief buyer for Messrs. Riverdale, of Wood Street, came forth to the hall of the building from the ground-floor offices. He had papers in his hand and paused to shuffle them into order. He heard subconsciously the jar of the gates of the lift far above him and the commencing whine of the gear as the cage started downward. The sounds played over his consciousness without disturbing it; it was their sudden cessation that jerked him to attention. For an instant, as the lowering gear went out of action, there was stillness; then a voice, high up the shaft, screamed shrilly; and forthwith, shrieking in the guides, the cage plunged into sight and went crashing into the shallow concrete well within the iron gate.

What remained in Mr. Malling's mind was the impression he had of an insane violence in the event. The noise, the swiftness, the crumpling of metal and the rending of wood, the sudden intrusion of loud tragedy into that orderly and prosaic place of business shocked and dismayed him. He clutched the silk hat he had all but snatched off in the amaze of the moment, and so stood for some seconds, one hand absurdly pressed on the crown of his hat, the other hugging his papers to his waistcoat, while about him the offices spouted forth their people to the hall, and from the boulevard without the gendarmes came thrusting through the gathering crowd. There was a gabble of talk and exclamation that dazed him; and presently he was aware that the voice that had screamed was screaming still, but faintly, as though it sounded at an immense distance. He shuddered and turned back to the offices he had just left.

From their doorway he was able to watch, when the gendarmes had cleared the hall, the work of salvage. He who had screamed was the lift attendant; the wreck of him was packed swiftly and deftly to the waiting ambulance. There followed an injured passenger, who squeaked feebly when the bearers raised him; and then there was brought forth a shape which made no sound at all. They laid it on a sheet on the floor of the hall and the white-clad doctor knelt beside it in silence. Only the hall porter, peering fearfully, broke out suddenly.

"*Tiens!*" he exclaimed. "It is the Englishman who comes here sometimes. He has a friend in the office on the fifth floor."

"You know his name?" demanded an inspector of police.

Mr. Malling had caught the word "Englishman," and while the porter was stating his ignorance and volunteering to seek the friend on the fifth floor he came forward. His hat was securely on his head now and his papers were in his pocket; he was again his responsible, capable, middle-aged self.

"You said he was an Englishman?" he inquired.

The white-clad doctor had risen; the whole group turned to Mr. Malling as he spoke. His appearance, no less than his French, proclaimed his nationality. A gendarme saluted him.

"But Between Ourselves," He Asked Briskly, "What Have You Done With the Money?"

"*Mais si!*" asseverated the porter. "He has been here many times."

"Let me see him," said Mr. Malling.

The doctor before he rose had folded the sheet across the face and body of the form on the floor. The inspector nodded, and upon that sign, as if it had been a movement in some familiar drill, two gendarmes, one stooping at the head and the other at the foot, threw back the coverings. Mr. Malling stepped forward and bent down to look into the face of Gustavus Kelly.

It was a face entirely composed and tranquil. From the frame of the white linen a disarming and conciliatory countenance with a wisp of grizzled beard and still wide eyes seemed to return his regard. The man was dead, of course; Mr. Malling needed to ask no question about that; but being dead he still lived to the extent that the aspect of him—his features relaxed to the shape of the tolerant and humorous mood wherein he had existed—made yet a powerful claim upon his fellow countryman.

That citizen gazed at length upon the still upturned face. He turned presently to the doctor.

"Quite sure?" he asked, though he was sure enough himself.

The white-clad, black-bearded doctor hoisted a shoulder in an eloquent shrug. "M'sieur!" he protested.

Mr. Malling shook his head mournfully. "I don't know him," he said. "It is certain that he was an Englishman?"

Several of them commenced to talk together. There then arrived the porter with the friend from the fifth floor, a tubby little man with an immense spade-shaped blue-black beard that spread upon his chest like a curious bib. At the sight of the body he exploded into lamentations.

"This poor Kelly!" he wept noisily. "A sympathetic one, if you like! English—yes! But of what a humanity! His address? Ah—one hundred and eight, m'sieur, Rue de la Piété. And then that poor mademoiselle! So young, so little, so innocent—and now an orphan! Who is to tell her?

"And to think that if I had invited him to remain he would now be alive! Who—who is to tell her?"

Mr. Malling, as beseems him, had an excellent wife and five fine assorted daughters of his own in his freehold house at Wimbledon. He made a little sound of pitying distress.

"Mademoiselle?" he repeated. "His daughter?"

The friend from the fifth floor assented with fresh tears.

"Yes, monsieur, his daughter—a woman who is yet a child, so delicate and so tender! Who shall tell her?"

The wordless bearers were lifting the sheeted body to carry it forth. Mr. Malling watched them, marking without volition how the possessor of that mild and pleasant face that had seemed to return his scrutiny so tranquilly had suddenly become no more than an awkward bundle. He turned upon the friend from the fifth floor deliberately.

"I will tell her," he said. "Give me that address again."

II

THE creaking, squeaking Paris taxicab which bore him south across the Seine came to a halt at last. He, whose dealings were largely in and about the Rue de la Paix, had not liked the look of the streets through which he had passed; he liked still less the look of the byway off the Boulevard St.-Michel in which the cab stopped. A gaunt tenement towered over the sidewalk; the cat lay alongside one of its doors.

"*Ça y est!*" remarked the driver.

Within was a stone stairway and an upward prospect of gloom mitigated by a faint skylight. Mr. Malling, frock

coated and silk hatted, found the iron handrail greasy to the touch; he abandoned it and mounted slowly, conserving his breath for his mission. A hundred and two and a hundred and four faced each other across the last narrow landing but one; then another wind-exhausting flight. But for the curious mixture in his mind of his recent impressions and the memory of the five girls at home in Wimbledon, Mr. Malling could have jibbed at that last flight; but he held on.

The door of one hundred and eight stood ajar, and from within there sounded a hushed confusion of voices. Mr. Malling paused upon the threshold, made sure of his breath, and knocked soberly with his knuckles upon the half-open door. The voices within continued uninterrupted, but the French in which they spoke was not tempered to the understanding of Mr. Malling. After a wait he discovered the bell-push and pressed it, releasing it with a start as a loud and strident bell responded with a jarring uproar. The murmur of voices ceased.

"Yes; who is it?" Someone spoke in the dark little corridor.

Mr. Malling coughed. Footsteps within padded to the door and drew it open.

Mr. Malling, with the figure of mademoiselle, as described by Kelly's friend from the fifth floor, in his mind, stared in perplexity at the woman who confronted him. She was any age over forty, with a vast bosom overshadowing a strongly corseted waist, and a skirt that was like a caricature of the day's extremest fashions. Shining black hair was built to a showy coiffure above her large face, trained to be sprightly and debonair, though now recent tears had excavated gutters in its top dressing of strong scented powder. She stood in the shabby doorway with the incongruous effect of a *ballerina* in costume upon a street.

"Mademoiselle Kelly?" ventured Mr. Malling.

The woman in the door heaved a desolate sort of shrug.

"She is here, monsieur—yes," she admitted. "But, at this moment, I fear ——"

"I must see her," said Mr. Malling. "I—I bring some news." She was staring at him oddly, he thought, and he put it down to mere vulgar curiosity. "There has been an accident," he added.

"Oh, that, for instance!" The stout woman was almost contemptuous for a moment. "A messenger from the police informed me. And you, then, monsieur, you have come ——"

"I was present when it happened," said Mr. Malling.

"*Vrai?* In that case ——" She drew back and made a motion to invite him to enter. "That poor little one—she has not yet wept; it is enough to break one's heart. And that brave Kelly, so good, so sympathetic! What a world! This way, monsieur, if you please."

At the farther end of the little corridor was another door; she opened it and led him within. Mr. Malling, his hat and gloves in his hand, entered in her wake

It was a pleasant little room, cozy and accustomed to be used. There were several people in it; but Mr. Malling's eyes went at once to the one he had come hither to see. She was seated in a chair, an elbow on the table beside her, her brown head propped in her hand, staring as though in profound thought at the floor before her. She was a smallish girl, little in every proportion; Mr. Malling's sixteen-year-old daughter was almost big enough to carry her in her arms; and with her littleness went an effect of very delicate fragility. She did not move for some seconds after Mr. Malling entered; then slowly she raised her face and looked at him.

"I came to tell you," said Mr. Malling, in English. "I thought—as an Englishman myself—er—there might be something I could do to—er—help you."

The girl breathed a word that might have been "thank you," and accompanied it with a vague little motion that seemed wearily to repel his offer of assistance. The stout woman who had admitted him had gone to the back of her chair and stood there, gently stroking her cheek.

"My friends," began the girl in English; then in French: "My friends are very good to me."

"Ah, *chérie!*" cried the stout woman, and bent, weeping anew, to kiss her.

Ever since he had entered Mr. Malling had been aware of the other occupants of the room with a sort of instinctive distaste. Now, since the girl had referred to them, he looked at them. His distaste forthwith justified itself to him.

They were all, in their different ways, of the generally disreputable and fantastic quality of the stout woman who had opened the door to him. Standing at the other side of the table from the girl an elderly Jew—a stage Jew, nose, beard, flat black cap and all—stood looking on at the scene with eyes that glittered, it seemed to Mr. Malling, wolfishly, the picture of a criminal usurer or a professional receiver of stolen goods. Seated upon the little sofa across the room, drooping forward with hands joined between his shabby knees, a skeleton of a man, a figure of mean misery, showed a vacant hairless face like a skull without a skull's grin. And leaning with an arm upon the sill of the window stood a large placid person, with heavy mustaches curled like ram's horns and a waistcoat like a tessellated pavement. He had a face modeled on the line of pothouse jollity, the eyes at once audacious and beseeching of the mountebank; and in his present gravity he was as absurd as a melancholy clown.

And it was these that the girl, that little and pitiable creature, had indicated when she spoke of "my friends." It was as if a dove should claim the friendship of a nest of snakes.

"Ye-es," said Mr. Malling slowly. "But you have friends or relations in England, haven't you?"

She shook her head and continued to reply in French. She had no one, no one at all now, save these friends.

"H'm!" Mr. Malling shook his head. "I have to return to London to-morrow," he said thoughtfully. "My child, I am more sorry for you than I can tell you. And if you would care to come back to England with me, my wife would ——"

She interrupted at that, always in French, that those others might not be left out in the cold. "Monsieur, I could not. To go away—now! No, I could not. And these dear friends are always so good to me."

The stout woman wept and kissed anew. The old Jew turned sharp, unfriendly eyes on Mr. Malling.

"But—a young girl like you, alone in a foreign country ——" he began to argue.

"I am not alone," she answered, and took hold of the stout woman's caressing hand.

Mr. Malling considered, and while he did so the eyes of all in the room, save the girl, were focused on him in a unanimity of ill will.

"Well," he said at last, "I shall speak to the consul about you—and the chaplain at the embassy. And here"—he fumbled with hat and gloves while he found his cardcase and extracted his business card—"is my address. If I can ever be of use to you a letter will find me there."

She gave him her hand for the farewell. To the stout woman he made an awkward English bow; the others he ignored.

III

"NEVER saw such a thing," he told his wife next evening when his daughters had been hunted to bed. "The father's body can scarcely have been cold yet—and the sharks were nibbling at her already. You ought to have seen them—that old Jew! It was horrible!"

At about the same hour Monsieur Kropp, the old Jew in question, was standing at the door of his shop—brand-new antiques, *articles de Paris* manufactured in Birmingham, and old silver scarcely distinguishable from old pewter—in converse with the florid, conspicuously waistcoated Professor Pericot.

"That *Anglais* yesterday," he was saying; "he looked rich and he would have taken her with him to England. It might have been better for her."

"But why?" asked the professor "She was born here; she has never been out of Paris; and at the worst she is not likely to starve here."

"No," agreed M. Kropp; "between the four of us, that is not likely. And they will pay a compensation for that poor Kelly. The agent from the insurance company is to be there to-morrow."

"Ah!" the professor smiled. "You will also be there—not?"

(Continued on Page 110)

*"Monsieur, I Could Not. To Go Away—Now! No, I Could Not. And These Dear Friends are Always So Good to Me"*

# THE STAGE DOOR

By Rita Weiman

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HE MIGHT have answered to O'Brien, O'Hara, O'Malley, O'Toole or any of the O's that hail from the little isle of imagination and hope. Perhaps the man who had engaged him to act the part of stage door man at the Gotham Theater knew. But that was so many years ago that those who might have remembered had come and gone in the changing tides of Broadway and been swept out to the ocean of beyond. The companies drifting with that tide in and out of the stage entrance were content to call him plain Pop, and he was content to answer to the name.

Sitting in the little pigeonhole of a room just inside the door, he was like some worn old letter thrust there long ago and never called for—soiled and seared, with rough, dusty edges and the writing across the face all blurred by time. No one troubled to look inside the envelope. No one bothered to open the sheets of his heart and read the longings scrawled there. They sent him a cheerful "Hello, Pop" as they came in, or "By, Pop" as they went out. Or if they stopped for a chat on a stormy day between matinée and evening performances it was to draw him out for their own amusement.

"Get Pop to tell you about the time he acted with Booth and Barrett. It's a bear," they prompted each other; then gathered in a group while one of them dashed away for sandwiches and 2.75 beer, and prodded him to repeat the tale he never tired of telling.

"Yes, sir-ree!" he would murmur reverently through the few precious relics of what had been two fine rows of teeth. "Actin' was actin' when Edwin Booth played Hamlet."

"Why don't he jazz it?" one of the girls giggled.

Someone nudged her to silence as the thin voice went on crooning its memories in grammar as shaky as the old legs.

"And I'd ha' been like him—yes, sir-ree. They was a future for me—a great future. He said it hisself once. He was rehearsin' the ghost scene and I was the ghost. I come on, soft and silent-like, nearer and nearer to him, trailin' my sheet while he meditates. And then all of a sudden I begin my speech:

*I am thy father's spir-rit,*
*Doom'd for a certain ter-rem to walk the night,*
*And for the day confin'd to fas-st in fires,*
*Till the foul crrimes done in my days of na-ture*
*Are burnt and purrg'd away. But that I am for-bid*
*To tell the se-crets of my prrison-house,*
*I could a tale unfold whose lightest worrdd*
*Would harr-row up thy soul, fer-reze thy young blood——*

"Ah, it come big and strong! You could hear me right out to the street. Yes, sir-ree, I had a fine voice them days. And Booth, he jumps like a cannon ball hit him and says: 'Young man, a ghost with a voice like that will be heard down the centuries.' But he was a human man, was the great Booth, and he must ha' been afeared my voice would drown his, for he never let me play the ghost. They made me a guest in the banquet scene. I was a fine figger of a young feller them days, and wore tights like a kid glove."

"And how did you happen to quit the stage, Pop?"

"Jealousy, my boy, jealousy. The leadin' men was always afeared I'd steal their thunder. They always got rid o' me somehow. Ah, it was a great pity—with my future!"

They turned away. They straggled, laughing, toward their dressing rooms, leaving him a sandwich and a bottle of beer.

*"I've Asked Miss Eileen to Go to Supper," He Said, "and She Tells Me You Have to be Notified"*

"The ghost that never walked," exploded one. "The poor dub spins that yarn so often he honestly believes it by this time."

"Poor old has-been!"

"You flatter him, dearie. He's a never-was."

They trailed out of hearing, their laughter trailing back. Pallid blue eyes, washed transparent by the waters of regret, eyes that had seen much and observed more, gazed after the gay group that took no count of lonely age or creeping time. How could they be expected to know that the story he loved to tell was self-justification, his apology to his own soul for dreams that had never come true? How could they guess that the tears no man permits himself in the glaring light of day gathered in the very well-springs of his being during the hours on duty and escaped only when the blessed hand of sleep drew them forth with cool finger tips? How could they fathom a lonely old man's realization, as he gazed toward the setting sun, that life had passed him by? They knew only that Pop was a picturesque old liar, and that his fund of lies about his acting ability would have put old Ananias into bankruptcy. And Pop knew he deceived them no more than himself.

That was before he found Eileen, though. As one stumbles upon a stray cat hunched into a corner of the doorway, as one trips over a stone without a downward glance, so Pop came upon Eileen.

It was an ice-cold night, dry and paralyzing. From the stone floor of his little pigeonhole it had penetrated his shoes and bitten his toes. A few years before on such a night some actor would have slipped him a nip, but those who now carried flasks had waistcoats, coats and overcoats buttoned over them. Pop sat and shivered in spite of spasmodic spurts of steam. Round the top of the bald spot that crowned him tufts of gray hair that had once been the warm thick brown of a chestnut mare stood upright. In all justice to Pop, it must be said that in his day he had, as he took care to inform his listeners, been "a fine figger of a young feller." You wouldn't have guessed it, had you troubled to glance at the sharp knees that shook a bit or the empty flesh that bagged down to his Adam's apple. But neither do dried rose leaves give indication of having been red and blooming.

As he waited for the welcome boom of the musical comedy's grand finale, he drew a hand gingerly from his overcoat pocket, lifted his hat and felt of the bald spot before mentioned. It was like frosted glass. The contemplation of a steaming cup of coffee in the lunch room next door was the only satisfactory way of warming his imagination, and he concentrated on it.

Incidentally he wondered what would be the best way to approach his landlady in the matter of an extra blanket.

The hands of the clock on the wall, his one companion that listened respectfully to tales of glories gone by, moved as if they, too, were chilled. It was with cheerful amazement that he heard at ten-forty-five the bustle and clatter following the fall of the curtain. They had rushed the performance just to keep warm.

One by one, with fur collars turned up or mufflers wound tight, they hurried out, their breath, as they called the usual "Night, Pop," steaming after them. When the door had banged after the last he braced himself out of the chair whose cushion had worn thin during the long years he had occupied it, switched off the light and followed down the narrow alley to the side street.

Turning in the direction of the lunch room, he noticed a shadow within the shadows formed by the juncture of theater and tall iron grating that cut off the stage entrance from passers-by. He paused and watched it, blinking a little. It moved uncertainly, separating itself from the gloom of which it was a part, and he made out the figure of a girl who clung with both hands to the bars of the grating. Young eyes had swept past her without seeing, but old eyes that have learned the habit of searching for pitfalls, centered on those hands holding so desperately to the rails, and stopped there. He took the few steps that brought him to her and touched one of them. They loosed their clutch, and like a stumbling child she went down in a heap at his feet.

Pop darted a swift, appealing glance up and down the street. It was as clear of humanity as a stretch of sea to the horizon. He bent over dazedly, caught up a little icy hand and rubbed it with all his might, but it dropped just as limply as she had when he let it go.

There was nothing to do but get her to the haven he'd been bound for, and his old body creaked as he stooped to gather her into his arms. She was what is known as a lightweight, just a powder puff of a girl, but Pop wondered how he was going to manage those few feet of pavement. Nevertheless, tasking all his strength as it did, a tugging sense of comfort traveled up the arms that lifted her. It was so long since he had held anything human against his heart.

He stood for an instant, summoning strength enough for two, then with his burden close dragged his way to the door of the restaurant and kicked on it commandingly. Someone opened it, and for the first time in his life Pop found himself holding the center of the stage. The restaurant manager, the cashier, waiters, men and women who had been intent on the vital question of food left their places and hurried toward him.

Pop's head went up with the pride of the moment. His shoulders straightened. He stalked to a table as if the girl weighed nothing, and put her into a chair, one arm still round her. The cashier, a young woman with flaming cheeks and curly black hair, came round to the other side

and held a glass of water to the blue lips. But Pop waved it away without ceremony.

"Anybody got any whisky?" he demanded.

There was a murmur of contempt for such a question. And then the manager, without shame or fear, disappeared in the region of the kitchen. When he came back with a little glass of golden fluid Pop took it and forced a stream between the half-open lips. They opened wider after a moment, and with them a pair of gray eyes. But these last closed again as if the lids were too heavy to keep up, and with the sigh of returning consciousness her head drooped to Pop's shoulder. His free hand pulled off her old straw hat. He threw it on the table and cuddled the head where it seemed to belong. It had short silky hair of pale gold that brushed his cheek like butterfly wings.

"Poor kid!" observed the hearty young cashier, working the numbed fingers up and down. "How did it happen?"

Pop had no idea whether or not the girl was actually sick, but there swept over him a sudden panic that if he confessed to having found her in the street they would send for an ambulance and take her away, and the feeling of that head against his shoulder was too sweet to sacrifice just yet.

"She had no right to come out to-night," he asserted with sufficient veracity. "She ain't overstrong, and it's too cold."

"You'd ought to get her a pair of warm gloves, anyhow," admonished the young woman, her bright eyes taking in the thin serge suit and low shoes on the frozen little figure. "She ain't got on clothes enough for summer, let alone now."

The assumption of proprietorship gave Pop a real thrill. He fell into the rôle as if it had been written for him. He looked up at the group of watchers, then back to her.

"You know girls," he observed nonchalantly. "Can't get 'em to dress sensible no time. But she's goin' to from now on, you bet! Guess we'll try some coffee."

Two cups and a pitcher of milk, piping hot, were brought in, but Pop forgot to drink his. He was too busy watching the ugly blue fade from a pair of young lips as the warming liquid passed between them; too anxiously waiting for the eyelids to lift and stay up.

They wavered presently, and the head started away from its resting place. Pop's arm tightened.

"It's all right, dearie. Feelin' better?"

"Where am I?" she put to him gropingly.

"You're safe. Just take it easy."

He stroked the soft hair with an odd little mother touch that inspired confidence.

"Guess we better have a taxi," he remarked to the waiter in the casual tone of one to whom taxis are a daily occurrence.

Too weak to question, the girl let him lead her toward the door. He stopped to pay his check and to protest because the manager refused to charge for the whisky, then with a flourish of thanks made his exit, as drama has a way of doing in New York, forgotten as it passes into the night.

"Where to?" asked the driver, turning in his seat when Pop had slammed the door of the cab.

Pop looked toward his companion with a sinking sense of loss. She made no answer

"Where do you live, dearie?" he prompted.

The whisper that came back to him was like a breath scarcely taken.

"Nowhere."

Pop bent lower.

"Where?"

"I—I haven't any place to go."

Pop gave her hand a reassuring clasp, and something seemed to lift from his heart. He leaned forward and gave the driver the address of his rooming house. The latter made a pertinent remark about people who took cabs for short distances, then drove five blocks to cover two, but Pop failed to take notice. He was holding tight to the hand that trembled in his, trying to soothe the shaking little frame.

"It's all right, dearie. I'll take care of you. I'll take care of you. Now don't cry. I won't let nothin' happen to you. You're all right."

That night, instead of tufts of gray, a halo of pale gold lay on Pop's pillow. The bed was heaped with covers, supplemented by coats and overcoats, and Pop, in two sweaters, sat beside it. He pulled his chair close enough to keep watch, and through the hours that brought daylight became in reality the name he had borne so long, with an actual responsibility to guard. It was the first night in many that tears for what might have been, for dreams unrealized, failed to trickle from under his tight-closed lids.

"Who are you?" she asked, a bit wonderingly, as he tucked the warmth about her.

"I'm just Pop," he informed her. "Now go to sleep, and to-morrow you can tell me all about everything."

And that was how Pop found someone to believe in him.

*II*

THERE was no mystery about Eileen; no tale to make the hair rise or send a man's indignant hand to his hip pocket. Her story was one so commonplace along the great white way that it has ceased to cause more than the faintest ripple in the tide flowing in and out.

A small town—a pretty face—a voice that graces the choir or glee club. Ambitions—the saving of pennies—the family council and protest—the waiting suitor whose clothes got on one's nerves—the final flight. And then the all too swift discovery that pretty faces are as numerous on the great white way as stars in the Milky Way above; that legs are more important than glee club voices, and that they, too, are as many as the stars of heaven; that the slogan of Broadway is "Drop in to-morrow," and that to-morrow never seems to come; that the all-important essential is experience—without any means of acquiring it. And meanwhile pennies, long saved, flow out with the tide like so much molten copper. A small head goes up and says it won't give in, while despair gripes the throat and closes it so that the nourishing food one can't afford isn't missed.

She told it all to Pop the next morning, without embellishment, just a simple story of struggle without success, of effort without encouragement, of timidity that has no place in a world where self-confidence is the best-selling trade-mark.

"And then I thought maybe if I cut my hair—they all seemed to be doing it—there'd be a chance for me. I had such nice hair, too, long and thick, and it cost a dollar to have it bobbed. I wouldn't have minded that, though, if it had got me a job. But it didn't seem to make any difference. They didn't even notice it was cut."

Sitting up in bed, with the sleeves of his old gray sweater falling over her hands and the amputated hair fluffing round her little face, she looked like a child—not a day more than twelve—Pop told himself as he fed her tea and toast; and the thought of that mite battling to keep its golden head above the waters that had sucked him down made him see red. It was the first flaming emotion he had felt in years, the great outreach of fighting protection for one more frail than himself.

"And how did it happen you come to the theater last night?" he queried as he melted the milk and poured it into the tea.

"I don't quite remember. You see, I'd been at the Gotham offices all day, and they told me to come back, and I thought maybe if I could get in at the stage door and see the stage manager he might recommend me. But I hadn't had anything to eat, and the night before I—I ——"

"You hadn't any place to sleep?"

"Oh, yes; I went to the Grand Central Station and stayed in the ladies' waiting room, and I slept—a little—but not very well."

Pop's shaky hand cracked open an egg and scooped it into a cup.

"Try a little of this, dearie."

She smiled, a trembling shadow of a smile, and reached up and stroked his arm.

"Why are you so good to me?"

"Somebody ought to be by this time. Here, take it all. That's it, every bit."

When the dishes and the tiny gas stove had been cleared away and consigned to their hiding place in the closet, Pop raised the window shade and let in the winter sunshine.

He stood in its light rubbing his hands together with a strange exhilaration that took no count of the past night's cramped position and intermittent rest.

"Now let's see what we're goin' to do for you next," he studied.

She made a quick attempt to rouse herself.

"I must get out and start looking round."

"No, you don't!" He pushed her gently back on the pillow. "You just get strong and let me tend to that job business."

He started to take up his overcoat, but she reached out and stopped him.

"Don't go yet. Talk to me, won't you?" And in her voice was the appeal of the loneliness of youth, which after all isn't so very different from the loneliness of age, except that back of it may be hope.

*(Continued on Page 66)*

*"Dearie," His Old Voice Quavered, "He Ain't Wonderful. He's Just a Dead Game Sport Like All the Rest of 'Em"*

# NEW YORK

## By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

OUR life was not anything like what I had known before in the metropolis. In the old times my interests had been confined to the two rooms we occupied, where we slept, studied and played the days away, our only change being meal hours with the family or a walk in Central Park, with a dancing class once or twice each week and an excursion to the shopping district of the city two or three times a year. Now, with slow horse cars changed to cable on the main lines, Seventy-third Street's district did not seem nearly so far from the center of movement as had my grandparents' home in earlier days. Also, instead of the quiet I had known before, we now led an agitated life, more so even than had been those last gay months in Vienna.

I found it did not much matter being poor for a young girl, except that one could not give big parties or have many clothes, and that one must use street cars instead of the legation carriage. But others gave so many entertainments it would have been difficult to fit more into the season—and my lovely aunt sent me two pretty gowns. When one is seventeen and overflowing with the joy of life money is of no special importance anyhow. My college friends took me with parties to football games and college proms or to cadet hops, and by the time our tiny house was settled there were callers enough to make the rooms seem even smaller than they were. These were my own people, and in spite of the four years and more abroad I found we felt the same way about everything, and I had no cause to regret or miss Vienna's ways.

My parents had many friends who were glad of their return to New York, and they were much invited, while I got more than a pleasant share of invitations through the same kind sources. I had imagined, and so had my mother, that having been abroad so long would make coming out in New York extremely difficult, but if anything it was just the opposite. We found American society rather liked European traditions. It was still in the phase where the people composing it were limited in number and where acknowledged leaders bore names distinguished in Colonial or Revolutionary history.

Ward McAllister, an important figure locally, was not too old in years to lead at dances and to decide arbitrarily upon the invitations to the Patriarchs' Ball at old Delmonico's. Everyone knew everyone else. The same orchestra had been playing for a generation, and its program was fixed, while something of state governed the entry of guests and the opening of a Patriarchs' Ball. Middle-aged women wore stiff silks, fine jewels and old laces, and the younger guests felt anxious for invitations and grateful when these came.

*General Frederick Dent Grant, at the Time of the Spanish-American War*

### *New York in the Early Nineties*

THERE were certain reigning belles or beauties of New York whose reputations were established, and the ambitious from other cities came to be presented at a Patriarchs' much as abroad they went to court. Seriously, the carnival queen from New Orleans or a new beauty from Richmond or Baltimore was received and examined by the dowagers and the critics, and passed upon as having good manners and bearing—or not—as well as fine features and complexion. When approved, she often was invited further to the assemblies and private balls, and she often returned and stayed permanently in New York. But the Patriarchs' was the crisis in her career.

A group of men—not boys, but clubmen of standing—had much to do with placing a girl. If they approved her looks, were introduced promptly, called on her and danced with her, the youngsters followed suit; and provided she could hold her beaus, she found herself an established success, with every cotillon and supper engaged months beforehand, with bouquets galore, which she carried to dinners, operas or balls—daily boxes of violets and avalanches of flowers when the holidays came round. Every girl throughout the season, on Sunday afternoons, if things were going well, considered twenty to thirty youngmen callers a proper number.

Besides these acquaintances, there must be formed a group of more intimate friends, who, however poor one was and however little one entertained, dropped in to lunch or dinner out of season, took one walking on Fifth Avenue, made long evening calls in the off season and seemed to enjoy a cup of tea late of an afternoon, even when the carnival was at its height.

To me, after Europe, there seemed a delightful informality about all this, and I fitted into the customs which—compared with those of present New York—seem of another age. I had a kind protectress in Mrs. Rhinelander, who was a real personage and a great power in the city. Hers were the quaint looks and attitude of an earlier generation, and she could boast the blood of ancient colonists, of course. It was she who saw to it that I was invited to my first Patriarchs' and to two or three other of the ultra-smart functions in the early season. At her home high tea on Sunday evenings was an established custom, and there I met and made my first friends. Her sons and their comrades were of the all-powerful club set, while the younger women of their group were distinguished both for looks and for fine breeding. A background of ancient family portraits and old silver brought from Dutch or English homes by the patroons added their charm to these high teas, while the conversation, which never flagged, proved the entertainment to possess a clinging atmosphere of long ago. The company bore names of generals who had fought for liberty, of signers of the Declaration of Independence, or of those who had shown themselves statesmen or administrators of mark. Because *noblesse oblige*, these guests had both manners and culture, and with tolerance toward others they combined some severity toward themselves.

There were many people with great fortunes in New York—as money counted in those days—and these lived in stately fashion, with large houses within easy reach of one another, many of them about Washington Square. The younger couples were moving uptown, and it caused almost distress and much criticism to see them branching out, doing new things. Various old ladies threw up their hands, shaking their bangles and wondering what the young people would do next, and what society was coming to, with scandal being talked, and the drinking of cocktails at the clubs and so much flirting.

New York was extremely attractive, as on Sunday mornings, especially on Easter Sunday, every young and pretty girl or woman walked a few blocks on the Avenue in her best bonnet, violets or roses pinned to her gown and a prayer book in her hands. She was invariably accompanied by one or more admirers, making conversation.

High place in society was given the general in command at Governor's Island and the admiral who commanded at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and they were mobilized with their staffs as the central figures of official entertainments. Mrs. Vanderbilt, Senior, was a widow, living in great retirement, but her sons and daughters, each with a fine house, were among the many entertainers. Old Mrs. Astor received much and with great dignity and splendor. There were a number of others left to hold tradition's fort, making any newly rich strangers who were candidates for recognition in New York feel they had a thorny path to tread before they reached the pinnacle of their ambition and became members of the Four Hundred.

It was just the end of the era of ancient ways, and I saw the beginnings of the new invasion, both of ideas and people. Quaint old ladies with smooth bandeaus or hair scalloped on their foreheads still wore loose gowns of taffeta or satin velvet and old lace in dark rich colors, because their age permitted nothing more frivolous. White stockings, with black, flat-heeled and silver-buckled slippers, clad their comfortable feet, and they were served by old retainers who knew the foibles of the household, in which each took a personal pride, since usually they had been in their places for many years.

New York in the early nineties was really a delightful place, where one had time of an afternoon to talk or drive for pleasure. In early spring, after business hours, many a young man could be seen driving good horses in Central Park, with one of the season's belles seated beside him, in a smartly turned-out runabout, while the dowagers in their handsome victorias would nod amiably in passing, and then turn to look again and gossip, all from sheer interest as to whether an engagement would be announced soon or not.

Our home life was quiet and modest to a degree, but full of contentment. My father was busy with some writing, preparing a new popular edition of my grandfather's book, with annotations of his own, also with more maps and pictures than the original volumes had held. This had a large sale, and the work was of a kind my father most enjoyed. My young brother loved the American ways, and had plunged with joy into his school life. He was doing well with his studies and becoming a great, tall fellow. His health gave my mother some anxiety, as she felt he was perhaps outgrowing his strength, and she spent much time devising new means of building him up, and did this with marked success. She rather dreaded the strain of West Point for him, and did all she could to persuade him to take a classical course in college and then go into the law. But the boy himself wanted to be a soldier, and stuck to his ideal, while my father, I think, was rather glad of this and content to have the third generation follow in his own and my grandfather's footsteps in choosing a career for which by nature my brother seemed well qualified. Finally having finished at Cutler's at sixteen, the boy took one year at Columbia College, and then entered West Point. His appointment was given him in rather an interesting way.

### *A Letter to be Proud Of*

ONCE during that last winter of my grandfather's life, when we lived with him in New York, my father, to distract the invalid from his suffering, had talked of his boy's future, saying he hoped the youngster would go through the Military Academy and then into the Army, as they—the elders—had both done. With a sudden inspiration he added he would like the boy to go, not from any single district of the United States to West Point, since they of the Army belonged to all the country, but he wanted very much the boy's appointment to come to him from the President. As a matter of sentiment he continued: "Father, I've never asked you to do me a favor, but I think if you will write it I would like a letter from you to the then President of the United States asking him to appoint my boy a cadet." I heard my grandfather was greatly pleased, and the following day he prepared this letter and gave it to his son for use when the sturdy four-year-old toddler should need it:

> May I ask you to favor the appointment of Ulysses S. Grant—the son of my son Frederick Grant—as a cadet at West Point, upon his application? In doing so you will gratify the wishes of
>
> U. S. GRANT.

By chance General Sherman was present at the moment it was finished, and my father read him the document. General Sherman exclaimed over it, and my father said, "Why don't you sit down, general, and indorse this? My youngster will be very proud of this paper some day."

Sherman was delighted to do this at once, as follows:

> It seems superfluous that any addition should be necessary to the above, but I cheerfully add my name in the full belief that the child of such parents will be most worthy the appointment solicited.
>
> W. T. SHERMAN.

When my brother was ready for West Point this double petition went to President McKinley, and the latter not only complied with the request it conveyed, but adding a little note he returned the precious letter to my brother, who treasures it to this day.

The boy, with his strong character and fine brain, developed well and did credit both at West Point and afterward to his name and bringing up. Graduating among the first of his class, popular with his comrades and those under his orders as well as with his commanders, he has always filled difficult posts and filled them well. My father was vastly proud of him, and took immense comfort in the very words "my son"; and though the active work of each kept them much apart, my brother repaid his father for the service and devotion the latter had offered to his own in their time. Especially gratifying to my father and my mother was my brother's marriage with Miss Edith Root, the only daughter of an old friend whom my father admired and loved.

We were all a great deal together during my girlhood and the home circle had much warmth and a charm which drew relations and friends into its sunny atmosphere. I danced and dined and was taken to opera or play or to drive by kindly people, and enjoyed myself more and more as months and years flew by. I grew in experience, and formed new relations while the old ones ripened. In spite of the lack of money, I had as much or more than those girls of means with whom I went, for I had all their pleasures and no responsibility.

### *Washington Impressions*

I WENT to Washington and made my début there at a great ball given for me by Mrs. John McLean, a chum of my mother's. After her, others of my mother's friends followed suit in entertaining me, and at the capital, as in New York, I was much spoiled. Before the first of these big functions I had gone to show myself in my best ball dress to grandmamma, who said she wanted to see me. She received me in her parlor, where she was sitting after dinner, and on a little table by her lay a box.

"Well, dear, you look very nice," she said. "I'm glad to have my pretty granddaughter going out. It makes me feel young again myself. Now I want you to wear your pearls with that white gown, so they will bring you luck as they did me. Grandpapa always said they were yours—my namesake's—after me, and I am too old and wear mourning too deep to use them ever again. If I kept them they would just be in the bank, and I would rather have you enjoy them and wear them on your young neck while I can see them there, than to have them lie all closed up where no one gets any pleasure, and with you waiting for me to die."

She opened the box and took out the string of beautiful pearls I had so often handled in my childhood and which I remembered putting on her neck.

"They are Julia Grant's pearls and will bring you luck, and they look very pretty. Do they feel nice?" she asked with a smile as the clasp snapped.

I loved them, and I was vastly proud of their size and sheen and of the fact that they were mine. I had never owned anything so beautiful, and I naturally prized them doubly for the memories connected with them, and for the fact that grandmamma had given them to me herself for my first big American ball.

Washington, though the capital, had little in common with Vienna, but I liked society there just as much or even more than abroad. I visited the White House several times, and was impressed with its dignified style and its sober beauty and simplicity. It was to me a building typical of our American ideals, and exactly the place where our first magistrate should be housed. It had such a simple, homelike atmosphere, with just enough of space and grandeur in the proportions of rooms and porticos to make one feel the greatness of the people who had built it. The gardens were enchanting, and suggested a repose that no other city palace I had seen possessed. I was glad to have come into the world in such a beautiful place, and I thought the whole city of Washington exceptionally attractive and noble in its aspect.

My grandmother lived there in an agreeable, sunny home—comfortable and content through her last years, surrounded by her friends of other times, visited frequently by her sons and keeping her daughter with her always, for Aunt Nelly was a widow and had returned from England with her children to live again in her native land. Something of an invalid she was, but able to move about and to enjoy the Indian summer of what had been a difficult existence bravely faced. It made grandmamma very happy to have her back again, and she seemed glad also that we were in the United States, and enjoyed our growing up.

Each spring and autumn she stayed with us in our little New York home, going and coming from her cottage at Coburg, for which Elberon and its damp climate had been exchanged. We always loved her visits, for she was a cheery person still, keenly interested in everything, childishly intense, and though her eyes were failing her, she still had many resources. She lived much in the past, and the family persuaded her to dictate her memoirs. She did this with enthusiasm, putting immense frankness into them; and she would say to my father, "Now, Fred, I'm doing this, and I'm enjoying saying just what I think about everyone since way back. Later the thing will be interesting, because it will show what people really were, but I don't want it published for several generations. Someone might get mad, because I'm telling how they felt."

Grandmamma was visited by a number of interesting persons in these last years, and kept her charm of conversation. No occasion was more quaint than when one day Li Hung Chang, the viceroy, passing through New York, expressed a desire to see her. She was with us at our house in East Sixty-second Street, where we had moved during my second season, and everything was arranged for the great man to come with his numerous suite and pay his respects. The Chinese Bismarck was tall and dignified, surrounded with secretaries and interpreters. He and they were all dressed in the most gorgeous silks. He had been to my grandfather's tomb to plant in tribute two trees from his native land. My grandfather had met him in China several times for long conferences, and the old gentleman had then said with simplicity to his visitor, "You and I are the greatest men in the world!" Now his tribute to my grandfather's memory and his call of respect to the latter's widow were very touching.

In spite of his eighty years or so, and his fragile health, the statesman was of fine presence, tall and straight. He came into our parlor and sat with Oriental calm as his attendants brought in bales and packages, the gifts he offered. Some wonderful ancient statuettes in ivory and wood, some cups of rare old porcelain and some jades were for my mother and father; several rolls of beautiful rich silks, both for dress and for furniture, splendid brocade, and several admirable embroideries were for us—things not to be found in modern shops.

These were all distributed about, with a flowery word of compliment from the donor, carefully translated by the interpreter to each recipient.

### *An Embarrassing Gift*

THEN carefully a large covered piece of furniture was brought into the room and was unpacked. It turned out to be a wheeled chair with every mechanical device for putting an invalid at ease, and making it possible for the occupant to run the chair herself and circulate in it. Our visitor was obviously delighted with the hideous ultra-modern capacities of these appliances, and had them all exhibited. He turned to grandmamma with all solemnity and had the interpreter explain that he had seen this marvelous machine, thinking of the poor old widow of his friend, and had immediately purchased it to offer it to her in her age, and he hoped she would enjoy and use it. Grandmamma, who in spite of her seventy years and heavy weight was very spry and never thought of her age, was very much surprised and even indignant at being called old and thought of as decrepit. Yet she was much touched by Li Hung Chang's attention. Between gratitude, amusement and annoyance, she made a quaint study, but she rose to the occasion and thanked him charmingly. They talked lengthily of their mutual memories of China, of my grandfather's illness, of actual politics, and so on. Several times Li Hung Chang brought up the subject of age, and would say, "You and I are very old"; and afterward grandmamma spoke of it with mixed heat and fun.

"He is at least ten years older than I am," she would repeat.

He spent the whole afternoon, and the visit was most enjoyable. The polite Chinese—both he and his suite—drank tea they probably thought horrid compared with the amber brew they knew, and ate other light refreshments they also probably hated. But their faces and manners never betrayed anything but the suave politeness of the Far East, and long after their departure the highly colored group were pleasantly remembered in our talk, and their beautiful gifts were much enjoyed. I received as my share of them a box of highly perfumed flower tea and a roll of silk the color of spring green and with a sheen of moonlight. No Western hands could produce such quality and dye. In my Russian home, where I used the material, it was much admired, and was only rivaled by another material also from the Far East. This other was of wonderful Japanese weave, coral red, deep violet and white flowers on a ground of dull gold. A present from the Mikado to the White House baby at her birth, it was, sent to make me a court robe. I could not in the West bear to cut up or wear such splendor, but had had a frame constructed and used it as a screen in my salon, where it glittered and glimmered softly in the midst of

(Continued on Page 50)

When Princess Cantacuzène Was in Newport in 1898

# THE OTHER MR. BENEDICT

VII

## By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT WAS the first time that Stephen Benedict had ever "gone back"; and his thrill had begun when he had stopped a policeman and asked to be directed to the stage entrance of the Middlemass Theater. With pretended unconcern he had sauntered up a side street, avoiding ash cans and refuse barrels on a dirty sidewalk, and with his heart on tiptoe he had put his hand to the knob of the magic door. The knob turned and Stephen took one step forward and halted, agape, for the theater was built on a short block so that the stage entrance was practically on the stage.

Even before the warden of the door had sprung at him Stephen had collected a large mass of new impressions. The stage itself was directly ahead of him, and through an aperture between two upright planes of dingy canvas—which on the other side were exquisitely painted—he could see a young man and a young woman in a moonlit garden. Their voices came to him with what seemed like very unnecessary loudness. At his left there was a brick wall, whitewashed, with a warp of heavy ropes running skyward from the floor; and at his right a spiral staircase, iron, led to the fly gallery. Scattered through the foreground was an agglomeration of library furniture; a kitchen sink; a table with twenty unrelated objects on it, ranging from a packet of letters to an automobile horn; a well sweep and the well itself; a dish pan heaped with crockery; the disjointed fragments of several apple trees; a picket fence and a cabinet phonograph.

He was also aware of people: Two men in shabby clothes sitting against the brick wall under a No-Smoking-Under-Penalty-of-the-Law placard; and both of them were smoking cigarettes. A fireman in uniform, disinterested. A youth in a dinner coat and white-flannel trousers leaning against the well and studying the sporting page. And finally the doorman, with his unsociable manner, and his curt: "Whadda you want?"

Stephen automatically lowered his voice to a whisper. "I want to see Miss Cartwright. Here's my card."

The man inspected Stephen from head to foot, and then shook his head peremptorily. "Can't do nothin' about it. 'Gainst the rules." He reached for the door knob.

Stephen wavered, but refused to weaken. He had come too long a journey to be dismissed by the lowest underling in the theater; he had known, of course, that Miss Cartwright might refuse to see him, and he had rather doubted—especially, in the last five minutes—that she would see him; but at least he was determined to get his rebuff from Miss Cartwright personally.

"Can't you take that card to her? And this magazine? I'm sure she'd see me if she ——"

"'Gainst the rules. 'Gainst the rules."

Stephen inspected the doorman from head to foot, and then grinned. "I'll bet you two dollars you can take that card to her—and the magazine too. Wait—I'll mark it. There!" He pressed a bill into the doorman's palm. "I'm sure she'll see me when she knows who it is."

The doorman weakened without any preliminary wavering. "Well, it's 'gainst the rules, but you wait here a minute."

Stephen sidled over to improve his view of the stage, and found himself cut off by a baby spotlight which was the moon. He sidled back to his original position just in time to see that the girl in the garden had risen, and was dancing toward him and laughing. In another instant her whole demeanor had changed and she came sedately past the baby spotlight and sat down in a kitchen chair, a little apart from the two cigarette smokers. The youth in the dinner jacket glanced up from his newspaper.

"Rotten bad house—ain't it?" he inquired bitterly.

The doorman nudged Stephen's elbow. "There she is now."

Stephen was suddenly diffident. "You take the card over—will you?"

*"That Was Awfully Kind of You," She Said. "I Saw You Applauding, and Everything"*

He watched Miss Cartwright with profound interest. She was certainly not more than twenty-four or five, and even at close range she was beautiful in spite of her make-up. She was neither too large nor too slight to suit his fancy; she had an adorable figure, which at once suggested excellent health and untrammeled energy. She was wearing an airy little frock of gold and brown tulle, and as she sat there against the dingy contrast he thought her quite the loveliest girl he had ever seen. Yes, Betty Paget included.

He watched her take the card, and he saw her throw her head back stiffly. The doorman spoke, and offered the copy of Gossip. Miss Cartwright turned her head to Stephen, and instantly stood up, and crossed over to him. As she neared him he gathered two more impressions; one of them had to do with the exquisite shade of her gold-brown hair, and the other had to do with her eyes. For all his outward poise Stephen began to grow increasingly flustered. His heart thumped heavily.

"Are you the other Mr. Stephen Benedict?" she asked. Her voice, which had sounded so unnecessarily loud to Stephen, was now a voice of the softest modulation.

"No," he said awkwardly. "From my own point of view I'm the Mr. Stephen Benedict. He's the other one."

She smiled at that, but fleetingly. "He told me there were two of you, and when I saw that paragraph in Gossip this afternoon —— Do you really live in Oakmont?"

"I really do, Miss Cartwright."

Anyway, he had met her! And Charlie Coolidge still bragged because once he had almost met her! Nothing could deprive him of this much superiority at a minimum.

"There hasn't been any—I mean, you haven't been embarrassed by what they printed, have you?"

"Well," he said, and his tone was dubious—"I don't know."

Impulsively she put out her hand. "Oh, that's dreadful!"

"It's what I wanted to see you about," said Stephen. "It's what I came in for."

Miss Cartwright hesitated, and Stephen didn't realize that she was making a brief but thorough study of him. The youth in the dinner coat was staring, idly, and Stephen fidgeted.

"I'll tell you," she said finally. "I've got just this short wait, and then I'm on until the curtain. Dad"—she turned to the doorman—"Dad, you take Mr. Benedict round to my dressing room." She gave Stephen a parting smile and nod. "I'll be there in about ten minutes. And then I want to hear the whole story."

The cubicle into which the doorman showed him was no larger than a Pullman compartment. It had a single window, which gave upon a sordid alleyway; and it had a single electric bulb of insufficient candle power. It contained a divan with a gay Oriental cover and a heap of very hard-looking cushions; it had a small fumed-oak table with a tea service on it, a walnut desk with a book rack, two straight chairs and eight square feet of unoccupied floor space.

When Miss Cartwright came in Stephen was standing in the middle of the floor.

"Is—is this a dressing room?" he faltered.

Miss Cartwright laughed gleefully. "Oh, dear, no! This is my salon. My real dressing room's next door."

"Oh," said Stephen, much relieved. "I couldn't figure it out, exactly. I couldn't figure out how you managed things."

Miss Cartwright sat down on the divan, and Stephen occupied one of the uncomfortable chairs. To tell the truth, he was hideously ill at ease, though he kept assuring himself that anyone would know intuitively that Miss Cartwright wasn't a vamp. But even if the cubicle were cramped and unattractive, and even if Miss Cartwright were the nicest girl in the world—her acceptance of jeweled watches, notwithstanding—yet the glamour of the theater had dazzled him, and he was nine-tenths fearful and wholly fascinated.

"Now tell me all about it," she said encouragingly. "I don't have to change for the next act, so we've got lots of time. Tell me just what's happened."

"Why," said Stephen, turning his hat over and over in his lap, "why, as a matter of fact, Miss Cartwright ——"

Presently she came to his rescue. "Would it help you any to know that I'm just as sorry as I can be?"

"That might help a good deal," said Stephen, but he didn't dare to be explicit just yet. "As a matter of fact, Miss Cartwright, and without meaning the slightest offense to you, this has put me in a very extraordinary position. It—it has indeed."

He imagined that her color rose a trifle, but he might have been deceived by her make-up and by the very poor light. Nevertheless, he was afraid that he had hurt her feelings; and mentally he kicked himself.

"Can't you prove that it couldn't be true about you? I should think you could, quite easily."

"Oddly enough," said Stephen, "I can't at all."

Miss Cartwright looked puzzled. "That is odd."

"You see," said Stephen, twirling his hat, "I happen to live in Oakmont and I happen to have been born in Chicago. And I suppose some of the people I know might think I'm a prince of propriety! They say it differently, though. And then there happened to be a lot of kidding going on about my being in town two or three nights a week. As a matter of fact, I was working; but I happened to kid back and talk about being a stage-door Johnny. And the receipted bill for that wrist watch happened to come to me by mistake"—now he was absolutely positive that Miss Cartwright blushed—"and it's been seen by people in Oakmont. And then Gossip happened to print that article." He used his hat as a fan and fanned himself thoroughly. "So you see, even if I proved there was another Stephen Benedict, that wouldn't get me out of it, because I'm involved in so many different ways. Out here they wouldn't believe me under oath."

He liked the way she met his eyes, squarely, and without the first intimation of guile. Indeed, he liked so many things about her that he hated to think of her as a girl who would take expensive gifts from the other Mr. Benedict, unless, of course, she were engaged to him. Stephen revived at the thought. Unquestionably she was engaged to him. She was far too nice to be a gold digger.

"In a way," he went on with the intention of being diplomatic, "in a way, it's a great distinction to have my name associated with yours at all, but ——"

Miss Cartwright leaned forward. "Don't say that! I'm not blind, Mr. Benedict. But you've left something out, haven't you?" Her tone was gently insinuating and sympathetic.

"Is it—a girl?"

He was examining the lining of his hat and trying its texture.

"Well ——"

"Please tell me."

The trade-mark was very absorbing.

"That's about the size of it, Miss Cartwright."

He heard the sharp intake of her breath.

"Oh, Mr. Benedict! Oh, that is dreadful! We've simply got to fix that up, somehow. We've got to do it! And we will do it too!"

He raised his head and paid her a noble compliment. "As soon as I saw you to-night I was sure you'd be like that," he said.

For all her statement that there was plenty of time they had hardly scratched the surface of things before she was constrained to send him away. But she sent him only as far as the box office, where the message that she had penciled on the back of an envelope got him the stub of a ticket with two round holes punched in it. Stephen reentered the theater from the front, and as a deadhead he watched the last two acts from a very good orchestra seat.

Charlie Coolidge had said that the play was futile, but what astonished Stephen was to observe how a truly excellent idea had been ruthlessly manhandled. He thought that Miss Cartwright was superb, and so did the rest of the audience; and he gathered that people came to see Miss Cartwright in spite of her vehicle rather than because of it. The house was little more than half filled.

He imagined that once or twice she glanced at him, and he felt, on these occasions, a stimulation that had been foreign to him for some years. The people directly behind him were telling each other that Miss Cartwright was charming and they wondered if she were as charming off the stage as she was on it; and Stephen wondered what they would think if they knew that in forty minutes he was to see her again. He was deliciously pleased by his own consequence; and not even the badness of the play could spoil his pleasure. Indeed, he took almost a proprietary interest in it. He knew the star.

When he went back again, according to instructions, the theater had lost none of its glamour. The clear stage, with canvas mysteries banked against the fire wall, the empty auditorium, which looked curiously shallow from the stage, the single pilot light dangling from the flies—all this was novel and diverting. Moreover Dad, the warden of the door, was flatteringly respectful.

Stephen experienced the sensations of an impresario. He was eager to see Miss Cartwright in her own clothes and with her own complexion, but when she appeared he was more than a little astonished. He didn't know precisely what he had expected, but certainly he hadn't expected to see a demure little girl in dark-blue muslin with white dots on it, and a dark-blue hat trimmed with white flowers. Her costume took every last degree of staginess away from her; she could have stood among a multitude and been noticeable only for her natural beauty. And he was glad to perceive that when she had removed her theatrical make-up she had substituted no other variety. Finally he rejoiced to see that she wore no jewelry at all; he had earlier supposed that all actresses wore a diamond wherever a diamond could find a purchase. She was all that Charlie Coolidge had said she was—and more.

"That was awfully kind of you," she said with a smile. "I saw you applauding, and everything."

Carefully Stephen guided her out to the side street. "What would you rather have—noise or quiet?"

"Oh, quiet, please." She gave a little laugh which ensnared him. "You wouldn't believe how adventurous I feel. This is only the third time this season that I haven't gone straight home after the show. But this is a very special occasion, isn't it? And it would have been cruel of me to put you off until to-morrow—and I've a matinée then anyway. And I telephoned Aunt Emma, so she won't worry."

"Aunt Emma?" Stephen repeated it absently. He was intoxicated by the knowledge of where he was and with what companion; he fancied that all the city was gawking at him and envying him his privilege.

"We have an apartment together. You must meet her sometime; you'd love her."

*(Continued on Page 31)*

*The Room Filled Swiftly, and Overflowed to the Veranda and the Lawn*

# THE WHISKERED FOOTMAN

By EDGAR JEPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

XVI

POPPY looked at his retiring back with very little hopefulness. Then she rose and paced up and down the veranda, her hands clasped, her head bowed, frowning in painful thought. Once she murmured: "He'll never persuade him—never! I've got to stop it myself," and paced on, frowning yet more deeply.

Pansy, walking in the deodar shrubbery, caught sight of her. She had come out expecting the peace of the moonlit garden to soothe her perturbed spirit. The impression of the splendid and impassioned air with which Antony had been conducting his interview with Poppy that afternoon was if anything clearer in her mind than at the moment when she had received it. At any rate it was much more painful. The peace of the moonlit garden had not soothed her perturbed spirit at all. The romantic scene, the romantic moonlight, the flower-fragrant air made it seem absurd, even preposterous, that Antony, bitterly as she hated him, was not beside her, making love to her.

She stopped to gaze at Poppy. Probably the little beast was waiting for him to take her out into the garden. A spasm of acute pain set her trembling. She clutched at her bosom. It was there she felt the pain. Then with the graceful, swinging stride of the accomplished golfer she made for the veranda. It had occurred to her that she could drop a little gall into Poppy's sweet cup of happiness.

As she came up the veranda steps Poppy stopped dead with a shining air of inspiration and a smile which swept the frown from her brow, and murmured: "If she only would!"

She had had an idea.

Pansy came up on the veranda and said in a tone of honeyed respectfulness: "Please, miss, I wish to give notice."

The smile fled from Poppy's face. Mr. Bracket, Antony and romance fled from her mind. The bolt from the blue filled her with a blank dismay. She saw down a dismal vista interviews with uppish young women, and an uppish young woman, chosen by herself, tyrannizing over her with a crushing superiority.

"Now, if that isn't too bad!" she cried in wild consternation. "Just as I'd got used to you and was so comfortable!"

"And I should like to go directly you find another maid, miss," said Pansy, twisting the dagger in the wound.

"I—I—thought you liked the place!" cried Poppy almost tearfully.

"Oh, yes, I like the place as well as I could possibly like any place," said Pansy, relenting a little.

After all Poppy had been the easiest mistress.

"Then what do you want to go for? Is it the wages? I'll make pa double them," said Poppy, beginning to fight for peace and comfort.

"No, it isn't the wages," said Pansy.

"You don't mean to say it's pa? Surely you don't pay any heed to his nonsense. I tell you you've only got to clout his head once or twice, and he'll be as meek as a lamb."

"Oh, no, it isn't Mr. Briggs," said Pansy contemptuously.

"Ah, I know what it is! You're going to get married. It's always the way when one gets really suited," said Poppy in a tone of the last hopelessness.

"No, I'm not," said Pansy quickly and with no little heat. "The fact is I don't need a place any longer. In fact I never did need one. All the while I've been quite well off if I'd only known it. I only learned to-day that some copper shares my father left me are worth a great deal of money, and I thought they weren't worth anything at all."

"Now, if that isn't romantic!" cried Poppy, brightening. "And I am glad to hear it, even though it does mean your leaving. I always knew you were above your place. You were always much too civil and obliging not to be a lady. I shall be more than sorry to lose you."

"It's very nice of you to say so," said Pansy.

In the face of this generous spirit her hostility, if it had not vanished wholly, had abated considerably.

"It's true," said Poppy with manifest sincerity. "Ever since I left Bootle you're the only girl I've come across I really liked. I—I—suppose ——" She stopped short.

"What?" said Pansy.

"You Don't Really Think I'm Going to Run Away With You?"
"I'm Sure of It—Even if I Have to Carry You Every Inch of the Way"

Poppy hesitated; then she went on: "I suppose you wouldn't care to be a kind of friend like?"

Pansy had not come to the interview with any friendliness at all, but she was disarmed. She said readily, with a good show of sincerity: "But of course I should. I should like it very much. You've always been very nice to me."

"That is good of you," said Poppy gratefully. "You'll find Bootle an awfully nice place to come visiting to. There's always lots going on in Bootle. It isn't like London."

"You're going to live in Bootle?" cried Pansy, astonished.

"Yes—at least I'm hoping to—at least I was hoping to," said Poppy, and her face filled with a sudden dismay as Mr. Bracket, Antony and romance rushed back into her mind, perplexing and distressful. "Oh, it's perfectly awful, your giving notice just now—just as I was going to ask you to do something ever so important for me!"

"But why shouldn't I do it now?" said Pansy.

"Oh, you wouldn't do it now! When you were my maid it was different. I was going to offer to pay you handsomely. But now you wouldn't," said Poppy mournfully.

"What is it?" said Pansy, her curiosity roused to the burning point.

"I've gone and made a great mistake. I've promised Mr. Hambleton to run away with him this very night. I thought I wanted to. It was so romantic like, you know. But I don't want to at all—not now."

"You've changed your mind definitely?" said Pansy.

"Definitely isn't the word! I hate the very idea of it!" cried Poppy.

"You hate Mr. Hambleton?" said Pansy in a tone of satisfaction.

"No, not him—no girl could hate him. He's so cheerful and spirited," said Poppy with conviction.

Pansy felt immensely superior—she not only could hate him, but she did.

"It's the idea I hate," Poppy went on. "Those romantic sort of things sound awfully nice at first. But when you come to think them over in cold blood like they aren't anything of the kind—not with the wrong gentleman, that is. Of course it didn't occur to me at the time that he was the wrong gentleman. He carried me off my feet."

"I see. You want me to tell him that you've changed your mind definitely. Wouldn't it be better to tell him yourself?" said Pansy.

She did not shrink at all from carrying the unpleasant news to Antony. Indeed, hating him as she did, she could think of no occupation she would at the moment relish more. It was only that she felt bound to give Poppy the best advice.

"Tell him myself?" cried Poppy in a panic-stricken voice. "I could no more face Mr. Hambleton and tell him that than I could fly! Besides it wouldn't be any use. He wouldn't pay any heed to my telling him. He'd act just the same as if I'd said nothing at all; and before I knew where I was I should be on my way to the station with him. He's like that."

"Very well, I'll tell him," said Pansy.

"But that wouldn't be any use either. He's so romantic. You should hear him talk! He'd pay no heed to you, and

just hunt me out, and I should get carried off my feet again the same as I was when I promised—I know I should," said Poppy

"Well, what is it you want me to do?" said Pansy, slightly bewildered.

"Well, what I was going to do was to ask you to run away with him instead of me, and I was going to pay you well to do it," said Poppy.

"Run away with him instead of you!" cried Pansy in a tone of the liveliest astonishment.

"Yes—it would have been easy enough. You'd have been wearing one of my dust coats which would have hidden your figure—it's a bit slimmer than mine—and you'd have been wearing a thick veil. People always elope in veils. And he'd have been much too much pleased and excited to see that it wasn't me," said Poppy.

Pansy grasped the idea in all its richness. Here was a chance of really punishing Antony as he deserved. She wanted to punish him. She did not reason about it. She was blind to the fact that she had no grounds for punishing him. It was not his fault that he was marrying Poppy and not her. She merely rejoiced at the thought of dashing the cup from his lips and seeing his disappointment at his failure.

"He would be furious when he found it wasn't you," she said.

"Of course. That was why I was going to pay you handsomely. But he wouldn't make himself very unpleasant. He's quite the gentleman, you know."

"I shouldn't mind if he did," said Pansy, and there was a note of quiet vindictiveness in her tone. "I'll do it."

"You will? You'll run away with him instead of me? B-b-but it's—it's noble of you!" cried Poppy in rather breathless astonishment and delight.

"Not at all. I don't suppose he'll be so very furious," said Pansy carelessly.

"But he will!" said Poppy confidently, with a natural realization of her value to a man. "It's more than noble—it's really brave. And I must—you'll have to let me—I won't hear of your saying no—I'll give you that old French necklace you like so much. It isn't really big enough for me. I like the three ropes—people can't miss seeing that."

"I don't want any necklace," said Pansy. "I shan't find it nearly so unpleasant as you seem to think."

She would not. Indeed she was in a glow of vengeful satisfaction as she realized clearly the fullness of the punishment she was about to mete out to Antony for the faithlessness she had forced on him.

"But you must have it! You shall! I'll get it out at once! Come along!" cried Poppy, and she ran through the door.

Pansy took a step after her; then she stood quite still. She was breathing quickly, and her heart was beating quickly. A great sense of relief had suddenly come upon her, a thrilling elation. She could not hide from herself that it rose from the fact that Antony was not going to marry Poppy.

### XVII

FOR a breath, in the overwhelming relief of the full realization that Antony was not going to marry Poppy, the world swam before Pansy's eyes. Then they cleared, and she took one step to follow her late mistress. A sharp "Pst!" on her left arrested her. She turned to see Mr. Briggs coming up the veranda steps

"Hold on a minute, me lass," he said.

Had she been in full possession of her faculties she would have gone through the door without taking any notice of him, for Mr. Briggs' conversation on any subject could give her no pleasure, and now that she had given notice she was under no constraint to listen to it. As it was, she said, "What is it?"

"I want ter speak to yer—somethin' important," said Mr. Briggs, and he advanced to her.

A rich fragrance of mixed liquors preceded him as an aura. The fragrance of the flowers which had hung on the air was swept away by it. Pansy retired a step or two before it; and he came to a stand between her and the door, gazed at her with the purposeful, forceful eyes of the master of millions and blinked to get their vision clear. It is possible that he saw two Pansies, or even three.

In her relief and exhilaration she was in an indulgent mood. She felt tolerant even of Mr. Briggs and his aura and awaited the important communication with an almost amiable air.

"What do you want to speak to me about?" she said.

Mr. Briggs blinked at her with an immense gravity, and said in the manner of one carefully weighing his words, "You're an uncommonly pritty gal, Featherstone."

This was no news to Pansy. Her mirror had kept her aware of the fact for years; so had Antony and others.

"I don't know as I've ever seed a prittier outside Bootle," he continued with the same judicial air.

Pansy did not even yet feel flattered. She had no opinion of Bootle as a hotbed of beauty.

"Really?" she said in a slightly sarcastic voice.

"Yes, and I'm a judge, I am," said Mr. Briggs, warming to a little animation and assuming the air of a connoisseur. "I appreciate a pritty gal—none better."

His face was solemn and, in the soft light of the veranda, of a warm, nonlobstrous crimson. He gazed at her with a strange intensity between the blinking. It occurred to Pansy that she was losing time; she ought even now to be donning her disguise.

It occurred to her also that she was not really interested in the connoisseurship of Mr. Briggs. But unfortunately he was between her and the door.

"I've been thinking," he said gravely.

"After dinner?" said Pansy in a tone of polite incredulity.

Anderson appeared in the doorway carrying a tray on which were a decanter of whisky and bottles of soda water. He arrived noiselessly and stood quite still, gazing at his master's narrow back and at Pansy with amiable interest. Her womanly intuition assured her that had it not been for his natural dignity he would have winked at her.

"You're above your place—that's what you are," said Mr. Briggs solemnly. "Anyone can see it. Poppy says you're a lady."

"That's very nice of her," said Pansy in a slightly weary voice.

"I never pay no 'eed to what Poppy says. She's a little idjit," said Mr. Briggs with a father's impartiality. "But she's right for once. You are above your place—there's no getting away from it. Likewise you've got your 'ead screwed on your shoulders.

He seemed to prize this physical perfection highly as being uncommon among women.

"I hope so," said Pansy, wondering whither this long, complimentary preamble was leading, and wishing that he would get to the gist of his important communication. Was he about to promote her to the post of companion to Poppy?

(Continued on Page 100)

"I Always Knew You Were Above Your Place. You Were Always Much Too Civil and Obliging Not to be a Lady"

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 27, 1920


## Physician, Heal Thyself

THE report of the Interchurch Commission on conditions in the steel industry would have been much more interesting and valuable if it had included, for purposes of comparison, a table showing the salaries paid to ministers of the several member denominations.

The commission was composed of men with practical experience in the business affairs of their churches. They should have turned to that field, of which they had first-hand knowledge and of which they could speak with authority, for their comparative statistics. One part of their report would then have been beyond criticism. Instead, the key statistics on which their reasoning about wages is based are composite figures taken from a government report.

The oversight of the commission has been remedied by Mr. F. M. Barton, editor of The Expositor, who comments on the report in the following words:

> This committee, representing denominations employing some 115,000 ministers, deprecate the fact that 72 per cent of the steel employees get less than $2024 per year, while they knew that over 90 per cent of the preacher employees of the denominations they represented got less than that amount and that 50 per cent of their own preacher employees receive an average of $750 per year, less than half of the $1575 specified by the Government as a minimum of subsistence.
>
> Of the 191,000 employees of the steel company, 30.4 per cent skilled workers averaged under $2749, 31.5 per cent of semi-skilled averaged under $1962, and the 38.1 per cent averaged under $1466. The committee, who represent . . . the denominations, knew when they were signing this statement that their own denominations, in which they, the signers, were bishops or directors or representatives, were paying only 7 per cent of preachers' salaries equal to what 30 per cent of skilled steelworkers were getting. Only 9 per cent of the preachers were receiving pay of semi-skilled steelworkers and that 84 per cent of the 115,000 preachers were getting from a third to one-half less than the unskilled steelworker who receives the "entirely inadequate wages of $1466 a year."
>
> This committee could do something to remedy this condition of starvation wages paid to preachers by the denominations they represent. . . . But they risk nothing in bringing indictments against the steel company, that is far more humane and just in the treatment of its employees than is the church.

One thing is immediately apparent from this quotation. Either the Government's figures are misleading or many ministers of these great denominations are being shamefully underpaid. Nor does it appear that they have any more—if as much—recourse against wrong than the unorganized steelworkers. We cannot find that the principles of collective bargaining, the eight-hour day and the six-day week for preachers are indorsed by any denomination.

Shall we say that in their pay, hours and conditions of work preachers are entitled to less consideration than puddlers? It is true that they do not demand it, threaten to strike for it, and that as a class they belong to that saving remnant of Americans who put duty above every other consideration. But for that very reason their treatment is the more unjustifiable.

In a general way the trouble with some of the denominations seems to be too rapid expansion, due to a desire to dominate the field, resulting in a large number of underpaid employees. Contraction and consolidation would seem to be indicated.

The churches, no less than secular organizations, must first recognize the supreme importance of the human factor, must see to it that their employees are decently housed, clothed and fed. We believe, too, that ministers are entitled to a standard of living that will permit them to enjoy human amusements like other folks and to provide for their old age in a self-respecting way. As it is, too many ministers must half beg their way through life. There is no Scriptural warrant for asking a minister to surrender his self-respect along with his worldly desires. No minister, humble with the humility of half starvation, can walk upright and tell his people eye to eye the things that they must hear for the good of their souls. Some men are brought to a compromise with truth by having too much money, but more by having too little.

We are familiar with the Scriptural authority for foreign missions and we know that much excellent work has been done by missionaries, not only of a religious but of a medical and educational nature, but we believe that there is right now a foreign mission that should take precedence over all others—a new children's crusade. Mr. Hoover has outlined it in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Could the churches of America have a higher foreign mission, a more imperative duty, a more God-given opportunity to practice Christianity, than to feed the children and heal the sick of Europe? Churchmen are on record in favor of better pay for preachers and church members have been the backbone of Red Cross, Near East and other relief movements, but living salaries should be made a first lien on church funds and saving starving children a first charge on missionary money. "And they that had eaten were about four thousand; and He sent them away."

We agree with the churchmen that the laborer is worthy of his hire, but so is the minister; that the alien should be paid the standard rate of subsistence for an American, but so should the American.

## Printing Paper Money

A REVIEW of the reports on conditions in the various countries of Europe, presented at the Brussels Financial Conference, makes clear the direction from which the greatest menace to Europe proceeds. It is inflation of currency, including under this heading increase in note circulation and national loans. Europe, outside of Russia, displays a slow but distinct improvement in production. The crop of bread grains is a million and a half tons larger than last year and the yield in fodder grains has also been augmented. The increase in sugar amounts to a million tons. Despite strikes, political agitation and plebiscites, the production of coal is gradually mounting. With each month transportation shows improvement. Textiles are still greatly disorganized, but manufacturing in general displays increased activity. European workmen, despite agitation and a low standard of living, give evidence of the return of the spirit of work. Increased competency in every direction except in governmental administration!

It has become the fashion in many European countries to divide the national budget into ordinary and extraordinary. At first these groups corresponded to the purposes of the expenditures. Latterly, however, it has become the fashion to place in the ordinary budget what it is expected can be covered with income, and in the extraordinary budget expenditures for which no means are in sight and which they expect to pay for by issues of paper money and forced loans. The deficits in many of the budgets of Europe are appalling. They are due in part to sheer maladministration, in part to extraordinary expansion of official financing. Subsidies of exports and imports, bread subsidies, war pensions, reconstructions of devastations of war, industrial replacements, housing, socialization of railways and mines, stipends for unemployment, indemnities and compensations to nationals for losses incurred during the war represent the most prominent forms of national expenditures that are termed extraordinary and are being covered by paper money or bonds. In addition, the operations of all state functions—railways, post office, telegraph, telephone—are attended with almost incomprehensible deficits.

The present debt of Germany is about two hundred and eighty-four billion marks; the deficit for the present year is estimated at fifty-seven billion marks. The pension budget proposes to assume an obligation of one hundred and thirty-one billion marks. The minister of finance has stated that the sum due German nationals for losses incurred outside of Germany is ninety-four billion marks, though the total foreign investments of Germany before the war were less than twenty-five billion marks. The governmental printing press of Austria prints daily six crowns for each of the six million inhabitants of the new republic. The wave of expenditures runs everywhere so high that even a rich neutral country like Holland finds difficulty in making the budget balance.

It is easy to say repudiation, to suggest a bonfire, as Keynes has done. A distinguished American economist recently declined to make a prophecy of impending developments in Europe because the volume of paper money was without precedent and he had no confidence in guessing. What is to be the outcome if the continent of Europe continues to print two paper dollars for every dollar's increase in production?

## Dress and Democracy

AN AMIABLE and witty Briton who spent last summer touring that part of the United States which lies between the Golden Gate and Coney Island, and has lately returned to his native heath to engage in the old-fashioned but perennially popular British pastime of writing Impressions of America, expresses disappointment because wherever he went he found that our people dress pretty much alike. Clothes gave him no clew to the wearer's calling or estate. No matter how carefully he studied his fellow passengers in the smoking car he found it impossible to determine whether they were lawyers, tea tasters, innkeepers and college professors or doctors, brokers, miners and garage owners. In town and country and on the transcontinental train our standardized garb defied the proper ticketing of its owner.

We may as well be frank about it and confess that our impressionistic visitor hit the nail on the head. As picturesque dressers whose costumes are calculated to fill the eye of an Old World holiday maker, we do not shine. In city or country such a one will seek in vain for quaint peasant dress that is a riot of primary colors. We have nothing to compare with the striking button-trimmed apparel of the London coster in his Derby Day best, and no smocked and leggined gaffers dodder along our village lanes.

Regrettable as this state of affairs must appear to one who comes overseas to observe the domestic manners of the Americans, our side of the cloud is not without its silver lining. There is something thoroughly in keeping with our democratic traditions in the fact that rich and poor, village men and city dwellers dress about alike. It is pleasant to reflect that in our country a millionaire's bookkeeper is able so to clothe himself that only a tailor or a man milliner could be sure that he was not wearing the rich man's clothes. It is a wholesome condition that enables a farmer's boy to be as smartly and as suitably dressed as his city cousin. Similarity of dress, like uniformity of speech, binds a nation together and makes for solidarity. What we lose in picturesqueness we gain in contentment and self-esteem.

# OUR FOOD THIS WINTER

## By EDWARD G. LOWRY

WHAT'S in the pantry? Let's open the doors and look in and see what we have to eat this winter. Or better still, sit where you are, make yourself comfortable, and I'll tell you about it. It's a big pantry. There isn't one any bigger or fuller anywhere. I have been the better part of a month just going over the list of stores and hearing how they came to be on the shelves and in the bins.

Mr. Edwin T. Meredith showed me over the storerooms. Mr. Meredith is the storekeeper and steward and guardian of the national pantry. He keeps a list of all the good things to eat in it, and where they come from and where they go. He is known formally and officially as the Secretary of Agriculture.

This year he can point with pride; and he does. The farmers have come through again; they have come through clean. The pantry is full. We have enough not only for ourselves but we have some to spare for other folks in other lands who have not been so fortunate.

It's a great comfort to find in this disordered and imperfect and irritated and grouchy world something to be pleased and proud about; some institution that is performing its allotted function; some group or class or element in our widespread national community that is carrying on "business as usual." While the gents who bite buttonholes in overcoats and so many others wept bitterly into the soup because they are proletarians and the world is out of joint, your old friend the farmer was putting in a full day last summer and now he has delivered the goods. It is well for us that he did, too, for whatever else happens this winter we shall eat. That is, we shall eat if we have the price. Though we have one of the biggest stores of food we ever had, it cost more to produce than any crop we ever raised. Just remember that. I'll come back to prices later.

The main thing to tell here in the porch of the narrative is that the farmer has done himself proud. In a time marked by unrest and indecision and much sheer laziness, he has produced. It must be an ancient habit of his, for as long ago as the days of the late Cato that eminent old sourball set it down as his fixed opinion that "The agricultural population produces the bravest men, the most valiant soldiers, and a class of citizens the least given of all to evil designs." And our own George Washington, who always Fletcherized his encomiums and then exhaled slowly from the diaphragm, said in measured terms: "Agriculture is the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man."

So there must be something to it. And to prove it afresh, there is this year's crop.

But I am keeping you from Mr. Meredith. I want him to tell you about our store of plenty. It may reconcile you to the belief that this is not such a dashed bad sort of world after all. Mr. Meredith is properly concerned that the farmer should get an adequate price for the food he has grown for us. That is a part of his job. What he has to say here is particularly addressed to the consumer; to city dwellers and business men. His message was given me the second week of October. Here it is:

"Through two great crises, one brought about by the World War and the other by the unsettled conditions following its conclusion, the American farmers have done their part. In 1917, encouraged and assisted by the Department of Agriculture and its coöperating agencies, they produced, in the face of tremendous difficulties, a volume of food crops greater than the most optimistic had thought possible. The acreage in the principal crops was increased that year by 22,000,000 acres, and in 1918, in spite of a still greater shortage of labor and machinery and fertilizer, the farmer planted 5,600,000 acres more than in 1917, supplying the allied armies the sustenance without which the war would have been lost.

"The aggregate yield of the leading cereals in each of these years exceeded that of any preceding year in the nation's history except 1915. In 1919 the farmers planted an acreage in the leading cereals greater by 33,000,000 than the prewar annual average—1910–14—and they also greatly increased the number of practically all classes of livestock, as they did during the two war years.

"In the spring of 1920 the farmers had before them the problem of shaping their operations for the coming season. They were confronted by many serious and disturbing obstacles. Conditions generally were unsettled; with a shortage of farm labor estimated at thirty-three per cent, due largely to more attractive wages paid in industry, there was unprecedented difficulty in securing workers and also transportation facilities; high cost of materials and the uncertainty as to future prices of farm products added to the hazard of his undertaking.

"The cost of everything entering into the production of farm products was exceedingly high. Machinery and implements, for example, were being sold at prices which to many farmers were prohibitive. Seeds were quoted at figures which made it appear in some cases that it might be more profitable to leave the fields uncultivated. But even under these adverse conditions the farmer addressed himself to the task of feeding the nation with the same courage that marked his magnificent achievement of the war period, showing that he was not to be daunted or deterred from contributing his full share to the welfare of the country. The necessity for food production and the cry of the consumer as well as of industry for the basic materials which must come from the farm were not greatly different in 1920 from what they had been in 1917 and 1918.

"And what has been the result? The most gloomy prospect perhaps that has ever been known has brightened into one of the richest harvests ever gathered from the fields of America. In other

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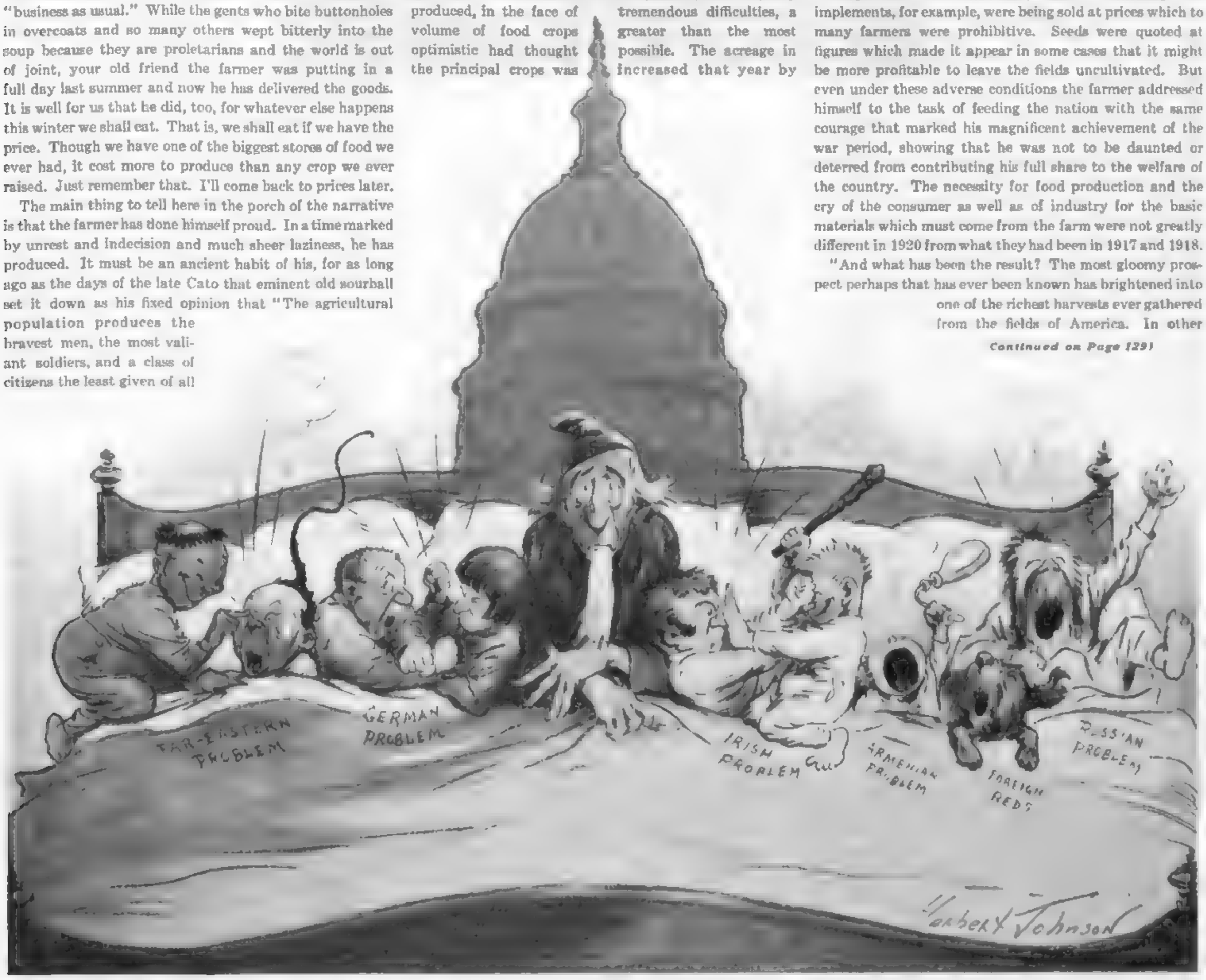


Busy Bedfellows

# SYMPTOMS AND SYMPTOM HUNTING—By Stanley M. Rinehart, M.D.

PATIENTS will not discuss their symptoms." Those who frequent or who casually visit hospitals and sanitariums may have noticed a sign bearing these words conspicuously displayed in the rooms where patients gather for social converse. Worded as above, it is neither a statement of fact nor a credible prediction. Patients do and will discuss their symptoms, with or without permission. What the sign really means is: "Patients, please do not discuss your symptoms any more than you can help. But do not listen to symptoms, because they are catching."

The only pleasure one gets out of having symptoms is in telling about them. Consequently exchanging symptoms is the principal indoor sport wherever the afflicted are gathered together. One curious rule about the game is that though you give a symptom to your opponent and get one of his in return, each of you has all his own symptoms and one more.

The kind meant here is sensations, or subjective symptoms, those which you yourself experience. Those perceived by others are called objective. They are closely allied, and each can give rise to the other. For instance, if you feel ill even the least observing of your friends will soon note the fact in your appearance—and vice versa. You may start the day with the delusion that you are perfectly well. If you think about it at all you know that it's a great day and you have plenty of work to do and you are going to do it. Then let several friends in succession remark with concern that you are not looking well, or vaguely imply it by asking you how you feel and if anything is wrong with you. Subjective symptoms will now appear which you had not previously noticed. It may require considerable exertion of will to forget them.

Subjective symptoms are like children, in that too much indulgence spoils them, makes them willful, obtrusive and generally obnoxious. On the other hand, they should not be entirely neglected, but should receive proper attention and be kept in their proper places. For the loud, boisterous kind is not necessarily more mischievous than the quiet ones. In fact the latter, being usually the more neglected, are the more likely to cause trouble.

### *Guesswork Avoided by Modern Methods*

BY SENSATIONS alone no one, not even the most experienced physician, is able to decide what is wrong. He must use his trained faculties of observation, and often he must call to his aid all the latest laboratory methods—chemistry, the microscope and the X-ray. One cannot write a long detailed account of his symptoms to a physician and get a diagnosis by return mail. The doctors of long ago were shrewd guessers, because often they were compelled to guess, not having the benefit of modern scientific methods.

Patent-medicine manufacturers still fool the credulous, but they are deluding fewer every year. The old medical almanacs were the crudest but most popular in their appeal. Who does not remember the kind that had on its title page the cut of a human figure, with none of its inner works concealed, surrounded by the signs of the zodiac, from which lines converged to direct the reader's attention to the various parts of the anatomy? The other pages were filled with assorted symptoms, of which you could take your choice and send for the remedy at so much a bottle or box. This kind of advertising was successful for two basic reasons: First, a nervous, introspective person can be made to magnify his troubles—even to adopt symptoms if he has not enough of his own. Second, subjective sensations may mean very little or a very great deal. They may indicate conditions easily remedied or those which are exceedingly grave.

This last fact is the text upon which this article is based. In the attempt to prove the truth of the statement we shall have to discuss certain symptoms in spite of the injunction quoted in the beginning. We shall limit ourselves to a very few of the many and various sensations to which the ill may be subject. They will be cited merely in proof of two corollaries to the original proposition. The first is that any given symptom alone is of little help as a guide in determining its physical cause. The second corollary is that the severity of a symptom is not a reliable indication of its gravity. Stated otherwise, Nature does not always warn us through a megaphone; her often-repeated whisper may be more significant than her loudest shriek. For purposes of illustration, let us select the following seven symptoms from any medical almanac:

"Do you suffer from dizzy spells? Have you specks before the eyes? Backache? Pain about the heart? Palpitation? Shortness of breath? Are you nervous and despondent?"

The last question in the list is the stinger in the tail. Of course you are nervous and despondent if you have any of the other symptoms and you get the suggestion intended, that they indicate serious organic disease. But do they? Not always—in fact not usually.

If symptoms are so indefinite, how is one to tell what are important and what unimportant, which to regard and which to disregard? The answer is quite simple—one cannot decide from them alone. But it is equally true that in every case where certain symptoms, however mild, persist or recur repeatedly, they should receive attention.

Taking up the sample symptoms previously mentioned, not in the order of their frequency or importance but simply in the sequence in which they happened to be set down, we shall begin with dizziness, or vertigo. It is certainly a disagreeable sensation, and may range all the way from a mere momentary dizziness to a sickening giddiness which makes one wholly unable to stand or even to sit upright during an attack. The causes are various—bad vision, bad liver, bad habits—from these comparatively easily corrected conditions to changes in the brain.

It is not an uncommon occurrence to have a slight dizzy sensation after a full meal. By disturbing the equilibrium of the circulation a heavy stomach may make a light head. Chronic poisoning is also a possible cause, whether the poisons come from without or are manufactured in the digestive tract. Alcohol, coffee and tobacco may produce attacks of vertigo, and so also will poisons of putrefaction in the stomach and bowels. When the blood is saturated with them they act directly upon the brain, disturbing the centers by which equilibrium is maintained.

The onset of an acute disease is frequently heralded by dizziness, due to the action of germ poisons upon the nerve centers. The attacks may recur during its whole course until convalescence, when the supply of poisons ceases and they are eliminated.

Brain pressure from tumors, or thickening of the membranes, or from excessive secretion of the cerebrospinal fluid may be an exciting cause. But in this case the attacks are persistent, severe, and are accompanied by other symptoms indicating very profound disturbance.

There is a peculiar, comparatively rare disease of the inner ear called Ménière's disease, the chief characteristics of which are vertigo, ringing in the ears, impaired hearing and nausea. As all these symptoms must be present to complete the picture, the condition is mentioned only because of the peculiar mechanism by which the giddiness is produced.

Part of the inner ear consists of three small bony tubes, called the semicircular canals.

They communicate with each other by several openings into a small bony chamber, and through them circulates a fluid in which float filaments of the auditory nerve. The free movement of this fluid has a great deal to do with the sense of balance.

In examining recruits for the air service during the war stress was laid upon their ability to balance properly; to determine whether in the dark or up among the clouds they would be able to know if they were upright or upside down. This sense of balance has its seat almost entirely in the semicircular canals.

In determining his fitness for flying the candidate was placed in a revolving chair, his eyes bandaged and his head bent forward, so that one of the semicircular canals in each ear was in a horizontal plane. In this position he was turned a certain number of times in one direction. Then when the motion stopped and he was told to sit up straight he made frantic efforts to fall over in the direction opposite to that in which he had been moving. That is, after having been turned to the right he fell toward the left.

### *An Interesting Ear Test*

NOW this is a perfectly normal reaction, though the boys were usually much chagrined. They thought, until reassured, that their chances for acceptance had vanished. The rotary motion causes a flow of the lymph stream, at first very slow, but gradually increasing until its speed equals that of the body. But when the body stops there is an interval during which the fluid keeps on moving. During this period the brain registers the movement as of the whole body, and it is impossible to keep one's balance.

This phenomenon may be elicited by anyone in a very simple manner. First, however, select a wide space, unencumbered by breakable or sharp-cornered objects—preferably outdoors, where the grass is long or the ground soft. Next, have several friends close by, well distributed, to catch you. Hold a cane or umbrella upright, its ferrule on the ground. Put both hands on the handle and, bending over, rest your forehead upon your hands. Shut your eyes, and with your head as a pivot turn round this perpendicular support, say, about ten times. Then suddenly straighten up, open your eyes and walk briskly toward an object previously fixed upon as a goal. If you go straight to it there is a chance that something is wrong with your semicircular canals. But you won't do anything of the kind, so why worry?

Ménière's disease is rare, and is mentioned here as an example of a grave condition which may cause vertigo. But slightly increased pressure of the fluid in the semicircular canals will upset one's sense of balance and bring on mild attacks of dizziness.

Any condition which causes temporary changes in the circulation of the blood in the brain may give rise to vertigo,

*(Continued on Page 28)*

# "After me!"

No use talking, you have to let Mr. Turkey follow after Campbell's Tomato Soup if you want to give him the most approved royal reception in your midst.

The whole dinner tastes better, and digests better when you start it with this tempting appetizer.

Your boys and girls especially will enjoy and benefit by a soup which so strengthens and regulates digestion. Give it to them often. Let them have it for dinner, luncheon or supper—all they want. It will do them good.

"Good soup every day in the year" is one of the best health rules known to dietary science. You'll be wise not to miss a single day.

**21 kinds** **15c a can**

**Campbells' Soups**

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

and consequently it is not an uncommon symptom with those of middle age or beyond, who have hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. Mostly there is merely a sense of fullness, with a fleeting giddiness, felt on exertion or upon stooping over. Many conditions far less grave produce attacks of greater severity. But nevertheless it is Nature's warning whisper and should be heeded.

With those under forty-five a frequent cause of dizziness is defective vision. There are three kinds of defective vision due to the shape of the eye—short sight, far sight and astigmatism. The normal eye is a perfect camera. Rays of light from objects are slightly converged as they penetrate the cornea, the transparent front of the eye. In passing through the crystalline lens they are still further converged, so that they are brought to a focus upon the sensitive plate—the retina. The crystalline lens accommodates its shape to focus near or distant objects. It becomes thicker, more convex, when one looks at something near, and resumes its relaxed, flattened shape when one looks at a distance.

This thickening of the lens is accomplished by the contraction of a small muscle. If you are looking through the window the image of an object on the pane is blurred. It requires an effort of the ciliary muscle to thicken the crystalline lens so that the near object may be clearly seen.

But very many eyes are not normal; some are too deep, some are too shallow, and some have lenses irregular in shape. If the eyeball is too deep, light rays focus before they reach the retina and they must be diverged before they enter the eye, unless the object to be seen is held close. One with this defect is nearsighted and must wear concave glasses to see clearly distant objects.

If the eyeball is too shallow the rays from near objects would focus behind the retina if it were not for constant effort on the part of the crystalline lens. Farsighted persons, when reading, writing or sewing without glasses, are constantly subjecting their eyes to strain.

There is another common defect which does not depend upon the depth of the eyeball. Its transparent front, the cornea, may be irregular in shape—that is, it may have a different convexity in different diameters. With such eyes, no matter how distant or near the object, there is never a clear image without artificial aid. In what is called farsighted astigmatism the crystalline lens struggles frantically to focus the light rays, but without avail. Those who have this defect must wear glasses for both near and far vision.

Eyestrain, especially from farsighted astigmatism, may cause many and various symptoms—inflammation of the ball and lids, headache, nervous irritability, dizziness, even attacks resembling true epilepsy—any or all of which may be banished by adopting the very simple expedient of procuring glasses to correct the vision.

There are two important points about vertigo and its causes to be remembered: First, that an occasional attack may occur in the healthy person from overeating or some other indiscretion; second, that its severity or mildness does not indicate the gravity of the cause. Persistent recurrences of a mild form of dizziness are more significant than a single instance of much greater violence. In the latter case watch your diet; if the attacks recur get competent medical advice. But in any case vertigo is a signal that something is wrong which needs correction.

### Specks Before the Eyes

THERE is a fairly widespread belief that specks before the eyes indicate a serious organic condition, usually of the kidneys or liver. An imaginative physiologist long ago gave them the name muscæ volitantes, or flying flies. They assume various shapes, dots, slightly luminous circles and twisted hairs, and are best seen against a gray background. They are elusive; one cannot look directly at them; they float across the field of vision and will not stay still; in a moment they are back again, and in a moment gone.

The eye has two chambers separated by the iris—the curtain with a circular hole in it to admit the light, and the crystalline lens. These two chambers are filled with transparent fluid which is not altogether homogeneous. The fluid in both chambers contains minute particles of slightly greater density that throw shadows upon the retina. These are the elusive flying flies which float back and forth across the field of vision.

They may be perfectly normal, being present in nearly all eyes. We do not notice them when we are well, but when sick, tired or nervous they obtrude themselves upon our notice, and are especially obnoxious after long-continued abuse of the eyes. That is the sum of their significance.

But black specks which are fixed are of more serious import. If there is a black spot in the field of vision, constant, always in the same relative position to the object upon which the eyes focus, it may be due to one of several causes. There may be a scar on the front of the eyeball; it may be that the retina is partially detached from the back wall of the eye; there may be an advanced kidney disease or an inflammation of the optic nerve.

Pain in the small of the back is often attributed to the kidneys. Discomfort in this locality may be a continuous more or less aching sensation or a sharp cutting pain aggravated by the slightest movement. When it assumes the latter character it is nearly always a rheumatism of the muscles and ligaments along the spine, called lumbago. But whatever the cause, whether rheumatism or injury from a fall or from lifting a heavy weight, or exposure to a draft when one is overheated, it does not often indicate a serious condition. One important fact to be remembered is that chronic disease of the kidneys does not cause pain in the back, notwithstanding the general belief.

Pain in the left chest is equally misleading. Because it is near the heart that organ is frequently accused when entirely innocent. If the pain is severe apprehension may cause rapid heart action, which seems to confirm the suspicion against it. Usually the first time this symptom appears the doctor is sent for posthaste.

"Doctor," the patient manages to say in gasps, "my heart—terrible pain—do something quick!"

But the doctor, undisturbed, proceeds with his examination, and finally announces that it is not the heart at all, but intercostal neuralgia, or pleurisy, or rheumatism of the muscle between the ribs, or indigestion.

Then the heart, reassured, stops its wild pounding and goes about its ordinary business, its former activity having been increased by fear.

Pain in the chest wall coming on suddenly without other symptoms is usually caused by conditions other than heart disease. Its location near the heart is purely incidental. When it occurs on the right side of the chest there is not nearly so much anxiety.

### Pains Near the Heart

THE heart has no nerves of sensation. If the surgeon could get to it without cutting through the sensory nerves on the surface of the body he could operate upon the heart itself without causing pain. And yet pain is sometimes a symptom of heart disease, but it is produced in a roundabout way.

Two great nerves keep up the heart's movements. One, the accelerator nerve, supplies the stimulus to contract; and the other, called the vagus, regulates the speed. When these two nerves are acting equally the rate of the heartbeats is normal. The vagus is also called the pneumogastric nerve, because it supplies the stomach and lungs. But vagus is a more appropriate name, because it means wandering, and the vagus wanders to most of the vital organs. Branches go to the ear, the throat, the bronchial tubes, the stomach and the heart, and all of these it supplies with sensory fibers, except the heart.

If the heart cannot feel, how can there be pain in heart disease? Branches of the heart nerves go to certain subcenters in the spinal cord, and there they connect with the superficial nerves of sensation. Continued irritation of the heart nerves is thus communicated to the surface nerves, and there is reflex or referred pain, not in the heart but in the chest wall over which the sensory nerves are distributed.

True heart pain is always due to exhaustion of the heart muscle and may be recognized by the presence of other symptoms. It is made worse by the slightest exertion; by anything that increases the rapidity of the heart's contractions. And nearly always the respirations are labored and deep, expressing the desire of the sluggish blood stream for more air. But the pain is in the chest wall, never in the heart.

More significant than pain is a feeling of constriction, of tightness in the chest behind the breastbone, which may be experienced by those of middle age. It is especially noticeable after a full meal, after smoking or during exertion. This is another of Nature's quiet warnings. It usually accompanies high blood pressure, with or without hardening of the arteries. The more often the sensation recurs, and the more easily it is induced, the more attention it demands.

Symptoms which seem to indicate heart trouble are always alarming. No one else is quite so introspective and morbid as one who thinks there is something wrong with his heart. For this reason palpitation often causes great anxiety.

Palpitation may be caused by grave organic heart conditions, but more often it rises from disturbances not in the heart at all. The sensation may be that of fluttering, a vague consciousness of rapid heart action; there may be a pounding in the chest; or one may be conscious of a sudden stop, followed after a short interval by an emphatic thump. There are all degrees of severity from these rather mild manifestations to a wild racing of the heart accompanied by a sense of suffocation and a fear of impending death. And yet all forms, even the most severe, may be caused in the healthy heart by indigestion, by tobacco, by anything which disturbs the heart nerves through their branches which supply other organs. Emotions also affect the heart centers in the brain. Sudden shock or a highly nervous state from any cause may set the heart to beating rapidly and irregularly.

But if the attacks of palpitation are frequent and severe the heart should be examined to eliminate the possibility of organic disease. Even the presence of organic heart disease need not be unduly alarming. The heart has a vast amount of reserve force, which enables it to perform its ordinary work in spite of a handicap. The important thing to know is how much one can do without further crippling it. If a breakdown has occurred or is imminent other symptoms are usually present to give warning, especially shortness of breath entirely out of proportion to the amount of exertion which produces it.

Shortness of breath itself, however, is a symptom no more positive or definite than palpitation or any of those so far enumerated. Everyone experiences it at times. Breathlessness is a sign of the desire for more air. It may occur in varying degrees of severity, and each has a different meaning. A fat man has less wind than a thin man, though both may be in good health, chiefly because he has more weight to carry. An athlete can run better when his stomach is empty than when it is full. As a rule men can run farther without exhaustion than women, not only because they are more muscular but because women for generations have worn tighter clothing, and they breathe mostly with the upper half of the lungs, while men expand the whole chest in respiration.

Any condition which lessens lung capacity increases the rate of the respirations. But air must come into contact with the blood to fulfill its purpose, and the blood must circulate freely in the lungs. The greater the exertion the more need of speedy aëration of the blood, and consequently the greater the necessity for increased heart action.

If the heart muscle is weak exactly the same phenomenon of breathlessness occurs that appears when the lung capacity is lessened or for any other reason the air supply is not sufficient. One may smother to death if he cannot get enough air into his lungs, and also when there is plenty of air but the blood cannot get to it.

Breathlessness being a relative condition rising from various sources, let us see what it may mean in various degrees of severity. When it appears during great exertion it is perfectly normal. But great exertion is also relative. To one in physical training it has a different significance from what it has to one of sedentary habits. In this case its onset, early or late, depends entirely upon one's muscular strength.

If it comes on during moderate exertion it may also be due to weak muscles in the otherwise normal person, or after an acute disease which has consumed one's vitality. To such a person, when a call comes to use his muscles they become quickly exhausted, including the heart muscle itself.

The very fat are breathless not only because they are heavier but because great layers of fat accumulate about the heart and impede its movements. But thin people, as well as the fat, can be short-winded from another cause—digestive disturbances. Both indigestion and overeating produce poisons which disturb the respiratory centers in the brain. The result is usually a rise of blood pressure.

### Causes of Shortness of Breath

HIGH blood pressure and arteriosclerosis may jointly produce the next step in breathlessness—that upon very slight exertion. If one cannot walk upon a level, or even talk consecutively, without puffing respiration, it may indicate that something serious is wrong with his circulation, either with the heart muscle or with the arteries.

If the trouble is in the heart the muscle itself is at fault. Such a condition cannot be due solely to valvular disease. One may have a leaking valve without experiencing the slightest symptoms if the heart is strong enough to do its work in spite of the handicap. It is only when the muscle gives way under unusual strain, or becomes diseased from other cause, that a valve leak is significant.

Anything which greatly lessens the capacity of the lungs or impedes the inflow of air will cause extreme shortness of breath. It is present in acute pneumonia and in advanced cases of pulmonary tuberculosis, because in each a considerable portion of the lungs is put out of commission and the unaffected parts have to do all the work. This fact, together with the poisons always manufactured during the progress of germ diseases, causes panting respiration.

Chronic bronchitis, for a different reason, may be another cause. In this disease the bronchial tubes are chronically thickened and the smaller bronchioles become almost entirely closed, so that the air cells are always full of used air and great effort is required to expel it. This mechanically results in dilatation of the air cells, a condition known as emphysema. Emphysematous persons are chronically short of breath.

There are two forms of breathing which, because they indicate extremely grave conditions, need only be mentioned here. One is continued labored breathing, even when one is at rest, but much aggravated by slight exertion. The other is the inability to hold the breath even for a moment. They are exaggerated signs of air hunger and indicate serious heart weakness.

(Concluded on Page 114)

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# THE OTHER MR. BENEDICT

(Continued from Page 21)

Stephen turned into the quietest hotel he knew. There was no crashing music to pollute the air of the dining room; there was blessed peace in abundance. Miss Cartwright ordered a salad and an ice; Stephen took a demi-tasse and a cigar; they faced each other.

"How did you like our play, Mr. Benedict?"

"I liked you," he said ingenuously, "but I don't like the play itself so very much. Still, if somebody could just go over it ——"

"That's it exactly! If somebody only could! It's a good plot, but it's so slow and talky."

"Do you mean to say that you can't have it the way you want it?"

"Dear, no! It's the way the director wants it. He represents the producers. Of course I have something to say, but ——"

"Don't the producers care whether it draws or not?"

"Surely, but—sometimes they lack imagination."

"What'll they do with it then?"

"Why, from the way it looks now, they'll let it off in about a month. Perhaps in less time than that even. They offered to sell me a half interest in it and let me do it over to suit myself, but I couldn't afford the risk." She tasted her ice daintily. "But we didn't come here to talk about me, Mr. Benedict; we came to talk about you. Won't you tell me the rest of it, please?"

Stumblingly he told her. Her manner had given him confidence, but he was still apprehensive of his own ability to put the thing in proper language. He told her as well as he could, and with certain elisions, all about Betty Paget and about himself; he told her what he had tried to do for Betty Paget and what the results had been. And because he feared that this present opportunity might never be repeated, he told her, with many false starts and interpolated stammerings, why he had come into town to see her and what he hoped—with countless apologies for his forwardness—that she would consent to do in his behalf.

She listened very seriously, and when Stephen had quite finished she shook her head.

"I know I shouldn't have asked you," he said, downcast. "But it was all I could think of, and ——"

"No, Mr. Benedict—I didn't mean I wouldn't come. I was just thinking —— Can I talk to you very frankly?"

"The franker the better." But he braced himself for punishment.

She bent toward him. "I've had to make my own way in the world, Mr. Benedict, and I've been on the stage ever since I was seventeen. I know men just about as far as I can see them." Her voice was very sweet and sincere. "You can't carry out this plan of yours. Some other men might, possibly, but you can't do it. You're not the type. You see—actresses aren't supposed to be like other women. We know that. It's one of the penalties we pay for going on the stage. She wouldn't understand. She wouldn't understand you and she wouldn't forgive you. That's true as gospel, Mr. Benedict. She wouldn't. She couldn't!"

"But she will," said Stephen, and his fingers closed in his palms. "I know it."

Miss Cartwright toyed with her spoon. "And yet I can see where it might be just possible for me to put you in a better light to her. If I could see her and talk to her alone ——"

"That's what I hoped you'd do," said Stephen.

"Of course, after that awful thing in Gossip it wouldn't be easy. She'd be prejudiced at the start."

"But I've seen you act," said Stephen, and his intonation had great finality about it.

Miss Cartwright was drawing concentric circles on the tablecloth with the tip of the spoon.

"Your idea is to have me come out on Sunday afternoon, then, and behave as though we're really old friends? As though we'd met in Chicago years ago and known each other ever since? And I'm to convince her that I'm—well, that I like you pretty well and all that—and yet make it perfectly clear that you're exactly the kind of man she wants you to be? And after I've made her a little contrite and a tiny bit jealous—if I can—then I'm to fade slowly out of the picture? That's all very well, Mr. Benedict, but how about the—the wrist watch? How can you possibly explain that to her? If anybody's seen the bill, they know it cost too much to be ——"

Stephen had been reflecting diligently. "I've got it! They all think I've been following the market a little. Here's the explanation: You gave me a tip on Eastern Electric—something a broker told you—and I made enough money out of it so that I felt I owed you something. Doesn't that fix it?"

She looked doubtful. "Would they ever believe that?"

"They'd eat it alive," said Stephen. He put both arms on the cloth. "I've got the most unmitigated gall to try to drag you into any mix-up like this! I feel about as small as they grow. You ought to send for a policeman and have me taken up to the psychopathic ward!"

She shook her head. "Don't say that! What train had I better come out on?"

Stephen dropped his cigar. "Miss Cartwright! Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do." She stopped and inclined her head slightly. "There's some people just behind you who look as though they want to speak to you, Mr. Benedict."

With his nerves tingling Stephen glanced over his shoulder, and when he turned back to Miss Cartwright his face was a crimson study.

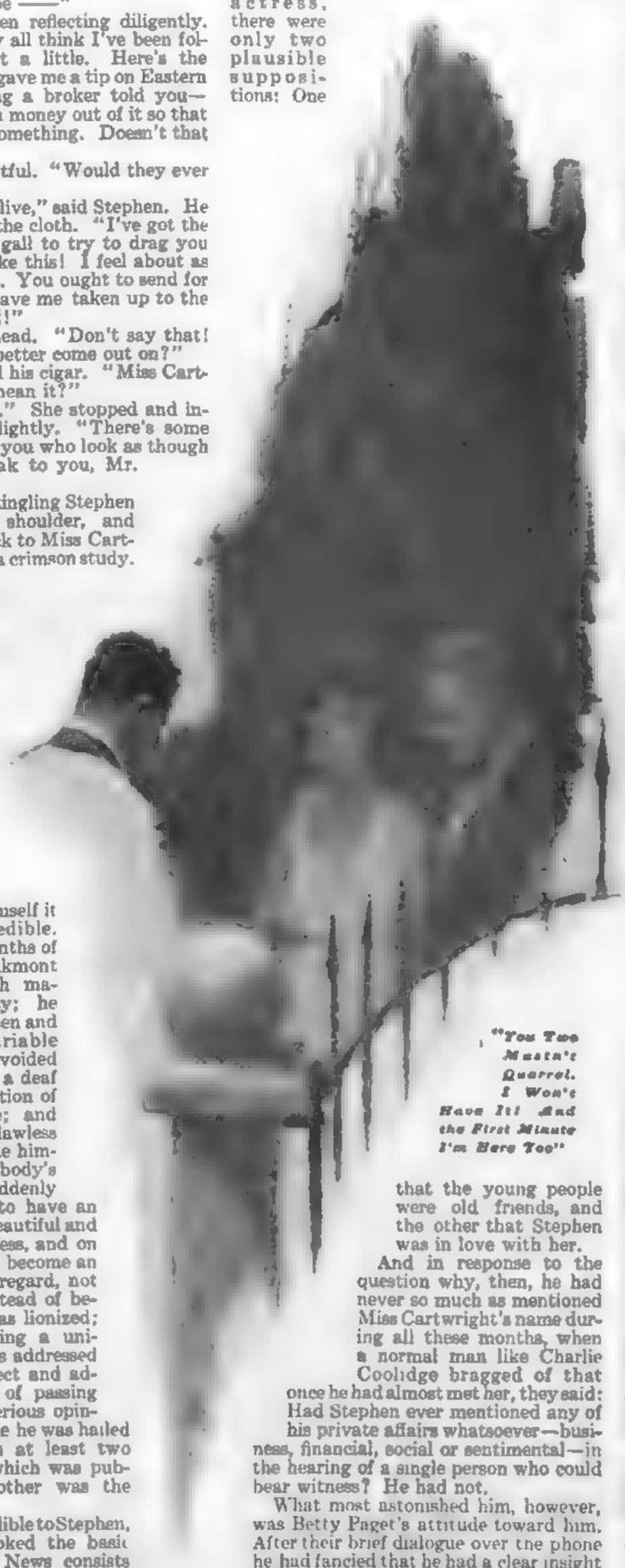
"I guess," he said ruefully, "it's lucky you just made that promise. Those people are all from Oakmont. Now the truth is impossible."

### VIII

TO A CLOSE student of human nature the local attitude toward Stephen might have seemed normal enough, but to Stephen himself it was utterly incredible. For the first six months of his residence in Oakmont he had lived with machinelike regularity; he had worked and eaten and slept on an invariable schedule; he had avoided society and turned a deaf ear to every suggestion of superficial pleasure; and as a result of this flawless record he had made himself a butt for everybody's humor. Then suddenly he was supposed to have an affair with a very beautiful and popular young actress, and on the instant he had become an object of popular regard, not to say esteem. Instead of being ostracized he was lionized; instead of remaining a universal target he was addressed with mingled respect and admiration; instead of passing as a man whose serious opinions had scant value he was hailed as an authority in at least two provinces, one of which was publishing and the other was the drama.

All this was incredible to Stephen, because he overlooked the basic element of news. News consists of anything which breaks the monotony of a well-ordered existence, and if the break is spectacular enough it carries a certain amount of glory with it, regardless of the attending circumstances. Even train bandits and highway robbers have been public heroes in a dull season.

Stephen had established himself as a very obvious monotone, and then burst out into full color overnight. But his six months of highly consistent behavior had gained for him just a trifle more repute than Gossip could ever take away. Furthermore, Mr. Hawksford had buttered the innuendo with too lavish a hand. Oakmont was willing to accept Stephen as news, but it absolutely refused to make him the victim of a scandal. The women of Oakmont told each other—and their husbands—that the idea was preposterous, absurd. If Stephen were interested in the actress, there were only two plausible suppositions: One that the young people were old friends, and the other that Stephen was in love with her.



*"You Two Mustn't Quarrel. I Won't Have It! And the First Minute I'm Here Too"*

And in response to the question why, then, he had never so much as mentioned Miss Cartwright's name during all these months, when a normal man like Charlie Coolidge bragged of that once he had almost met her, they said: Had Stephen ever mentioned any of his private affairs whatsoever—business, financial, social or sentimental—in the hearing of a single person who could bear witness? He had not.

What most astonished him, however, was Betty Paget's attitude toward him. After their brief dialogue over the phone he had fancied that he had a clear insight into her emotions, and he had planned to use this knowledge with devastating effect. He was going to play Petruchio to Miss Paget's Katherine. But when next he saw her she had entirely shifted her ground; she treated him as she had always treated him before; she was gay and elusive; she asked why he hadn't called lately, and she said not a word about Gossip, or about Miss Cartwright either. Instead, she teased him because he wore a stiff collar when all the other men were wearing negligee shirts, and she said that he reminded her of a horse looking over a fence. If Katherine had ever talked like this, The Taming of the Shrew would have had to be produced as a farce melodrama.

Mystified, he went up to call on her, and again he found Charlie Coolidge ahead of him. Charlie said that he—and everyone else in Oakmont—was waiting impatiently for Sunday; and Stephen blushed and stole a glance at Miss Paget, who was totally self-possessed. And then with an impetuous rush of liveliness she began to employ her old tactics against him, so that in half a minute Stephen was floundering and helpless. As suddenly as she had opened the attack she ended it; and for the remainder of the evening she rather ignored him and concentrated on Coolidge. Stephen couldn't fathom her; he hadn't sufficient conceit. But he put great faith in the ability of Miss Cartwright to fathom her, to straighten out the tangle.

He had come in the character of Petruchio, the cave man, but he went away in the spirit of Timon, the defenseless; and on the way home he inquired blankly of himself what was the use of trying to understand women when, as the song has it, you never find two alike at any one time and you never find one alike twice.

Guilt had taken a heavy seat upon him, but he caressed his conscience with the familiar set of reflections. After all, why should he have committed a commercial suicide? No one was going to be damaged; the other Mr. Benedict wasn't prejudiced; and Coolidge and Hamlin would get their money back. And if he had told them the literal truth, then they would have held him culpable indeed. Of that he was positive. He was not guilty, and they thought him innocent; and if he had ever tried to show his innocence they would have judged him guilty. So why not take things as they came?

There was one matter which especially perturbed him, and that was the past life of the other Mr. Benedict. Gossip had fired only one gun, but it had hinted at a forthcoming broadside. To be sure, Stephen had so far profited, and not lost, by the confusion of names, but he conceded that so far he had been very lucky. If the other Mr. Benedict had at one time sailed under the Jolly Roger—as witness that surname of "Blair" which Mr. Hawksford had spoken so unctuously—why, there was simply no telling what would be the caliber of the next shot. There was no use in preparing even to dodge it. He could only hope that it would prove to be a dud, and he could rely only upon the good fortune which had not yet deserted him.

He thought vaguely of getting into touch with the other Mr. Benedict, but he realized that it wouldn't do him any good now. He couldn't possibly explain, either by letter or by telegram, all that had happened; and even if he succeeded in explaining it what could the other Mr. Benedict do about it? Except, of course, to upset the apple cart and bring Stephen under a bombardment of ridicule and contempt. Then he thought vaguely of getting into touch with Mr. Hawksford, but he realised that this wouldn't do any good either.

Mr. Hawksford, however, presently got in touch with Stephen. At his secretary's announcement that Gossip was on the wire Stephen's pulses hammered, but after a moment of deliberation he took up the receiver.

"Oh, Mr. Benedict? This is Hawksford, of Gossip. I just wanted to call you up and thank you very much for the subscription that just came in. What's that?"

Stephen had exclaimed sharply: "I don't know what you're talking about!"

Mr. Hawksford's voice was low and soothing and deferential. "That's all right, Mr. Benedict, that's all right. Now I noticed you didn't send a letter with your check, and I wondered if that meant you don't care for a receipt. Some people don't."

Stephen sat motionless. Here was luck in abundance! There was only one possible inference, and that was that the other Mr. Benedict had seen the article in Gossip and understood the ropes. From his temporary quarters in the West he had promptly sent off a check, without comment, and now Stephen was getting the advantage of it.

While he was forming an answer he was seized by an unhappy conception with regard to Miss Cartwright. It struck him

as a downright shame that she should be involved with—perhaps even engaged to—a man who was so conscious of his defects that he sent involuntary remittances to Gossip. He wondered what she would say if she knew all that Stephen knew; and he also wondered whether it was his duty to keep his mouth shut or to confide in her without evasion. It was a serious problem.

"I'm not interested in a receipt," he said tardily. True enough, he wasn't. He saw the advisability of leaving himself a loophole in case he ever had need of it.

"Just so." Mr. Hawksford cleared his throat. "Now, as I told you, Mr. Benedict, we're friends to our friends. That's what we're here for. Service is our middle name. You're entitled to our full service. Is there any little thing we can do for you?"

Stephen's eyes lighted. "Why—yes," he said a little hastily. "If you don't mind—you might just keep my name out of your paper entirely."

Mr. Hawksford gave his silky laugh. "Well, that doesn't seem like much to ask. Anything else?"

"N-nothing just now," said Stephen, trembling with excitement.

"All right. When there is, just let me know. Glad you've joined the family, Mr. Benedict. You'll find it's worth while. Good-by!"

Stephen sat back and contemplated the giddy world. Had he been presented with a free insurance policy or were his feet in the quicksands? He worried momentarily, and then, because he was overcharged with this particular sort of worriment, he automatically cut it off. His emotional reserve had reached its limit. And, also, he had a curious trust in Mr. Hawksford; he believed firmly that Mr. Hawksford had one principle of ethics and only one—he would take his money where he could get it, but when silence had actually been bought and paid for, Gossip would be as mute as a clam. This comforted him.

He was comforted and encouraged, but his comfort didn't last long, for his new mood was immediately assailed by Mrs. Anthony Hamlin. Mrs. Hamlin was the organizer of Oakmont charities, and long since she had discovered that Stephen's maximum contribution was a ten-dollar bill. She had suspected, as all of Oakmont had suspected, that Stephen, for all his rigid economies, had a private income, but after many trials of her skill and persuasions she had been forced to give him the benefit of any doubt and to take his ten-dollar contributions with the best grace she could muster. Now, however, she thought that she was in possession of facts which made first-rate ammunition. Her husband, pinch-hitting for the little bird in the fable, had told her exactly how much money was due to Stephen from his broker, and beyond that it was fair to assume that a man of Stephen's temperament would have more money conservatively invested than in a mere speculative account. Between fact and guesswork, then, Mrs. Hamlin believed, as her husband did, that Stephen was worth perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; so that she put on her most sweetly determined manner and proceeded to corner him.

"Now, Mr. Benedict," she said tolerantly, "you know we've hardly asked you for a thing! And there's the community center and the permanent-endowment fund for the county and the free-ice fund, and the children's playgrounds for the poor kiddies on the other side of the railroad track. We've all got to be generous now, haven't we? And really I don't think you've taken care of your obligations toward the people who aren't as fortunate as you are. Why don't you make me out a check for an even thousand dollars and let me apportion it?"

Stephen was groggy, but he had to remember that Mrs. Hamlin's husband was one of the two men who had spread the report of his wealth. He also had to remember that Mrs. Hamlin was staging the tea for Miss Cartwright, and his personal balance was in the neighborhood of six hundred dollars.

"How much are other men giving?" he temporized.

"Well—you know you haven't a family and all that. There's a difference. For you to give a thousand is like a family man giving about two hundred."

Stephen was debating whether it wasn't perfectly proper now for the company to pay him his back salary. The company owed him about three thousand dollars, and he could see how the judicious expenditure of some of it was almost necessary. Nothing would create a better impression than to satisfy Mrs. Hamlin—first, because it was for charity, and second, because it was Mrs. Hamlin.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I'll give five hundred, and if I think I can afford it I'll give the rest later."

He had seldom felt as important as when he signed the check for five weeks' salary, but he was thinking of bread on the waters and praying that the loaves would drift back to him as advertised. And he mixed his metaphors a trifle and told himself that the sheep and the lamb fulfill the same destiny. Five hundred dollars was a lot of money, but Stephen was playing for big stakes.

Next, the automobile salesmen approached him, and then the real-estate agents. Coolidge's bank put him on the mailing list and sent him loud circulars; and Coolidge made another drive for business. But since the last interview on this point Coolidge had become less imperative and more conciliating.

"We've taken pretty good care of you, haven't we?" he said aggrievedly. "Why don't you give us a chance to make a little profit on you? You ought to let one bank handle all your affairs in a bunch, Stephen. We want your personal account, and we want to place your investments for you too. Don't you think that's reasonable, everything considered?"

"To tell the truth," said Stephen—and he told it accurately—"I'm not in the market at all just now. I'm not buying a cent's worth of anything."

"Well, when you are, is there any reason why we shouldn't get the business?"

"None at all," said Stephen, and he meant it.

The message from Mr. Hawksford had bolstered up his courage, so that he faced the world with more aggressiveness. He was drawing plans for the expansion of his business, and already he had cast a greedy eye upon a trade encyclopedia which would easily amalgamate with his own publication. He spoke up bravely to advertising agents and in three short days he collected a dozen solemn promises for the fall. Each promise was another sap to his conscience; it strengthened his already strong belief that Coolidge and Hamlin would get their money back.

He saw Miss Cartwright again at the theater and again on Saturday morning. They uncovered a mutual taste for music and for certain British authors and a mutual dislike of mayonnaise and motion pictures. Stephen began to marvel at the provincial prejudice against women of the stage. Miss Cartwright had qualities that some of his friends might do well to emulate.

He had decided not to speak to her of the other Mr. Benedict. Miss Cartwright never mentioned him, and Stephen, after mature weighing of the case, had judged that it wasn't his duty to act as an informer. He was sorry for Miss Cartwright, and he thought that she ought to know what sort of man she had chosen as a fiancé, but unless she gave Stephen the cue to unfold his budget he felt that it was better not to meddle. His delicacy was slightly increased by the fact that his own position was none too secure against informers.

On Sunday morning he went soberly to church, where he shared attention with the clergyman. He dined alone, in cumulative nervousness, and afterward he walked the hills and suffered agonies of impatience and doubt, and even intermittently of dread, until his watch told him that he could loiter at the station without making himself too noticeable. There was another period of suspense, during which he lighted double his daily allowance of cigarettes and threw each one away after a hurried puff or two, and at last he heard a far-away whistle, at which his heart almost stopped beating.

It stopped beating entirely, just for a second, as Miss Cartwright appeared before him. She looked very young and fresh and demure in a frock of canary-colored organdie, with a big white organdie sash and a drooping white hat with quaint organdie flowers on it; and at the first glance he knew that she would inevitably bring Oakmont to her feet. She gave him her hand, and to his astonishment it was almost as cold as his own.

"Why, what's the matter?" he demanded.

She looked at him from under the ambush of her big hat. "I'm scared," she said.

"Scared!" he echoed. "Why, Miss Cartwright! What for?"

"Well, you know this is a fairly big undertaking." She dropped her voice: "And you mustn't call me Miss Cartwright or you'll spoil everything, Stephen."

"All right—Lucy," he faltered. "Have you got everything all straight? I wish we'd rehearsed it once more."

"It's too late now. And don't forget; if you can get me just ten minutes alone with her I think I can fix everything. But you'll have to scheme that out; I can't. I'm supposed to do only what my hostess has planned for me."

"I'll work it out somehow," said Stephen, shivering.

In another moment he was presenting her to Mrs. Hamlin; and for a few minutes after that his perceptive senses were virtually out of commission. When he recovered, Miss Cartwright was speaking in her deliciously throaty voice.

"Yes, Stephen and I have known each other for years and years." She beamed upon him. "I don't dare to say exactly how many, because my age has to be kept a state secret. But it's a respectable number anyway."

Stephen took spirit from his discovery that both the Hamlins were deeply impressed. "It's ever since I was in college, Lucy. And I was a freshman just ten years ago." He held his breath, but no bolt of lightning came down to demolish him.

Miss Cartwright turned to her hostess. "The very nicest thing I could ever say about Stephen is that he's always protected my illusions, but if he's going to toss dates round like that—why, I think I'll have to educate him a little more. Don't you?"

At this juncture the earliest guests came in, heavily laden with manner, and Stephen was again stampeded. Miss Cartwright, however, remained in full control of the situation. She was slightly reserved, as befitted a visiting celebrity among strangers, but she had graciousness and charm and tact, so that she captivated Oakmont as rapidly as Oakmont was brought before her.

Presently Stephen's eagerness overcame him and he whispered a question to Mrs. Hamlin.

"Like her!" she whispered back. "Why, she's a darling! Who wouldn't like her? But you've been the stingiest man I ever saw, Stephen Benedict! You could have had her out here months ago!"

The room filled swiftly and overflowed to the veranda and the lawn. Stephen began to wonder why Coolidge and Miss Paget didn't come. He didn't care so much about Coolidge, of course, but until Betty Paget arrived on the scene of action the main purpose of the whole proceeding was unfulfilled.

He looked repeatedly at Miss Cartwright, and at the crowd which eddied about her, and he was proud of at least one part of his achievement: He was proud of his distinction in bringing to Oakmont the loveliest and the best-known woman who had ever stepped within the borders of the village. The method by which he had brought her was immaterial; it was enough that she was there. The brilliance of her triumph was reflecting upon him; he had a constant group of satellites of his own; and yet his gaze went roving every other moment, first to Miss Cartwright and then to the door, and he wondered why Coolidge and Miss Paget didn't come.

He marveled at the presence of so many rabid golfers on such an exquisite afternoon, but one of them reminded him that the golf course was a permanent fixture in Oakmont and that Miss Cartwright wasn't. He marveled at the presence of the Episcopal clergyman, and he marveled still more when he heard what the clergyman was saying: "We really have much in common, Miss Cartwright, for, as far as the ceremonies are concerned, religion always tends to become dramatic."

He was just beginning to wonder whether Coolidge and Miss Paget would come at all. Suddenly he saw this reception from Miss Paget's viewpoint. His eyes widened, and he told himself that if he were in Betty Paget's place wild horses couldn't drag him to a rendezvous with the other woman. It had never before occurred to him that Betty might have this viewpoint, and he sickened at the fiasco he had so successfully engineered. Still, even if Betty did stay away, you couldn't exactly call it a complete fiasco, not while people were saying the things they did to Stephen.

At his elbow he heard Mrs. Hamlin's voice, thick with pride: "Miss Cartwright, may I present Miss Paget—and Mr. Coolidge?"

And he heard Charlie Coolidge, who wasn't losing a trick anywhere: "I almost met you last season in Detroit, Miss Cartwright. Yes, the Chalmers tea. Yes, Mrs. Chalmers is a dear old friend of mine."

It gave Stephen a curious little flash of pleasure to see how skillfully Miss Paget got Charlie Coolidge away from that corner.

During the next quarter hour he avoided Miss Paget, but he kept watch over her, and he observed that she was studying Miss Cartwright very hard, at long range. Her changes of expression were frequent and contradictory; at length she made an impatient little shrug of her shoulders and, with Coolidge in tow, disappeared to the veranda.

Stephen knew that Miss Cartwright had taken Oakmont by storm, and that in consequence she had set him upon a lofty pedestal. He had seen that Miss Paget herself was very deeply impressed. He felt that he was now protected socially as well as financially, but happiness had somehow fled from him and he was conscious of the burden of his guilt. Gloomily he followed Miss Paget to the veranda.

"Well," he said with an uneasy laugh, "what do you think of her?"

Miss Paget's voice was very low: "I think she's adorable! Stephen, I wish you'd do something for me. I wish you could fix it up so I could have just a minute or two to talk to her before she goes. Can't you?"

Stephen frowned, indecisive. "Why, perhaps I can. I'll do my best."

"You see, we're going off to the shore on Tuesday for six weeks; and she said she'll probably go on her vacation if her play closes. And I want a chance to speak to her. Just a minute, you know."

"I'll try to fix it up," he said soberly.

He went back to the living room and took his place at Miss Cartwright's side. She seized an opportunity to jog his memory: "Hadn't you better stage the big scene, Stephen? It's getting pretty late."

"There's plenty of time yet," said Stephen. "Lots of it."

They were the center of a circle which included the best of Oakmont society, and they dominated the circle, but Stephen, gazing at the guest of honor and admiring her, no longer felt the consciousness of mastery over Oakmont, or even over himself. On the contrary, he was prey to fresh reaction at almost every tick of the clock. Twice Miss Cartwright signaled to him with her eyes, but he affected an utter want of intelligence and made no attempt to obey the signal.

It was half past six when he took her to the station, and on the way she said to him mournfully: "Well, we failed—didn't we?"

Stephen was marching like a soldier on parade. "Did we?" he asked, without shifting his eyes.

"I liked your friends, Stephen."

"Well," he said, "they liked you."

"But after all your trouble and worry, when I couldn't have my little talk with your nice Miss Paget ——"

"Still," he said heavily, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call it a failure—exactly."

Her voice betrayed her disappointment: "Couldn't you arrange it?"

"No, I couldn't," he said, and his lips made a very straight line. "It was impossible. It couldn't be done."

"I'm so sorry!" Miss Cartwright looked very tired. "Did I accomplish anything at all?"

"You bet you did!" He helped her up to the platform.

"I fixed it about the wrist watch, anyway," she said. "That was when you were outdoors."

"Did you?"

"Yes; and they believed it too. I told the story just as we planned it. And then I said I wouldn't take it—a gift like that—from anybody, so I sent it back to you."

Stephen stared at her. "Well—that's all right—but why did you say that?"

Miss Cartwright glanced at the train, which was screaming over the flanges of the lower curve. "Because it was a good thing to say—good for you and me both; it makes us look a little better before your friends; and because I really did send it back to the other Mr. Benedict. I thought we might as well come as close to the truth as we could, you know."

Stephen swallowed hard. "Lucy—by the way, it would be sort of silly to change over to Miss Cartwright now, wouldn't it?—Lucy, I'm awfully glad! I'm glad you told 'em that. Listen! Don't you want me to take you into town?"

(Continued on Page 34)

# *Brother, it's your Move!*

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HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY*?

Robt. Burns Cigar

(Continued from Page 32)

Her hand restrained him. "You mustn't, Stephen. Miss Paget's going away Tuesday for six weeks. I heard her say so. We failed this afternoon, but you've got to go and make up for it. You must go and see her to-night."

"That's so. Yes, of course," he said, apathetically.

On the car steps she gave him her hand. "Promise me you'll see her to-night, Stephen. I don't want to go back feeling that I've made a mess of things. If you see her now maybe it'll do some good. Won't you do that, please?"

He nodded, without animation. "Oh, yes—of course I will. And—and thank you more than I can ever tell you for ——"

"Don't hurt my feelings, Stephen. Just go and see her—and good luck!"

"I will," he said, downcast. "I will."

But he stood on the station platform and watched Miss Cartwright's train until it was out of sight; and then he listened to it until it was out of hearing; and then, with the lagging stride of a discouraged man, he turned his steps in the direction of the Oakmont Inn.

By the time he arrived at the inn Stephen was carrying a headache so violent that it alarmed him. He tried to assuage it with a tablet, and he tried the experiment of darkening his room and lying down with his eyes closed, but neither of these practices brought the slightest respite. What he needed was a medicament for his conscience.

The world baffled him, and Miss Paget baffled him, and most of all he baffled himself. The majority of men who have ambition and sentiment use up a deal of energy in imaginary rehearsals of their own life drama, but Stephen had assumed a heavy part in a drama which in no sense could be called imaginary. He did, however, insist that it was involuntary. He could no longer explain his own emotions or account for them; his very thoughts were foreign to his preconceived opinion of himself.

Take Betty Paget: for months he had adored her; a fortnight ago he would have died for her; and to-day, in derogation of his own specific plans for the afternoon, and even in the face of her own suggestion, he had prevented her—deliberately prevented her—from having a word or two, in seclusion, with Miss Cartwright.

Was it because Miss Cartwright was pledged to intercede with Betty Paget in Stephen's behalf? Was it because Stephen, at the last moment, preferred to manage his campaign alone? Or was it that he had simply ceased to be interested in Betty Paget's mercurial behavior and didn't want Miss Cartwright to intercede for him because he didn't care whether he married Betty Paget or not?

As he reviewed the past week, however, he could recall no definite failure of interest in Miss Paget. He had been piqued and depressed, but he had never been conscious of an actual lapse from his earlier affections. Indeed he thought that Betty was unusually fascinating. She had worn a succession of new and stunning gowns and she had seemed genuinely pleased by his compliments.

Now and then she had sought him out and been utterly dear and ingenuous with him; and then she had taken it all back and danced away again. This was what had piqued him, until he sternly reflected that it was her natural disposition. She was Betty-of-the-minute, and if he didn't like that sort of conduct—why, then, what was there about her that he did like?

Temporarily he dismissed her from his mind and fell to suffering about his relations with the rest of the community. He had achieved honor in his own country, which is supposed to be a great accomplishment, but the mere thought of it nauseated him. If Oakmont ever knew that he had added a social fraud to a financial fraud Stephen might better set up his habitation in a desert than to expect mercy from his present neighbors.

He had promised Miss Cartwright that he would see Betty Paget to-night, and with a sort of perversive martyrdom he shut his teeth and swore that he would keep his promise. No matter how he had discounted his own judgment this afternoon he would balance the account to-night. More than that, he feverishly swore that if Betty received him as he hoped that she would and prayed that she would, he would demonstrate his faith in her. He would do it even at the risk of unbounded humiliation. He would lay his heart at her feet and his future in her hands, and tell her—everything. He would offer simply an explanation, and not an excuse. If she wanted to share a fraction of the blame she could. If she chose to scorn him she could do that, too—but at least he would have relieved a trifle of the grinding pressure on his conscience.

Swaying before the mirror Stephen spoke aloud to his image in the glass. "Why, you damned fool," he said, half hysterically. "You couldn't tell her! You're not man enough!"

And after he had toiled painfully up the long hill to Betty's house he found Charlie Coolidge there ahead of him.

■

ON SUNDAY night Stephen had felt like a criminal, but on Monday morning he felt like a convict. Nevertheless, he paid himself his back salary, and he asked Charlie Coolidge for the name of his tailor. He signed a lease for the new branch office he had decided to open in Chicago, and he settled preliminary matters with the young man who was to take charge of it. He worked at the utmost tension all that day; and he tried to persuade himself that he did it because of his obligation to Hamlin and Coolidge, but he knew positively that he did it to fill his brain with trivial details, so as to shut out great realities. On the train Mr. Anthony Hamlin invited him to dinner—and who sat at the Hamlin table was an accredited member of the hierarchy of Oakmont. Stephen declined the invitation.

He went again to see Miss Paget, and he had exactly ten minutes with her before they were interrupted.

"Stephen," she said, "don't you care at all any more?"

He tried to smile, but it was a miserable effort. "Don't you know I do?"

"And I thought," she said sadly, "you were reforming for me!"

"If I've done any reforming it was for you."

Miss Paget's look was magisterial. "And then the way you've hurt me! Hurt my pride! I wouldn't have minded a bit if you'd only been frank and open about your actress friend—and I like her, Stephen; I do, honestly—but don't you see for yourself how it makes me feel?"

Stephen's eyes were on the floor. "There was a time," he said, "when I was hurt enough myself to be willing to hurt you—a little. I'm not proud of it. But that was some time ago."

Her smile was pacific. "I don't want us to be trying to hurt each other, Stephen. I don't want us to do it even by accident. I want us to be back on the old basis."

It didn't occur to him that on the old basis he had been kept in perpetual distress, and followed Betty round like a trained Newfoundland; nor did she herself perceive this interpretation.

"We can't ever get back to that, Betty."

She sighed a little. "No, you've changed too much. You're almost a different man. But—didn't I do it for you?"

Just then they were interrupted by a lively crew who had come to give Miss Paget a pleasant evening. Stephen had no other chance to talk seriously with her. But he went away with an intuition which isn't good for any man to harbor; he was absolutely convinced that Betty Paget was ready to surrender, and that she'd marry him if he asked her just once more.

On the following day she left for six weeks at the seashore.

Dating from Miss Paget's departure, Stephen felt a sense of relief which was difficult to reconcile with any other of his emotions. Logical or illogical, however, the sense of relief was a very immediate fact; and with a distinct increase of buoyancy he began to negotiate with the owners of the trade encyclopedia.

Twice, at a venture, and to soothe his apprehensions, he had his secretary call the office of the other Mr. Benedict, but the other Mr. Benedict was still in the West, and wasn't expected to return, now, until the first of September. Gossip appeared, and contained never so much as a line in elaboration of its story of last week. Nor in the following issue was the name of Benedict enrolled among the mighty. Stephen drew a very long breath and rejoiced that Mr. Hawksford had at least one atom of a code of ethics.

He was undetermined as to his course of action with regard to Miss Cartwright. He was sure that he hadn't thanked her sufficiently, and he was surer yet that he must thank her in person. He was anxious to see her again, and at the same time he had a remarkable conviction that if he did see her something momentous was bound to develop from the meeting, something that would still further complicate his sensibilities, something that might destroy the mental equilibrium which he was struggling so hard to recover.

So he went to see her.

He went to her apartment, where Miss Cartwright greeted him as an old friend, and Aunt Emma made tea for him and offered him four kinds of homemade cake with it. He told Aunt Emma that she was quite as much of an artist in her own field as Miss Cartwright was in hers, and Aunt Emma blushed rose pink, and presently brought him a flower for his buttonhole. Miss Cartwright, as he observed with much complacency, was almost as pleased as her aunt. Aunt Emma, on the other hand, was fully as diplomatic as her niece, for when tea was over she claimed that she had duties in the kitchenette, and she stayed there for the subsequent half hour.

At Stephen's first hint of gratitude Miss Cartwright became arbitrary.

"No," she said; "no, I don't want you to talk like that. I owed it to you."

Stephen shook his head. "You owed me nothing. And there aren't very many women in the whole world who'd have done what you tried to do for me."

"I knew that's the way it turned out," she said, subdued. "I only tried, but I didn't succeed."

He stirred restlessly. "You'll make me feel like a terrible rotter. I tell you it was a wonderful thing for you to do, whether you admit it or not."

There was a little pause. Miss Cartwright was very serious. "Could I—could I know how it's all coming out?"

He gestured his helplessness. "You know as much as I do about it right now." Miss Cartwright was compassionate, but she also held that Stephen had neglected his opportunities. "You should have managed for me to speak to her. You should have managed."

Stephen sighed audibly. "It's too late in the day to go into that. Well, your part in the comedy's over with. You were wonderful while it lasted, though. I'll never forget it as long as I live—never! And about all there is for me to do now is to thank you a thousand times more, and take a back seat where I came from."

She lifted her eyes. "What do you mean by such a funny statement as that?"

Stephen found it difficult to look at her. "Why, there's nothing so very funny about it. I've had a gay little circus for a while, stealing thunder from the other Mr. Benedict, but the line has to be drawn somewhere, you know, and ——" He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't intend to make myself a nuisance to you, that's all. I've done enough of that already."

Miss Cartwright sat very still. "Stephen, I wish you wouldn't talk about the other Mr. Benedict. That's got nothing to do with it." She was on the stage, but she had been a woman long before she became an actress, and it was the woman who was speaking, unmistakably. "If you'd happened to be—well, not such a nice man—I'd still have done what I could to keep you out of a scrape that wasn't your fault. But if you hadn't been just the kind of man you are, do you think I'd have let you come back to my dressing room? Do you think I'd have let you take me out to supper? Do you think I'd have risked going to Oakmont, among perfectly strange people, and not knowing the first thing about them? Do you think I'd have asked you here?" She shook her head. "I haven't so many friends—no one has—that another one doesn't matter. If you want to drop me as though I were a hot potato—why, of course you can; but I like you, and I liked your people in Oakmont, and I liked your Miss Paget. This is getting to be frightfully personal, isn't it? But what I was hoping was that at last I'd found somebody who'd never think of me as in the profession at all—somebody whom I could have as a real friend. There aren't many, Stephen.

"Oh, I'm not blind. I know hundreds of people, hundreds of them, who'd be proud to walk down the street with me, not because I'm I, but because my name's in big letters over a theater—and they'd be just as proud to be seen with anybody else who's well known. But they aren't friends. Ever since that first night you came back, you've been just about the nicest to me of any man I ever met. I've told Aunt Emma about you. I told her I never before in all my life had been treated just the way I want to be treated—like a person; not like a personage. I'd—oh, it can't hurt anything now!—I'd counted on having this all straightened up with Miss Paget, and then perhaps both of you ——" She stopped and met his eyes. "Stephen," she said, a semitone lower, "is it because you're afraid of what Miss Paget might think about me? Or about you? If it is—why, then I will say good-by now."

Stephen stood up and walked over to the window.

"No," he said, over his shoulder, "that's not it. But I met you in a very peculiar way. I knew you were sorry for me. I knew that. And, Lord! how I hate to have anybody sorry for me!" He swung about. "I'd give almost anything I can think of if you were off the stage. But then none of this could have happened."

Miss Cartwright looked up at him. "Why do you wish I were off the stage?"

His emotions began to run away with him. "Because then I could be surer of believing you!" He came across to her. "You've misunderstood me, Lucy. You've overestimated me. If you like the way I've treated you I'm glad of that, but everything you say, everything you do, makes me think, in spite of myself, 'She's an actress! She's an actress! I wonder if she's acting now.' And then when I knew you were sorry for me—don't you see why I thought I'd better drop out? I wanted to have you for a friend, too, but I thought —— Why, Lucy!"

There were tears in her eyes, and he understood that he had caused them. "That does hurt! That's why sometimes I loathe the stage so that it doesn't seem as if I could go on for another single performance. I'm not a human being; I'm an actress! I can't have the feelings other people have—they think I'm acting. I can't be —— Oh, Stephen, I did think you were different!"

He gazed down at her and was very mortified and uncomfortable. Presently, to break the tension, he walked over to the window; turned, and walked back again; and put his hands behind him.

"What I am," he said slowly, "is a damned fool! I—I can't very well apologize for being that, but I do apologize for what I said. It was unnecessary."

"But if you think it, just the same ——"

"I did think it; I don't now. Honestly I couldn't have stood it to see you again and not know what was in your mind; I was afraid you were pretending you wanted to keep on, because you were sorry, and you wanted to help me; but if it's just a plain matter of two people being more or less congenial ——" He paused, and smiled queerly. "Lucy, isn't there anything about me you'd like to change if you could? Do I act too methodical, or literal, or puritanical, or stingy, or anything? Don't you think I'm funny to look at or listen to? Are you quite sure you wouldn't like me better if I were somebody else?"

"That's nonsense, Stephen."

"Yes," he said, and sighed again. "I know it's nonsense, but I thought I'd better ask." He put his hand on hers. "I'm going to do what I should have done in the first place. Will you please let me see you once in a while—you and Aunt Emma—and be one of your least deserving friends, Lucy?"

She hesitated. "But—Miss Paget?"

His hand twitched a little. "The better I know you," he said, "the more she'll—appreciate it."

X

IT WAS exactly two weeks after this interview that the matter of the trade encyclopedia was settled by a consolidation of interests. The owners of the encyclopedia had originally offered either to buy or to sell, and they would sell at a considerably lower price than they could buy. The reason for this difference wasn't so much the greater intrinsic value of Stephen's enterprise; it was the impressive bulk of his credit. As the proposition was finally worked out, Stephen became the president of a new corporation owning both the export magazine and the export encyclopedia; he held fifty-five per cent of the capital stock; and he received thirty thousand dollars in real money.

To do him justice, his initial impulse was to go direct to Charlie Coolidge and to iron out that gross mistake which had paved the way to fortune. But again, he had to consider the equity of his new associates. They had paid him money as a differential,

(Continued on Page 37)

# Continuous Turbine Operation

## *Safeguarded by Gargoyle D.T.E. Oils*

THE progress of mechanics may be summed up in six words: Less bulk, more motion, more work. In other words, the whole trend is towards smaller machines operating at higher speeds and producing greater output.

The turbine is a striking example.

Commercial turbines first appeared as an industrial factor about 1902. They presented three new lubricating problems:

1 Higher speeds of 1800 to 3600 r. p. m. as compared with 100 to 360 r. p. m.

2 More rapid oil circulation with consequent harder oil service.

3 The formation of a sludge by the mixture of the oil with water and other impurities.

The problem of producing an oil capable of meeting the speed requirements and rapid oil circulation of turbines was great.

But greater still was the problem presented by sludge, which necessitated an oil that would separate readily from impurities.

TODAY many industrial plants employ the turbine as their main power unit. It is sometimes referred to as "the family pet." Why? Because the initial cost of the turbine runs high. Also, the turbine is an enormous worker. It is intended to run continually, at remarkable speed.

A large proportion of these turbines are lubricated with Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils. The reason is that in repeated tests Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils have shown very definite and decided superiority over other turbine oils. The operator enjoys freedom from shutdown trouble.

Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils separate readily from impurities and resist to the highest degree the formation of sludge. The strainers, oil pump and piping will not clog up, and therefore full oil volume is furnished at all times at moderate oil temperatures.

The requirements of fresh oil (makeup oil) are very small

Based on their experience, practically all turbine manufacturers to-day endorse the use of Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils.

Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils are manufactured from the highest grade crudes especially treated to meet the exacting requirements of turbine lubrication. Results more than justify the use of the best procurable oil in the steam turbine. Unsuitable oils at any price are always the most expensive in the long run.

Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils are manufactured in various consistencies to meet different lubricating requirements. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil, Light is recommended for all direct connected turbines employing oil circulating systems.

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Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil Heavy
Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil, Heavy Medium
Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil Light

### Gargoyle Etna Oils

Heavy bodied oils, manufactured for the lubrication of machinery bearings in general:

Gargoyle Etna Oil, Extra Heavy
Gargoyle Etna Oil Heavy
Gargoyle Etna Oil, Heavy Medium
Gargoyle Etna Oil, Medium
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### Gargoyle Vacuoline Oils

Medium bodied oils for the lubrication of bearings of light high speed engines, machines and shafting:

Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil, Extra A
Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil Extra B
Gargoyle Vacuoline Oil B
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### Gargoyle Velocite Oils

Light bodied oils for the lubrication of textile machines:

Gargoyle Velocite Oil, Bleached
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, A
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, B
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, C
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, D
Gargoyle Velocite Oil, E

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(Continued from Page 34)

because of his credit with Coolidge and Hamlin; and anything he did to disturb the credit situation would be a reflection upon his good faith in accepting the differential. He was also sustained by the knowledge that the encyclopedia was published annually, in October, and that the net profits would be ample to take up the Coolidge notes and to reduce the Hamlin obligation to a mere whisper, and thereby to justify the whole transaction.

He did, however, open a personal account in Coolidge's bank. He thought it was only fair to Charlie Coolidge. With the deposit of this money he shifted a large part of his conscience to the right side of the ledger; not that he condoned his earlier subterfuges, but that Coolidge and Hamlin were now doubly guaranteed against loss. The danger of financial trouble was absolutely eliminated; only the moral risk remained. And Gossip had put two more issues on the news stands; the other Mr. Benedict stayed incommunicado in the West; there was apparently nothing but Stephen's own decalogue to worry him—that is, unless he chose to worry about Betty Paget.

He knew that Coolidge was writing to her, because Coolidge mentioned it, casually enough, on the train. Stephen was in doubt whether he himself should write, too; and while he vacillated he wondered what on earth he could say to her if he did write. He didn't care to confess his sins to her by mail, and even if he did, the confession, if it were full and complete, would have had to go to her by parcel post. He speculated whether the moment for confession hadn't gone by anyway. And Betty had left Oakmont under circumstances which made the correspondence peculiarly difficult.

While he was vacillating he got a picture post card from her. It was a humorous card, which portrayed a lady standing at bay on a chair, with a very small mouse at the foot of it, and it had as a legend: My! I Certainly Do Wish You Were Here!

Stephen regarded this work of art with profound interest, and visualized Miss Paget in the art of buying it, and directing it, and mailing it. He could see, very clearly, her capricious, tantalizing smile. And after some little deliberation Stephen went down to the drug store and bought a picture post card with a photograph of the Oakmont Episcopal Church on it, and sent it to her with the annotation: "What for? To bait the trap with?" He prided himself that this was pretty subtle, but Betty was a clever girl and he was fairly confident that she would get it.

With Miss Cartwright during these days he wasn't bothered about subtlety. Often he had to stay in town until half past nine or ten, juggling the details of his consolidation, and on these nights he used to telephone to Aunt Emma—seldom to Miss Cartwright—and ask if he might assist in solving the servant problem. Once or twice a week Miss Cartwright, arriving at the apartment, would find Stephen busy in the kitchenette or talking quietly to Aunt Emma; indeed, she was eventually forced to reprove him and to tell him that he had volunteered as a friend and not as a permanent incumbent.

"What's the matter?" he demanded quizzically. "Have I worn the 'Welcome' off the doormat?"

Miss Cartwright denied it. "But if there was ever the least misunderstanding about it, Stephen; and you're coming here so much ——"

Stephen assumed an air of haughtiness. "Where else would you prefer to talk about business, madam? Out on the curb?"

"Business?" she echoed. "That's the first I'd heard of it!"

"Confirming our previous conversation—what sort of a house did you have?"

Miss Cartwright was pessimistic. "Not good. They're about ready to put up the notice."

"Do you still think the play has the stuff in it?"

"I know it has."

Stephen coughed delicately. "Lucy, would you mind telling me what they offered to sell you a half interest for?"

"Why, no. It was twenty-five thousand."

"Couldn't you raise it?"

"Why, it was offered to me, but ——"

In her voice Stephen caught the note that was always present when she spoke of the other Mr. Benedict.

"Was it—did he want to do that for you?"

She nodded.

"And you wouldn't let him, Lucy?"

"I wouldn't dream of it!" This time her tone was indignant.

Stephen exhaled slowly. "I've been thinking it over for several days, Lucy. I've seen the play and I've heard people talk, and I believe you're right. It's got great stuff in it. Well, I've substituted in a lot of different ways for the other Mr. Benedict ——"

"Stephen!"

He bent forward. "Would you let me try it once more?"

She was troubled, and made no effort to deceive him.

"Just what are you suggesting, Stephen? I don't understand you."

He was very serious. "I'm suggesting," he said, "that I put up twenty-five thousand dollars and buy the half interest. And then I'm suggesting that you take the piece and remodel it to suit yourself. That would be part of the bargain. You said it was, didn't you? Well, I want to have a try at it. No, I'm not crazy. I've thought it all over, and I want to do it. What you'd get out of it would be satisfaction—if you got any; and what I'd get out of it would be profit—if I got any. Don't you see it's worth trying?"

Miss Cartwright twisted her fingers. "But, Stephen, we've got to be sensible. Can you afford it?"

"Oh, no," he said frankly. "That's why it's so fascinating. Listen, and I'll tell you a secret. As far back as I can remember I never in all my life took what I knew at the time was a financial chance. Now I want to. I'm going to. I've got some money that came to me when I didn't expect it; when I really hadn't earned it. I haven't the least notion what to do with it. It's burning a hole in my pocket. And, in a sense, I never could have got it at all if it hadn't been for you, so I'm only too glad to use it this way if you'll let me. And I've seen you in that play, and we've talked it over a lot, and I know you've got the right idea about it. I believe there's money in it. I believe you'd be happy in it. I don't have to be a practical theatrical man to know that; it's common sense. What business are you doing now?"

"About twelve thousand a week, I should think," she said, abstracted.

"Is there any profit in that?"

"Only a very, very little."

Stephen opened his hands. "Well, suppose you did it over. Couldn't you improve it enough to draw, say, fourteen thousand a week? That isn't a big difference. Don't you think you could do that much? And that would mean that in twenty-five weeks I'd have my money back."

"And besides that," she said, "the stock rights would be worth something then, and so would the picture rights." She smiled faintly and shook her head. "You're a perfect dear to think of it, but it's too wild, Stephen. It's too wild. I couldn't let you do it."

"Too wild for what?" he demanded belligerently.

"Too wild for you."

"Oh, no, it isn't," said Stephen with supreme confidence. "It's just wild enough. And besides, I've talked it all over with Aunt Emma, and she says it's all right, and I can go ahead."

Miss Cartwright sat straighter. "Aunt Emma says so?"

"Ask her," said Stephen.

Aunt Emma, summoned from the kitchenette, heard the question and provided a ready answer.

"Why," she said in her motherly way, "I told Stephen that if he was silly enough to want to put his good money into a play like that, he'd probably be just silly enough to do some other rash thing with it if you didn't let him—and so I said, under those circumstances, I thought you'd be silly if you didn't let him."

The three of them argued about it until very late, but the upshot of it was that Stephen acquired a few days later a half interest in the play, which had run four weeks, for twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars. They brought in a good "doctor" and engaged a new director; they had two acts entirely rewritten and the third cut to fit; and in ten days' time the original producers, who had been asleep on watch, offered to buy back Stephen's interest at a premium.

Stephen laughed and respectfully declined. And in the seventh week Miss Cartwright played to seventeen thousand dollars, and Stephen began to replenish his personal account in Charlie Coolidge's bank.

## XI

THERE were many days when Stephen, contemplating his ventures and the manner in which he had entered into them, felt that he stood at the crater of a volcano that was just preparing to erupt. From accidental complications he had gone on willfully to a height that offered no easy graded descent, but only a jumping-off place. And as the calendar continued its steady march toward infinity, and the day of Miss Paget's return to Oakmont came nearer and nearer, Stephen was aware that sooner or later he must take the jump. On the precise day of her return, however, Coolidge came up behind him and tried to push him off

Now the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes was wont to demonstrate, repeatedly, that it is the simplest sort of evidence that is oftenest overlooked. Charlie Coolidge, who at any moment in the past eight weeks could have begun the most superficial sort of investigation and punctured Stephen's bubble with ridiculous ease, had simply never thought of doubting the evidence already in his possession. But a new stenographer in his office came in to ask for enlightenment concerning a letter he had dictated: a personal letter recommending a high-class public-utility bond.

"Which Mr. Stephen Benedict?" she inquired.

Coolidge glanced up. "Is there more than one? Why, Mr. Stephen Benedict in the City Building. But I want this to go to his house, so he'll have time to read it."

"That's the River Apartments?"

Coolidge shook his head. "No—it's Oakmont."

The stenographer was anxious to please, but she was puzzled. "But the Mr. Stephen Benedict who's in the City Building lives in the River Apartments, Mr. Coolidge. I looked it up."

"Nonsense! He lives two blocks from me in Oakmont."

The stenographer yielded hard. "All right, but the directory says ——"

"You bring it to me," said Coolidge with paternal indulgence, "and if you can prove it I'll buy some spectacles. If you can't you'd better go and see an oculist yourself."

When he had finished apologizing Coolidge sat back in his chair and began to think. Once or twice he shook his head contemptuously, but in the end his curiosity got the better of him, and he sent to the files for Stephen's docket. Then with a profound sense of injustice to Stephen he put in a call for the broker whose statement was still in the files. While he waited he told himself that this was mighty distasteful business, but that a banker mustn't allow himself to entertain the first suspicion against a client. Especially a client who was also a friend—and rival.

Yes, the broker knew Mr. Stephen Benedict very well. Hadn't seen him for a month; he was out of town. . . . Why, he was a short stocky young man with a black mustache. Talked like a Britisher. . . . Did they know any other Mr. Stephen Benedict? Yes, they had heard of one; the post office frequently confused them.

Coolidge's eyes were hard and his motions were brisk. He called the River Apartments; Mr. Stephen Benedict, as described, was a tenant there, but he'd been out of town for a month. . . . Yes, his mail was all mixed up with another man's; the other man had an office in the City Building.

Coolidge put on his hat and went over to the bank where Stephen had formerly kept his personal account. Then he discovered easily enough from a receiving teller in his own bank what had been the source of Stephen's thirty-thousand-dollar deposit.

He tried to reach Stephen by telephone, but Stephen had gone for the day. Coolidge was tempted to get in touch next with Mr. Anthony Hamlin, but as he realized his own position in the matter he hesitated. He was impelled to report at once to his superiors, but his cheeks reddened at the thought of what would certainly be said to him. He had authorized the loan on his own responsibility, and if Stephen had hoodwinked him Coolidge knew the answer. It would be his formal resignation. Perhaps it was better, under the circumstances, to talk to Stephen first.

The instant that he reached Oakmont he took a taxicab to the inn, but Stephen had just gone to dine with the Hamlins. Coolidge telephoned him.

"I've got to see you to-night without fail, Stephen. It's important business."

"Well—going up to the club after dinner?"

"I expect to."

"All right," said Stephen cheerfully, "I'll see you there."

"Please be very sure you do," said Coolidge, and rang off abruptly.

By this time he was so thoroughly upset that he had lost his appetite; and when he went home to dress he tied the poorest batwing of the decade. By a quarter past eight he was pacing the veranda of the clubhouse and quivering with impatience; the sight of Stephen emerging from the Hamlin limousine inflamed him.

"Stephen—I've got to have ten minutes with you right away!"

Mrs. Hamlin, the dictator, looked at Coolidge with mild dismay. "Why, Charlie! Don't you know the Pagets just got in, and they're coming up directly? I don't think Betty would be awfully happy if you didn't meet her—do you?"

"We'll be back," said Coolidge, more shortly than the men of Oakmont generally spoke to Mrs. Hamlin. He left her staring, and he drew Stephen down to the lawn.

"Well," said Stephen, amused, "what's all the hurry about, old man?"

Coolidge cleared his throat. "Stephen, this afternoon I ran across some things that didn't look just right, and I traced them down. This is no time or place for quibbling—I'm sorry I couldn't get hold of you sooner. I want you to tell me just how much you know about another man named Stephen Benedict."

Stephen lost his smile. "I know a very great deal about him. What of it?"

Coolidge's jaw came forward. "What of it?" His voice rose a semitone. "Stephen, you know mighty damned well what of it! You know where this puts me with my bank, and where it might put you. And you know what you've got out of it too!" His accusing finger was pointed straight at Stephen. "And before Betty gets here to-night, you and I are going to settle this between us. You fooled me all right—I'll admit it—but that sort of fooling isn't a joke on the statute books. That'll take care of itself. I notice you haven't denied it, but ——"

"Denied what?" Stephen was provokingly cool, but his heart was thumping.

"Denied what you did! Denied you deliberately brought us a false statement—that is, somebody else's statement—to help you get credit."

"Why, if I didn't deny that before, then I do now," said Stephen. "I deliberately did nothing of the sort."

Coolidge shook himself. "I won't call you a liar, but ——"

Stephen gave a start.

"You'd better not, Charlie!" His tone became freezing. "What is it—do you want your confounded note paid? I can pay it to-morrow."

"I know you can, but that doesn't signify!" Coolidge was breathing rapidly. "You put one over on us, Stephen. You put it over good and plenty. I tell you, I've traced it back. And look what it's got you in Oakmont! Look where it got you with with Betty Paget, for instance. And Betty's coming home to-night! I've played fair; I've played fair all along. I thought you were man enough to do the same. And then you try to get the inside track." He had to stop and swallow in his excitement. "I've had enough of it, and I'm through! You can make up your mind to this much: Either you're going to tell her or I am! And we'll go through with the rest of it to-morrow morning. But to-night you're going to come out with the truth or I'm going to come out with it for you!"

Stephen shook his head very slowly. "No—no, we're not."

Coolidge gasped his amazement. "What makes you think I'm not?"

Stephen put out his hand. "Why, because you don't need to."

At the echo of a gay little laugh behind them both men turned sharply.

"Is this the way you welcome the weary traveler?" She paused. "Why, what's the matter?"

"We're talking," said Coolidge, and in his agitation he forgot even to offer her a greeting

Perplexedly she came the last few steps. "But your voices are so funny, and everything."

"Are they?" Coolidge struggled to control himself, and Miss Paget watched him a moment and then turned imperatively to Stephen. She assumed, perhaps excusably, that she herself was the subject of dissension.

"You two mustn't quarrel. I won't have it! And the first minute I'm here too."

"There's no quarrel," said Stephen soberly. "Charlie's been taking too much for granted. Let me just finish what I was saying, Betty. You'll excuse me a second? Charlie, I said you didn't need to. And the reason is just this: It was an accident, and it was absolutely unintentional. By the time I found it out it had gone too far to stop. You'd gone off to play golf and I couldn't reach you. Don't you remember what else happened that same day? Don't you remember that you went spilling the story all over the place before I could possibly stop you? But even if there was a mistake, you people were protected; you were protected every minute. If you don't believe me I'll try to prove it to you—some other time. But if I were in your place, Charlie, I think I'd forget it; in fact, I'm quite sure I would. It's the best thing for everybody concerned. You can suit yourself though. That's all, Betty."

Miss Paget, who had listened, uncomprehending, again became vivacious. "How's your actress friend, Stephen?"

"All right," he said. "We're sort of partners now. I bought a half interest in her show."

There was a prolonged silence. At length Miss Paget slipped her arm through Coolidge's.

"Well," she said, with a dry little laugh, "Charlie and I are sort of partners, too—only different." She clung desperately to Coolidge. "You're—you're one of our best f-friends, Stephen—so I want you to be the very f-first to know we—we're engaged!"

The expression on Coolidge's face was remarkable for its assortment of emotions. It was hardly five minutes since he had betrayed the liveliest fear of Stephen's rivalry. But Stephen, profoundly moved by what Betty Paget had done, and profoundly sympathetic with her motives for doing it, couldn't smile. Indeed he had to put forth an effort to keep the tears out of his eyes; for until she had teased and battered the spirit out of him he himself had loved her too.

### XII

IN THE morning Stephen went in on the train with Coolidge; and when he arrived at his office he was happier than he had been for months. He had told the bitter truth to Coolidge, and after a short struggle Coolidge had succumbed to irresistible laughter and laughed until he cried. They had then taken oath, mutually, that the comic secret should live and die between them, and they had parted with an exchange of congratulations and best wishes forever.

As he stepped briskly into his office Stephen was met by his efficient secretary.

"The other Mr. Benedict's come back," she said, "and he left word to ask if you couldn't run up and see him at his apartment any time this morning. He said he'd come here, only he's packing to go away again somewhere."

Stephen had removed his hat, but he immediately replaced it. "You call up and tell him I'm on the way, Miss Capron." And he went out even more briskly than he had come in.

The other Mr. Benedict lived in a very fashionable quarter of the city, and in a very fashionable apartment. A manservant ushered Stephen into a living room with fine old furniture and exquisite prints; but the room was in chaos and it required no Sherlock Holmes to deduce that the other Mr. Benedict was moving.

From the letters he had opened by mistake, and from the telephone calls that had come to him by mistake, and from that fatal visit of Mr. Hawksford, of Gossip, Stephen had gathered an impression that was now confirmed. The other Mr. Benedict was undoubtedly a young man with a sturdy income. He was presumably very much of an aristocrat, and something of a snob as well. Stephen could see the picture very accurately; he could visualize the other Mr. Benedict as a composition of Jack Barrymore and Charles Cherry, with perhaps a touch of Douglas Fairbanks in addition.

To his consternation the stocky young man who came lazily toward him was almost bald, and he was very homely, and he had a ragged little black mustache, which was far more suggestive of Mr. Chaplin than of Mr. Fairbanks. Finally—and this was the hardest blow of all—he was dressed not half so neatly as Stephen. But the other Mr. Benedict was pleasant, and he had a very affable and ingratiating smile. That smile was vaguely, puzzlingly familiar to Stephen.

"My dear chap, I'm delighted! I've wanted so much to meet you. What will you smoke—cigar or cigarette? And could you by any chance be persuaded ——" His eyebrows completed the sentence with the proper climax.

"Thanks ever so much. You talked me into it," said Stephen, in Coolidge's best manner.

The other Mr. Benedict sat down on a packing box and smiled broadly. "My dear fellow, I feel as though I know you almost as well as I do myself. And what chatty letters your tailor writes, to be sure. Do you know, I was positive they could never be meant for me. And I had the greatest difficulty once in persuading an officer—a process server or something of that sort—that your jury summons couldn't be mine, because my actual residence is in England and my legal residence, if I have one in this country, is in Illinois."

"You're an Englishman, I take it?" asked Stephen. His memory was building up a dim perspective—the Middle West, college, and someone who had looked like the other Mr. Benedict.

"Half and half," said the other Mr. Benedict. "I was born in Chicago and educated at Oxford. Then I traveled about a bit—I'm by way of being a mining engineer—and came back to America only a short while ago. I'm going to England again."

Stephen's gaze drifted toward the doorway, through which the manservant was bearing twin glasses, frosty, tinkling and redolent of mint.

"You're sailing soon?"

"Quite right. This afternoon, in fact. Your very good health, sir."

Stephen surveyed the room and shook his head dubiously. "Can you make it? Make the boat, I mean?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. I'm just taking a few pieces of luggage with me. The rest will follow."

Stephen set down his glass and braced himself. "If you're sailing as soon as all that, though, you can't afford to waste too much time on me. I'm glad I caught you, Mr. Benedict, because I've got a very abject apology to make. It's about that rot that Gossip printed. You see, they sent a man to see me ——"

"Did they really?" The other Mr. Benedict appeared to be annoyed.

"Yes, thinking of course that they were seeing you. I saw the point and I tried to get word to you, but you were out of town. But if I'd warned you ——"

The other Mr. Benedict was forgiving. "It doesn't matter. It doesn't really. Of course I was sorry that little Lucy Cartwright was dragged into it. Ripping fine girl; simply ripping! But I know the way the silly blighters work, so as soon as I saw the story I sent them a small check. I'm afraid you've been embarrassed, old chap, but the thing's quite over now, and after to-day you'll be the only Stephen Benedict in the directory—if that's a consolation to you."

"Why," said Stephen, "are you going for good?"

"Or for worse," said the other Mr. Benedict blandly, "and I don't quite know which it is. Life's but a gambler's chance, you know."

Stephen sat up. "I can't get over the feeling that I've seen you somewhere, Mr. Benedict." Suddenly he sprang to his feet. "Why, I've got it! That's what Mr. Hawksford meant when he called me 'Blair.' I remember; it was in sophomore year! A crowd of us were out looking for excitement, and somebody said we'd go to Lorenzo Blair's! Why"—he caught his breath—"why, you're the image of him!"

The other Mr. Benedict was crimson, but he held his chin very high. "You don't need to shout it to the housetops, dear chap. I'll not deny it—at least to you. Lorenzo Blair was my father. That's what all this wretched stuff in Gossip was about. That was their leverage."

Stephen was gazing at him, thunderstruck. "Then your name isn't Stephen Benedict at all!"

The other Mr. Benedict shook his head. "Stephen Blair," he said quietly. He came over and put his hand on Stephen's shoulder. "Old chap," he said, "don't think me wholly a bounder. When I came back to America a year ago I found I had a little fortune waiting for me, but I couldn't live in Chicago; don't you see? I was known there, and a gambler's son isn't welcome in the sort of society I like and the sort of society I'd grown accustomed to in England. But I wanted to live in America, so I came here. But I tried to play the game on my own, so I borrowed a name, and it chanced to be yours. I'm not ashamed of my father; he was honest and generous and always kind, but"—he lifted his shoulders—"perhaps he had me educated out of my class. At any rate I wanted to try New York, and I did, and I've been cordially received, too, by some of the best people. But I can't stay. The story won't keep; and when it breaks I've no place here. I'm going back to England, where I've my friends. I had a season here—rather pleasantly—but I knew that when Gossip somehow found me out I was doomed socially; and I sent them a check merely to hush them up for a short time and to keep me in countenance until I'd sailed. I should have hated to be cut socially or made the subject of a silly sensation before I left.

"And besides all that, old fellow, I've had a very, very serious disappointment recently, and I couldn't stay here, anyway. But before I go, if it will please you to know it, I have an appointment here with this Hawksford person at two o'clock punctually. I had my man ring up their office and ask that the person who was responsible for that article call here at that time. And I may add, dear chap, that I was the university champion middleweight for three consecutive terms. Could you possibly estimate, by any chance, how much the Hawksford individual would weigh?"

Stephen grinned. "Why, about a hundred and seventy, I should judge—but look here! I don't want to be arrested for it."

The other Mr. Benedict waved his hand carelessly. "There's no danger of that; positively none at all. My man will be here as the witness—and also the referee. But I really expect, dear fellow, that his services will be confined almost exclusively to the former occupation."

Then they both laughed.

### XIII

STEPHEN went to lunch at the Cartwright apartment and behaved himself in such an extraordinary fashion that both the women kept staring at him in bewilderment. Alternately he was as grave as a deacon and as mad as an archhatter; nor would he explain to them the reason for either of his moods or his reason for continually glancing at the clock. After lunch was finished, however, and Aunt Emma had taken herself away on a shopping tour he finally managed to compose himself.

Miss Cartwright was deep in a luxurious divan, and Stephen came over to establish himself beside her. She made way for him and gave him a friendly little smile.

"What on earth has been the matter with you to-day, Stephen?"

"Oh, I've had so many different things to think about."

"What sort of things? Sad and funny both—to make you act like that?"

"Yes," he said, "sad and funny both. By the way, you'll be interested to know that Miss Paget announced her engagement last night. To Mr. Coolidge. Remember him?"

"Yes, very well."

She wasn't looking at Stephen at all; she felt that some additional comment was necessary, but she could find no inspiration to make it.

"I'm going to confess to you," he said earnestly. "I'd have done it before, only it wouldn't have been quite fair to Betty. The day you came out there to Oakmont, when we'd planned the whole thing for you to sort of plead my case for me—well, I kept her away from you on purpose."

Miss Cartwright was absorbed by her own fingers. "She cared a great deal for you, Stephen. I saw her look at you."

"I'd cared a great deal for her too." He spent a sigh in remembrance. "But it couldn't go on. We weren't suited for each other. She didn't like me the way I was, and I couldn't have stood her flirting. Coolidge is the man for her. It's turned out best for everybody. And it was that day—the day you came out there—that I woke up. So I didn't want you to talk to her, after all. I just defaulted. But I can't pretend I wasn't fond of her." His eyes had depths in them, and Miss Cartwright was very observing.

"Is—is that what's resting so heavily on your mind, Stephen?"

Stephen raised his head. "No, I wouldn't call it that. I can't describe what my feelings are about it. I'm not really thinking of it any more. I'm thinking of something else entirely. It's about—oh, the whole thing. The play."

"It'll make you a fortune," she said presently. "It's begun already."

"It looks that way." He was singularly lacking in enthusiasm. "But it'll be the only play I'll ever have anything to do with. Once is enough. I like my own little office too well. We're getting on our feet over there; it'll be slow work, but eventually it'll net me twenty or thirty thousand a year. This one play's a very fine thing, of course, but I don't like the stage, and I never shall. I wasn't brought up to it."

Miss Cartwright had turned her profile toward him, but her profile was exquisite.

"For that matter, I wasn't exactly brought up to it either."

Stephen bent down to her. "Well," he said hastily, "would you be willing to give it up then—when I do?"

She drew a little away and gave him brief apprehensive glances that nearly paralyzed him. He bent closer.

"We'd have a house in the country somewhere. Aunt Emma, too; I'd want her there. We'd have it almost anywhere but Oakmont. And a garden and flowers and not so very much noise and excitement. We'd always be comfortable, dear, but wouldn't ever be rich."

Tentatively he put a little morocco case into her lap; it contained a ring. Then another, and a larger case.

"I bought that one because, oh, you'll understand. As a matter of fact, it's the very same watch, dear. I asked for it, and they found it for me. I wanted it; it's sort of symbolic. You wouldn't let him buy part of your play, but you let me. You wouldn't take that as a gift from him, but won't you take it from me, dear?" He touched the spring and the platinum glistened and the diamonds flashed in the subdued light. "I don't know whether I've made it sound so very interesting," he said, under his breath, "but I hope you'll take them. And—and marry me very soon—if you're going to—Lucy."

Miss Cartwright sat motionless. Slowly her hand crept out to the little morocco cases and closed round them. Suddenly she went to refuge against his shoulder.

"As—as soon as you want me, Stephen," she whispered. "And—and I've got an—an awfully capable understudy!"

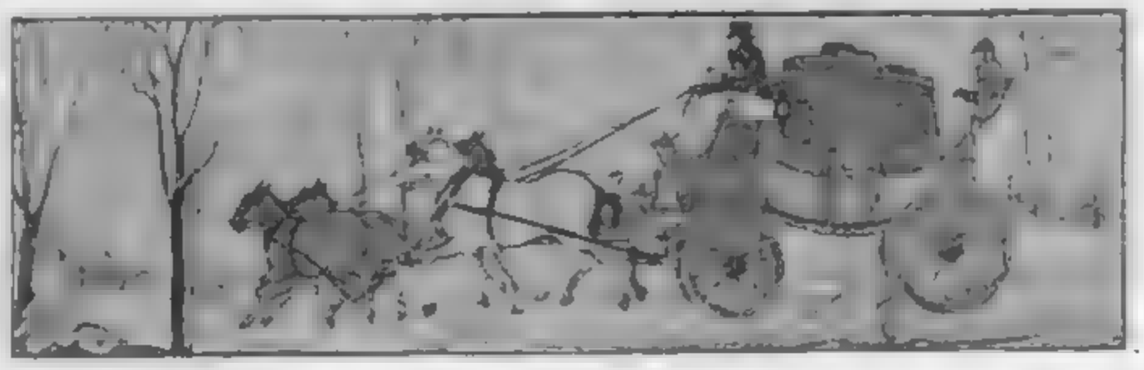
At half past five she was speaking dreamily of the past, and she mentioned the other Mr. Benedict.

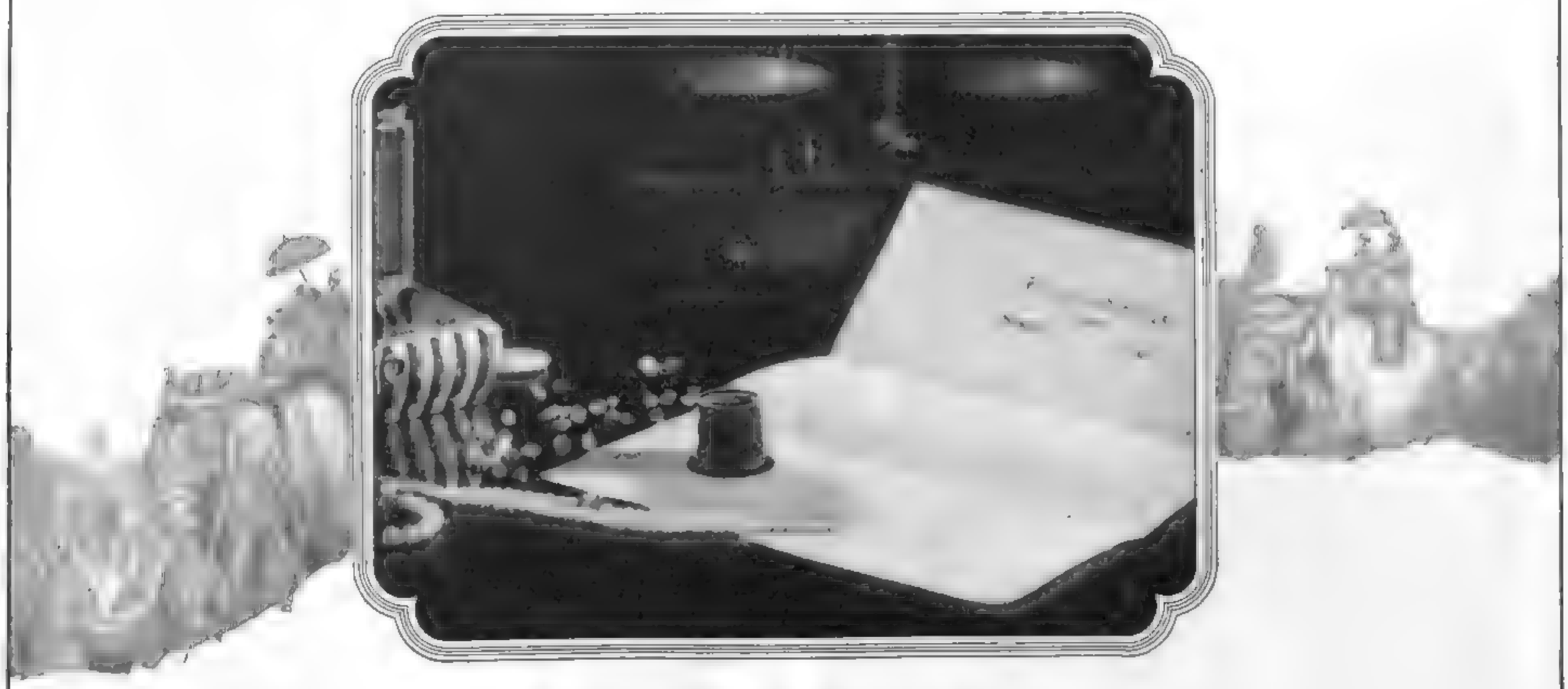
"Poor boy," she said softly. "The poor, funny boy! But he brought us together, dear, didn't he? I wonder where on earth he is now?"

Stephen looked at the clock and grinned happily.

"Why, if he isn't in a police station, darling, he's just passing Sandy Hook." He kissed her thoughtfully and resumed his grin. "But somehow, all things considered, my guess is that he's passing Sandy Hook."

(THE END)





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# THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

(Continued from Page 13)

*They Was Both Grinning Like They Always Do When They'ee Pulled Something Nutty*

IV

"You'd think," says Ella, "that some of these women was titled royalties the way they snap at you when you try and be friends with them. But they's only one in the bunch that's got any handle to her name; that's Lady Perkins."

I asked her which one was that.

"You know," says Ella. "I pointed her out to you in the dining room. She's a nice-looking woman, about thirty-five, that sets near our table and walks with a cane."

"If she eats like some of the rest of them," I says, "she's lucky they don't have to w'eel her."

"She's English," says Ella. "They just come over and her husband's in Texas on some business and left her here. She's the one that's got that dog."

"That dog!" I said. "You might just as well tell me she's the one that don't play the mouth organ. They've all got a dog."

"She's got two," said the wife. "But the one I meant is that big German police dog that I'm scared to death of him. Haven't you saw her out walking with him and the little chow?"

"Yes," I said, "if that's what it is. I always wondered what the boys in the Army was talking about when they said they eat chow."

"They probably meant chowchow," says the Mrs. "They wouldn't of had these kind of chows, because in the first place, who would eat a dog, and besides these kind costs too much."

"Well," I says, "I'm not interested in the price of chows, but if you want to get acquainted with Lady Perkins, why I can probably fix it for you."

"Yes, you'll fix it!" said Ella. "I'm beginning to think that if we'd of put you in storage for the summer the folks round here wouldn't shy away from us like we was leopards that had broke out of a pesthouse. I wished you would try and dress up once in a w'ile and not always look like you was just going to do the chores. Then maybe I and Sis might get somewheres."

WELL, of course when I told her I could probably fix it up with Lady Perkins, I didn't mean nothing. But it wasn't only the next morning when I started making good. I was up and dressed and downstairs about half past eight, and as the gals wasn't ready for their breakfast yet I went out on the porch and set down. They wasn't nobody else there, but pretty soon I seen Lady Perk come up the path with her two whelps. When she got to the porch steps their nurse popped out of the servants' quarters and took them round to the grill-room for their breakfast. I s'pose the big one ordered sauerkraut and kalter Aufschnitt, w'ile the chow had tea and eggs fo yung. Anyway, the Perkins dame come up on the porch and flopped into the chair next to mine.

In a few minutes Ed Wurz, the manager of the hotel, showed, with a bag of golf instruments and a trick suit. He spotted me and asked me if I didn't want to go along with him and play.

"No," I said. "I only played once in my life."

"That don't make no difference," he says. "I'm a bum myself. I just play shinny, you might say."

"Well," I says, "I can't anyway, on account of my dogs. They been giving me a lot of trouble."

Of course I was referring to my feet, but he hadn't no sooner than went on his way when Lady Perkins swung round on me and says: "I didn't know you had dogs. Where do you keep them?"

At first I was going to tell her "In my shoes," but I thought I might as well enjoy myself, so I said: "They're in the dog hospital over to Haverton."

"What ails them?" she asked me.

Well, I didn't know nothing about canine diseases outside of hydrophobia, which don't come till August, so I had to make one up.

"They got blanny," I told her.

"Blanny!" she says. "I never heard of it before."

"No," I said. "It hasn't only been discovered in this country just this year. It got carried up here from Peru some way another."

"Oh, it's contagious, then!" says Lady Perkins.

"Worse than measles or lockjaw," says I. "You take a dog that's been in the same house with a dog that's got blanny, and it's a miracle if they don't all get it."

She asked me if I'd had my dogs in the hotel.

"Only one day," I says, "the first day we come, about a week ago. As soon as I seen what was the matter with them, I took them over to Haverton in a sanitary truck."

"Was they mingling with the other dogs here?" she says.

"Just that one day," I said.

"Heavens!" said Lady Perkins. "And what's the symptoms?"

"Well," I said, "first you'll notice that they keep their tongue stuck out a lot and they're hungry a good deal of the time, and finally they show up with a rash."

"Then what happens?" she says.

"Well," said I, "unless they get the best of treatment, they kind of dismember."

Then she asked me how long it took for the symptoms to show after a dog had been exposed. I told her any time between a week and four months.

"My dogs has been awful hungry lately," she says, "and they most always keeps their tongue stuck out. But they haven't no rash."

"You're all right, then," I says. "If you give them treatments before the rash shows up, they's no danger."

"What's the treatment?" she asked me.

"You rub the back of their neck with some kind of dope," I told her. "I forget what it is, but if you say the word, I can get you a bottle of it when I go over to the hospital this afternoon."

"I'd be ever so much obliged," she says, "and I hope you'll find your dear ones a whole lot better."

"Dear ones is right," I said. "They cost a pile of jack, and the bird I bought them off of told me I should ought to get them insured, but I didn't. So if anything happens to them now, I'm just that much out."

Next she asked me what kind of dogs they was.

"Well," I said, "you might maybe never of heard of them, as they don't breed them nowheres only way down in Dakota. They call them yaphounds—I don't know why; maybe on account of the noise they make. But they're certainly a grand-looking dog and they bring a big price."

She set there a w'ile longer and then got up and went inside, probably to the nursery to look for signs of rash.

Of course I didn't tell the Mrs. and Kate nothing about this incidence. They wouldn't of believed it if I had of, and besides, it would be a knock-out if things broke right and Lady Perkins come up and spoke to me w'ile they was present, which is just what happened.

During the afternoon I strolled over to the drug store and got me an empty pint bottle. I took it up in the room and filled it with water and shaving soap. Then I laid low till evening, so as Perk would think I had went to Haverton.

I and Ella and Kate breezed in the dining room kind of late and we hadn't no more than ordered when I seen the Lady get up and start out. She had to pass right past us, and when I looked at her and smiled she stopped.

"Well," she said, "how's your dogs?"

I got up from the table.

"A whole lot better, thank you," says I, and then I done the honors. "Lady Perkins," I said, "meet the wife and sister-in-law."

The two gals staggered from their chairs, both popeyed. Lady Perkins bowed to them and told them to set down. If she hadn't the floor would of bounced up and hit them in the chin.

"I got a bottle for you," I said. "I left it upstairs and I'll fetch it down after supper."

"I'll be in the red card room," says Perk, and away she went.

I wished you could of see the two gals. They couldn't talk for a minute, for the first time in their life. They just set there with their mouth open like a baby blackbird. Then they both broke out with a rash of questions that come so fast I couldn't understand none of them, but the general idear was, What the hell!

"They's no mystery about it," I said. "Lady Perkins was setting out on the porch this morning and you two was late getting down to breakfast, so I took a walk, and when I come back she noticed that I kind of limped and asked me what ailed my feet. I told her they always swoll up in warm weather and she said she was troubled the same way and did I know any medicine that shrank them. So I told her I had a preparation and would bring her a bottle of it."

"But," says Kate, "I can't understand a woman like she speaking to a man she don't know."

"She's been eying me all week," I said. "I guess she didn't have the nerve to break the ice up to this morning; then she got desperate."

"She must of," said Ella.

"I wished," said Kate, "that when you introduce me to people you'd give them my name."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I couldn't recall it for a minute, though your face is familiar."

"But listen," says the wife. "What ails your dogs is a corn. You haven't got no swelled feet and you haven't got no medicine for them."

"Well," I says, "what I give her won't hurt her. It's just a bottle of soap and water that I mixed up, and pretty near everybody uses that once in a w'ile without no bad after effects."

Now, the whole three of us had been eating pretty good ever since we'd came to the Decker. After living à la carte at Big Town prices for six months, the American plan was sweet patootie. But this night the gals

(Continued on Page 42)

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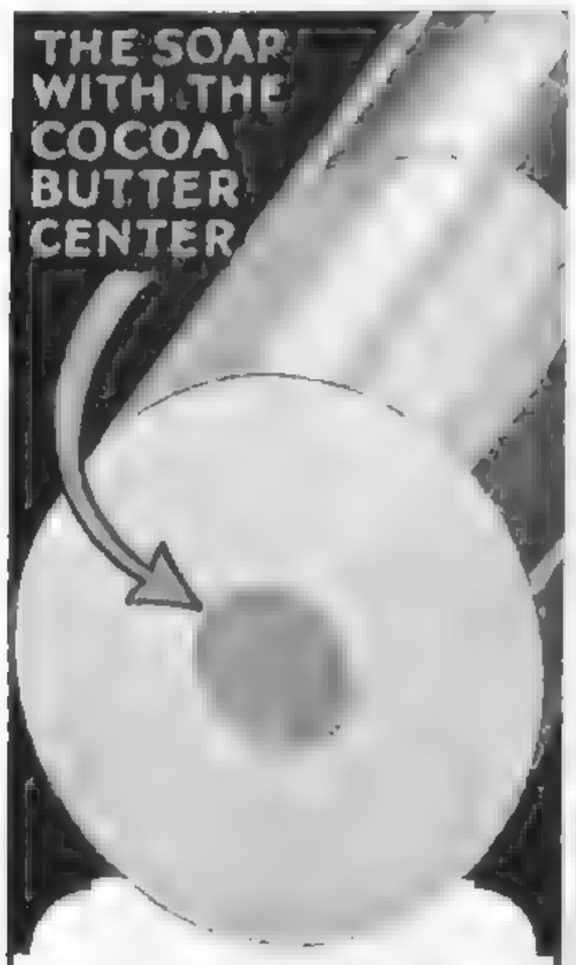


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*(Continued from Page 40)*

not only skrimped themselfs but they was in such a hurry for me to get through that my molars didn't hardly have time to identify what all was scampering past them. Ella finally got so nervous that I had to take off the feed bag without dipping my bill into the stewed rhubarb.

"Lady Perkins will get tired waiting for you," she says. "And besides, she won't want us horning in there and interrupting them after their game's started."

"Us!" said I. "How many do you think it's going to take to carry this bottle?"

"You don't mean to say we can't go with you!" said Kate.

"You certainly can't," I says. "I and the nobility won't have our little romance knocked for a gool by a couple of country gals that can't get on speaking terms with nobody but the chambermaid."

"But they'll be other people there," says Kate. "She can't play cards alone."

"Who told you she was going to play cards?" I says. "She picked the red card room because we ain't liable to be interrupted there. As for playing cards alone, what else have I done all week? But when I get there she won't have to play solitary. It'll be two-handed hearts; where if you was to crowd in, it couldn't be nothing but rummy."

Well, they finally dragged me from the table, and the gals took a seat in the lobby w'ile I went upstairs after the medicine. But I hadn't no sooner than got a hold of the bottle when Ella come in the room.

"Listen," she says. "They's a catch in this somewheres. You needn't to try and tell me that a woman like Lady Perkins is trying to start a flirtation with a yahoo. Let's hear what really come off."

"I already told you," I said. "The woman's nuts over me and you should ought to be the last one to find fault with her judgment."

Ella didn't speak for a w'ile. Then she says: "Well, if you're going to forget your marriage vows and flirt with an old hag like she, I guess two can play at that little game. They's several men round this hotel that I like their looks and all as they need is a little encouragement."

"More than a little, I guess," says I, "or else they'd of already been satisfied with what you and Kate has give them. They can't neither one of you pretend that you been fighting on the defense all week, and the reason you haven't copped nobody is because this place is a hotel, not a home for the blind."

I wrapped a piece of newspaper round the bottle and started for the door. But all of a sudden I heard snuffles and stopped.

"Look here," I said. "I been kidding you. They's no need for you to get sore and turn on the tear ducks. I'll tell you how this thing happened if you think you can see a joke."

So I give her the truth, and afterwards I says: "They'll be plenty of time for you and Kate to get acquainted with the dame, but I don't want you tagging in there with me to-night. She'd think we was too cordial. To-morrow morning, if you can manage to get up, we'll all three of us go out on the porch and lay for her when she brings the whelps back from their hike. She's sure to stop and inquire about my kennel. And don't forget, w'ile she's talking, that we got a couple of yaphounds that's suffering from blanny, and if she asks any questions let me do the answering, as I can think a lot quicker. You better tell Kate the secret, too, before she messes everything up, according to custom."

Then I and the Mrs. come downstairs and her and Katie went out to listen to the music w'ile I beat it to the red card room. I give Perkie the bottle of rash poison and she thanked me and said she would have the dogs' governess slap some of it onto them in the morning. She was playing bridge w'ist with another gal and two dudes. To look at their faces they wasn't playing for just pins. I had sense enough to not talk, but I stood there watching them a few minutes. Between hands Perk introduced me to the rest of the party. She had to ask my name first. The other skirt at the table was a Mrs. Snell and one of the dudes was a Doctor Platt. I didn't get the name of Lady Perkins' partner.

"Mr. Finch," says Perk, "is also a dog fancier. But his dogs is sick with a disease called blanny and he's got them over to the dog hospital at Haverton."

"What kind of dogs?" asked Platt.

"I never heard of the breed before," says Perk. "They're yaphounds."

"They raise them in South Dakota," I says.

Platt give me a funny look and said: "I been in South Dakota several times and I never heard of a yaphound neither; or I never heard of a disease named blanny."

"I s'pose not," says I. "You ain't the only old-fashion doctor that left themself go to seed when they got out of school. I bet you won't admit they's such a thing as appendicitis."

Well, this got a laugh from Lady Perkins and the other dude, but it didn't go very big with Doc or Mrs. Snell. W'ile Doc was trying to figure out a come-back I said I must go and look after my womenfolks. So I told the party I was glad to of met them and walked out.

I found Ella and Katie in the summer parlor, and they wasn't alone. A nice-looking young fella named Codd was setting alongside of them, and after we was introduced Ella leaned over and w'ispered to me that he was Bob Codd, the famous aviator. It come out that he had invented some new kind of an areoplane and had came to demonstrate it to the Williams Company. The company—Palmer Williams and his brother, you know—they've got their flying field a couple miles from the hotel. Well, a guy with nerve enough to go up in one of them things certainly ain't going to hesitate about speaking to a strange gal when he likes their looks. So this Codd baby had give himself an introduction to my Mrs. and Kate, and I guess they hadn't sprained an ankle running away from him.

Of course Ella wanted to know how I'd came out with Lady Perkins. I told her that we hadn't had much chance to talk because she was in a bridge game with three other people, but I'd met them and they'd all seemed to fall for me strong. Ella wanted to know who they was and I told her their names, all but the one I didn't get. She squealed when I mentioned Mrs. Snell.

"Did you hear that, Sis?" she says to Kate. "Tom's met Mrs. Snell. That's the woman, you know, that wears them funny clothes and has the two dogs."

"You're describing every woman in the hotel," I said.

"But this is *the* Mrs. Snell," said the wife. "Her husband's the sugar man and she's the daughter of George Henkel, the banker. They say she's a wonderful bridge player and don't never play only for great big stakes. I'm wild to meet her."

"Yes," I said, "if they's one person you should ought to meet, it's a wonderful bridge player that plays for great big stakes, especially when our expenses is making a bum out of our income and you don't know a grand slam from no dice."

"I don't expect to gamble with her," says Ella. "But she's just the kind of people we want to know."

Well, the four of us set there and talked about this and that, and Codd said he hadn't had time to get his machine put together yet, but when he had her fixed and tested her a few times he would take me up for a ride.

"You got the wrong number," I says. "I don't feel flighty."

"Oh, I'd just love it!" said Kate.

"Well," says Codd, "you ain't barred. But I don't want to have no passengers along till I'm sure she's working O. K."

When I and Ella was upstairs she said that Codd had told them he expected to sell his invention to the Williamses for a cold million. And he had took a big fancy to Kate.

"Well," I said, "they say that the reckless aviators makes the best ones, so if him and Kate gets married he'll be better than ever. He won't give a damn after that."

"You're always saying something nasty about Sis," said the Mrs.; "but I know you just talk to hear yourself talk. If I thought you meant it I'd walk out on you."

"I'd hate to lose you," I says, "but if you took her along I wouldn't write it down as a total loss."

▼

THE following morning I and the two gals was down on the porch bright and early and in a few minutes, sure enough, along come Lady Perkins, bringing the menagerie back from the parade. She turned them over to their nurse and joined us. She said that Martha, the nurse, had used the rash poison and it had made a kind of a lather on the dogs' necks and she didn't know whether to wash it off or not, but it had dried up in the sun. She asked me how many times a day the dope should ought to be put on, and I told her before every meal and at bedtime.

"But," I says, "it's best to not take the dogs right out in the sun where the lather'll dry. The blanny germ can't live in that kind of lather, so the longer it stays moist, why, so much the better."

Then she asked me was I going to Haverton to see my pets that day and I said yes, and she said she hoped I'd find them much improved. Then Ella cut in and said she understood that Lady Perkins was very fond of bridge.

"Yes, I am," says Perk. "Do you people play?"

"No, we don't," says Ella, "but we'd like to learn."

"It takes a long w'ile to learn to play good," said Perk. "But I do wished they was another real player in the hotel so as we wouldn't have to take Doctor Platt in. He knows the game, but he don't know enough to keep still. I don't mind people talking w'ile the cards is being dealt, but once the hands is picked up they ought to be absolute silence. Last night I lost about three hundred and seventy dollars just because he talked at the wrong time."

"Three hundred and seventy dollars!" said Kate. "My, you must play for big stakes!"

"Yes, we do," says Lady Perkins; "and when a person is playing for sums like that it ain't no time to trifle, especially when you're playing against an expert like Mrs. Snell."

"The game must be awfully exciting," said Ella. "I wished we could watch it sometime."

"I guess it wouldn't hurt nothing," says Perkie; "not if you kept still. Maybe you'd bring me luck."

"Was you going to play to-night?" asked Kate.

"No," says the Lady. "They's going to be a little dance here to-night and Mr. Snell's dance mad, so he insists on borrowing his wife for the occasion. Doctor Platt likes to dance too."

"We're all wild about it," says Kate. "Is this an invitation affair?"

"Oh, no," says Perk. "It's for the guests of the hotel."

Then she said good-by to us and went in the dining room. The rest of our conversation all day was about the dance and what should we wear, and how nice and democratic Lady Perkins was, and to hear her talk you wouldn't never know she had a title. I s'pose the gals thought she ought to stop every three or four steps and declare herself.

I made the announcement about noon that I wasn't going to partake in the grand ball. My corn was the alibi. But they wasn't no way to escape from dressing up and escorting the two gals into the grand ballroom and then setting there with them.

The dance was a knock-out. Outside of Ella and Kate and the aviator and myself, they was three couple. The Snells was there and so was Doctor Platt. He had a gal with him that looked like she might be his mother with his kid sister's clothes on. Then they was a pair of young shimmy shakers that ought to of been give their bottle and tucked in the hay at six P. M. A corn wouldn't of bothered them the way they danced; their feet wasn't involved in the transaction.

I and the Mrs. and Kate was the only ones there in evening clothes. The others had attended these functions before and knew that they wouldn't be enough suckers on hand to make any difference whether you wore a monkey suit or rompers. Besides, it wasn't Saturday night.

The music was furnished by the three-piece orchestra that usually done their murder in the summer parlor.

Ella was expecting me to introduce her and Kate to the Snell gal, but her and her husband was so keen for dancing that they called it off in the middle of the second innings and beat it upstairs. Then Ella said she wouldn't mind meeting Platt, but when he come past us and I spoke to him he give me a look like you would expect from a flounder that's been wronged.

So poor Codd danced one with Kate and one with Ella, and so on, and so on, till finally it got pretty late, a quarter to ten, and our party was the only merrymakers left in the joint. The orchestra looked over at us to see if we could stand some more punishment. The Mrs. told me to go and ask them to play a couple more dances before they quit. They done what I asked them, but maybe I got my orders mixed up.

*(Concluded on Page 44)*

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"The Right To Love"
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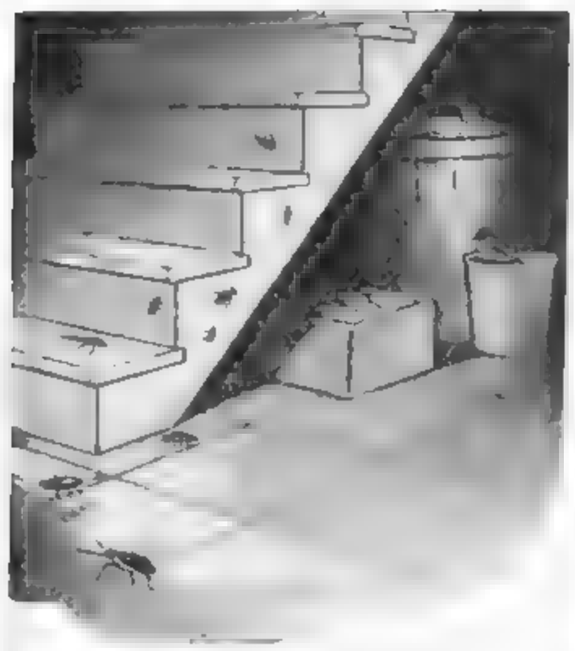
"The Village Sleuth"
Elsie Ferguson in
"Lady Rose's Daughter"
Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"Humoresque"
Dorothy Dalton in
"Half An Hour"
Thomas Meighan in
"Civilian Clothes"
Dorothy Gish in
"Little Miss Rebellion"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Something To Think About"
*Douglas MacLean in
"The Jaybird"
Roscoe ('Fatty') Arbuckle in
"The Roundup"
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"
Wm. S. Hart in
"The Cradle of Courage"
A Wm. S. Hart Production
Ethel Clayton in
"A City Sparrow"
An All-Star Production
"Held By The Enemy"
Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Restless Sex"
*Charles Ray in
"An Old Fashioned Boy"
George Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife!"
Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"
Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"
*Enid Bennett in
"Her Husband's Friend"
Billie Burke in
"The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"
Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"
George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"
Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventuress"
Thomas Meighan in
"Conrad In Quest of His Youth"
A Wm. DeMille Production
Dorothy Gish in
"Flying Pat"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"Heliotrope"
Roscoe ('Fatty') Arbuckle in
"The Life of The Party"
Bryant Washburn in
"An Amateur Devil"
Lois Weber's Production
"To Please One Woman"
Wm. S. Hart in
"The Testing Block"
A Wm. S. Hart Production
*Douglas MacLean in
"The Rookie's Return"
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Bait"
Starring Hope Hampton
Dorothy Dalton in
"In Men's Eyes"
Wallace Reid in
"The Charm School"
George Melford's Production
"The Jucklins"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Inside of The Cup"
Billie Burke in
"The Education of Elizabeth"
*Enid Bennett in
"Silk Hosiery"
William DeMille's Production
"Midsummer Madness"
George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Money Mad"
Thomas Meighan in
"The Frontier of The Stars"
A Charles Maigne Production
Roscoe ('Fatty') Arbuckle in
"Brewster's Millions"
Dorothy Gish in
"The Ghost In The Garret"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Forbidden Fruit"
*Douglas MacLean in
"Chickens"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Passionate Pilgrim"
Charles Maigne's Production
"The Kentuckians"
Dorothy Dalton in
"The Teaser"
A Lois Weber Production
"What do Men Want?"

*A Thomas H. Ince Production



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(Concluded from Page 42)

The next morning I asked Wurz, the manager, how often the hotel give them dances.

"Oh," he says, "once or twice a month."

I told him I didn't see how they could afford it.

VI

KATE went out after supper this next evening to take an automobile ride with Codd. So when I and Ella had set in the summer parlor a little w'ile, she proposed that we should go in and watch the bridge game. Well, I wasn't keen for it, but when you tell your wife you don't want to do something she always says, "Why not?" and even if you've got a reason she'll make a monkey out of it. So we rapped at the door of the red card room and Lady Perkins said, "Come in," and in we went.

The two dudes and Mrs. Snell was playing with her again, but Perk was the only one that spoke.

"Set down," she says, "and let's see if you can bring me some luck."

So we drawed up a couple of chairs and set a little ways behind her. Her and the anonymous dude was partners against Doc and Mrs. Snell, and they didn't change all evening. I haven't played only a few games of bridge, but I know a little about it, and I never see such hands as Perkie held. It was a misdeal when she didn't have the ace, king and four or five others of one suit and a few picture cards and aces on the side. When she couldn't get the bid herself she doubled the other pair and made a sucker out of them. I don't know what they was playing a point, but when they broke up Lady Perkins and her dude was something like seven hundred berries to the good.

I and Ella went to bed w'ile they was settling up, but we seen her on the porch in the morning. She smiled at us and says: "You two are certainly grand mascots! I hope you can come in and set behind me again to-night. I ain't even yet, but one more run of luck like last night's and I'll be a winner. Then," she says, "I s'pose I'll have to give my mascots some kind of a treat."

Ella was tickled to death and couldn't hardly wait to slip Sis the good news. Kate had been out late and overslept herself and we was half through breakfast when she showed up. The Mrs. told her about the big game and how it looked like we was in strong with the nobility, and Kate said she had some good news of her own; that Codd had as good as told her he was stuck on her.

"And he's going to sell his invention for a million," says Ella, "so I guess we wasn't as crazy coming out to this place as some people thought we was."

"Wait till the machine's made good," I said.

"It has already," says Katie. "He was up in it yesterday and everything worked perfect and he says the Wilhamses was wild over it. And what do you think's going to come off to-morrow morning? He's going to take me up with him."

"Oh, no, Sis!" said Ella. "S'pose something should happen!"

"No hope," says I.

"But even if something should happen," said Katie, "what would I care as long as it happened to Bob and I together!"

I told the waitress to bring me another order of fried mush.

"To-night," said Kate, "Bob's going in Town to a theater party with some boys he went to college with. So I can help you bring Lady Perkins good luck."

Something told me to crab this proposition and I tried, but it was passed over my veto. So the best I could do was to remind Sis, just before we went in the gambling den, to keep her mouth shut w'ile the play was going on.

Perk give us a smile of welcome and her partner smiled too.

For an hour the game went along about even. Kate acted like she was bored, and she didn't have nothing to say after she'd told them, w'ile somebody was dealing, that she was going to have an areoplane ride in the morning. Finally our side begin to lose, and lose by big scores. They was one time when they was about sixteen hundred points to the bad. Lady Perkins didn't seem to be enjoying herself and when Ella addressed a couple of remarks to her the cat had her tongue.

But the luck switched round again and Lady Perk had all but caught up when the blow-off come.

It was the rubber game, with the score nothing and nothing. The Doc dealt the cards. I was setting where I could see his hand and Perk's both. Platt had the king, jack and ten and five other hearts. Lady Perkins held the ace and queen of hearts, the other three aces and everything else in the deck.

The Doc bid two hearts. The other dude and Mrs. Snell passed.

"Two without," says Lady Perkins.

"Three hearts," says Platt.

The other two passed again and Perk says: "Three without."

Katie had came strolling up and was pretty near behind Perk's chair.

"Well," says Platt, "it looks like ——"

But we didn't find out what it looked like, as just then Katie says: "Heavens! Four aces! Don't you wished you was playing penny ante?"

It didn't take Lady Perkins no time at all to forget her title.

"You fool!" she screams, w'eeling round on Kate. "Get out of here, and get out of here quick, and don't never come near me again! I hope your areoplane falls a million feet. You little fool!"

I don't know how the hand come out. We wasn't there to see it played.

VII

LADY PERKINS got part of her hope. The areoplane fell all right, but only a couple of miles instead of a million feet. They say that they was a defect or something in poor Codd's engine. Anyway, he done an involuntary nose dive. Him and his invention was spilled all over Long Island. But Katie had been awake all night with the hysterics and Ella hadn't managed to get her to sleep till nine A. M. So when Codd had called for her Ella'd told him that Sis would go some other day. Can you beat it?

W'ile I and Ella was getting ready for supper I made the remark that I s'posed we'd live in a vale of tears for the next few days.

"No," said Ella. "Sis is taking it pretty calm. She's sensible. She says if that could of happened, why the invention couldn't of been no good after all. And the Williamses probably wouldn't of give him a plugged dime for it."

Lady Perkins didn't only speak to me once afterwards. I seen her setting on the porch one day, reading a book. I went up to her and said: "Hello." They wasn't no answer, so I thought I'd appeal to her sympathies.

"Maybe you're still interested in my dogs," I said. "They was too far gone and the veter'nary had to order them shot."

"That's good," said Perk, and went on reading.

## THE HALFWAY HOUSE

(Continued from Page 7)

government did not interfere. Throughout the series of agitations which have shaken Italy to its foundations the government has steadily maintained that economic and not political questions were involved, and has persistently refused to employ the forces at its disposal for the protection of owners in their property. In cases where destruction was attempted it has intervened, and many arrests have been made.

The sailors tackled an experiment of tremendous interest, and without recourse to confiscation of ownership. They have a federation and also a coöperative society with a membership round twenty-five thousand. The latter managed to acquire from the government five of the German freighters allocated to Italy under the peace settlement. Privately owned steamship lines were securing some of these vessels, and the sailors resolved to try their hand in similar fashion.

Thus the sailors went into the shipping business. To help finance the undertaking practically all the members of the federation turned into its treasury an increase of wages they contrived to secure. With so many men belonging to the coöperative the aggregate represented a large monthly income. To be sure the sailors had loudly proclaimed that this increase was necessary to meet the soaring cost of living—but that is another story.

The sailors' leaders affirm they have made fine profits with these vessels. The profits are likewise being turned back into the treasury, and this policy will be continued until they have built up a fund of two hundred million lire. No single member of the coöperative is permitted to own an interest in the enterprise above five thousand lire.

They freely predict that the day is coming when all the shipping of Italy will be owned by the workers. In this connection I am of opinion they have overlooked some important factors, such as the different conditions they will encounter when they try to get new ships by the usual method of paying for them at their full value, slack times instead of boom days in the shipping business, and economy and ability in management. In this enterprise, the sailors appear to me to be figuring like the usual amateur who goes into hog raising or chicken farming—on paper these activities will show a sure and easy fortune by simple arithmetic applied to natural increase. But in the actual working out under amateur management they invariably bankrupt a man.

However, the sailors' ships are sailing the seas with the red flag fluttering as the emblem of their society. A considerable to-do was raised in the French and English press because the sailors' federation seized a couple of vessels; but these ships were Russian and loaded with supplies and munitions for Wrangel, who is trying to make head against the Bolsheviks. The sailors took them over to prevent delivery of the supplies and are holding them for the Bolshevik government, which claims to own them. That gives them a fleet of seven ships now, and it is probable that Moscow will eventually turn over the two in dispute to the Italians.

By midsummer the white strike and incessant stoppages of work in the metallurgical industries had disgusted the employers. They resolved to face the situation and come to a showdown with the workers. Rising prices of coal and the difficulty of getting what they needed at any price, and the almost prohibitive cost of raw materials, were also factors they had to consider.

The workers contend that the employers planned a lockout. They made ready for it. The employers have a confederation which insures unity of action, and so when one of the large factories closed down, thereby shutting out their employees, the Fiom's action was swift. The step portended a general lockout, they argued; and instantly the workers took possession of all the factories.

That was on August thirtieth. The workers simply notified the representatives of the employers that they had taken over the plants and intended to run them and hold them until an agreement was reached. It was accomplished without bloodshed or violence.

A few minor incidents may have occurred here and there, but they were trifling. Efforts were made to magnify them, but the warmest partisan of the industrials stands ready to admit that the seizure of the plants took place with astounding absence of violence, and no excesses whatsoever.

That is one of the features that make this Italian movement so significant. "Why should there be violence when they aren't opposed?" the employers counter. But I know no other country where such moderation would have been displayed when the workers had things all their own way. They carried out their coup with fewer incidents than would mark a peaceful holiday parade in New York.

One would naturally expect excesses from the Italian temperament, of which we have always heard so much. And after listening to them bellow at one another in the streets day and night, one marvels that people so apparently effervescent and emotional could be capable of such restraint.

Perhaps it is their method of getting it out of their systems. I have seen a gondolier in Venice purposely shave another craft to start something, and then the two would wrangle at the top of their lungs, creating a block in the traffic meanwhile; they would wave their arms and call on high heaven and all the neighbors, and the people living miles away, to bear witness

(Continued on Page 47)

# *This is the room that light made*

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(Continued from Page 44)

to the slight put upon them; and after a while they would drift apart, still howling names, and when they had no audience to listen, they muttered the history of the affair over to themselves all the way round the Grand Canal, and seemed to derive a heap of comfort from the business. And a cab driver in Milan would rather engage in a bellowed argument than eat. Indeed, a couple of Italians disputing in the street will bring the inexperienced traveler on the run to see the riot and the carnage; but nobody ever comes to blows.

It is probable that credit for the restraint displayed belongs to their good leadership. In a movement of such magnitude the Fiom did not rely on its own resources and leaders, but turned to the confederation of all the unions and to the Socialists. In the ranks of the latter are some of the ablest minds in Italy. These men possess not only exceptional ability and vision but parliamentary and political experience. Many of them are highly cultivated. It would be hard to find the equal of Turati or Treves amid the champions of labor or Socialism in any other country.

They had difficulty with the extremist elements in their own party at the outset. A considerable faction was for making the movement political; they wished to overthrow the government and seize the banks. They wanted revolution. It came to a showdown and d'Aragona and the moderates prevailed.

Reports in the foreign press of conditions in Italy had raised certain expectations, and therefore it came as a shock to me, on arrival in Milan, to find the life of the city flowing on about as usual. There were no mobs milling about, no disorders; the trams were running, the shops and cinemas and restaurants were doing a fair business; and Milan looked much as Milan always looks. Even the factories were in operation. They had merely changed management temporarily. Similar conditions obtained in Turin, Genoa and other affected centers.

### A Visit to a Factory

It is true that carabinieri and police patrolled certain parts of Milan in considerable numbers, and heavy guards were on duty at all the banks. And in the magnificent Galeria, the arcade where considerable crowds gather daily to dine and stroll and sip their wine, many neat punctures in plate-glass windows testified to earlier brushes between the Reds and soldiery. Workmen were engaged in repairing the vestibule of a fashionable restaurant where the war profiteers and well-to-do had been wont to gather—an anarchist had tossed a bomb into it. But these evidences of trouble seemed unreal in the peace and calm of the city under the warm September sunlight.

However, hundreds of industrial establishments remained in the hands of workmen who had absolutely no title of ownership and had taken them over by sheer unopposed force. They proposed to hold these factories and operate them until the employers came to their terms. To provide against possible surprise they maintained heavy armed guards day and night. The procuring of arms had presented no difficulties. Many of the workmen were demobilized soldiers, who simply retained their weapons; and it is claimed by the workers that the soldiery themselves have slipped them arms and ammunition, being in sympathy with their cause. However that may be, they were in possession of machine guns and rifles and everything they needed, for I saw them.

I visited a factory, with permission of the secretary of the confederation, to see how the men were getting along. The employers were contending that practically no work was being carried on, because most of the foremen and technical men, and practically all the office forces, had remained loyal, and without these technical men and foremen to provide direction and brains the workers could not carry on. The employers asserted that not more than ten per cent of the technical men remained in the shops, and most of those had done so to protect their employers' interests. On the other hand, the workers claimed that fully half the technical men were on duty.

They gave me choice of any factory I wished to visit, and volunteered to let me see several if I liked. I selected a name at random—the Tecnomasio Italiano Brown Boveri, a plant where they make electric motors and dynamos, and ordinarily employ about fifteen hundred men. It is owned partially by English capital.

The permission was obtained as a concession to the press, for the workers have rigidly barred visitors from the plants since they took them over. An Italian who acted as interpreter for me mentioned that when he had attempted some days previously to see his brother-in-law, who was working in one of the seized factories, the guards stopped him and, on his persisting, soused him with the fire hose.

Workers' guards held every entrance. Above the main gate was a rampart of sandbags, backed by barbed-wire entanglements. A squad of armed men were on duty there; they had a machine gun and rifles. The red flag floated above the factory and every point of vantage on the walls surrounding it. It was also much in evidence inside the plant, the Bolshevik arms—a hammer and a cycle—being worked into the bunting. We saw, too, many placards hurrahing for Lenine.

They were working in the plant—both men and women and youths. There was lacking the usual hum of a big establishment, however. Nobody seemed to be loafing, yet I got the impression that the workers were killing time. All the machinery was intact and they appeared to have taken care of it; there had been no sabotage.

The manager of the Brown Boveri place had been foreman under the owners. I gathered he had stayed on partly to protect the property of his employers—this occurred in numerous instances—but he was acceptable to the workers and they retained him as boss. In many other establishments they chose new foremen from among the most skilled in their ranks. A committee directed everything.

"We are working only about five hundred to-day," explained the foreman, adding that they ran day and night shifts.

"Do the men really work, or do they loaf?"

"Well, you see, we are short of coal and so we have orders to do just as little work as possible for fear it will give out."

My information is that such was the general attitude. In the bulk of the establishments the workers made no serious effort to run at the usual capacity. I don't believe they had any intention of operating the plants indefinitely, but took them over merely to enforce their terms and kept them going to give the men something to do and furnish an object lesson.

A friend of mine visited a famous automobile plant in Turin and reported that everything moved there like clockwork. Arriving employees punched their time cards and the everyday discipline of the establishment was maintained. They even had a considerable office force. As a general thing, however, I think the workers took it easy, because shortage of raw materials and coal limited their activities.

### The Industrial Deadlock

They grabbed quite a lot of coal that did not belong to them, by the way. Railroad employees in sympathy with their cause diverted considerable quantities—and the government did nothing. And some of the plants happened to be well provided with raw materials.

"With mistaken foresight," an American employer remarked to me, "we loaded up with everything we needed because the uncertain market and exchange and general conditions impelled us to do so while we could; and the men have got that stuff now."

The workers held the factories some weeks. They turned out a quantity of finished products, and actually sold some. But they had difficulty in securing a market for the goods. Purchasers were chary of buying stuff to which the sellers had no legal title, and the employers had issued warnings broadcast to the railroads and business everywhere not to receive goods. They likewise cautioned dealers not to furnish the men with supplies, and made public warning to the workers that they would hold them responsible for any damage to property, while declining responsibility for accidents and refusing pay for the days of the seizure.

The situation was a deadlock. It could scarcely be expected that the employers would willingly treat with the men while the latter remained in possession of the plants. And the men would not get out until they had wrested certain terms from the employers.

The latter kept calling on the government to afford the protection to property that the law guaranteed. The government would not act. Giolitti announced that the question was economic and not political, and the workers were left undisturbed so long as they committed no violence.

The newspapers on both sides stormed and prophesied. In Italy practically all the press is controlled by big banking and industrial interests, except a few organs owned by the Socialists, but as there was also bitter feeling between certain of these groups the public was treated to weeks of hot wrangling. Owing to this control of the press in Europe almost exclusively by capitalists with axes to grind, it is difficult to arrive at the truth on any public question whatsoever; and the Socialist and labor mouthpieces work just as manfully on their side to present every situation to their own advantage.

Negotiations to break the deadlock proceeded nevertheless despite the employers' emphatic declaration that they would not deal with the men under existing circumstances. The workers' leaders proved themselves adroit tacticians. So far as I have been able to learn they were never once outjockeyed in all the series of conferences—but it is possible that the final settlement will not work out as they intended.

They turned the tables on the employers more than once, and raised a laugh throughout Italy by one proposition they advanced early in the trouble. It was to take over the plants and pay rent for them to the owners on the valuation the owners made in their tax returns. That naturally got under the skin of many employers, it being notorious that a considerable percentage of them have evaded full payment of taxes for years.

### The Employers' Answer

The industrials were inclined to be stiff-necked, which was hardly to be wondered at; they were also reactionary. With war profits in their possession, they displayed a disposition to make it a fight to a finish, even though it should precipitate a revolution. But they obtained no public support, and the government would not back them up, even in their perfectly legal demands for protection.

The standpoint and argument of the employers are partially summed up in one of the manifestoes they issued: "Italians! In these words which we address to you and which we wish to be strong and noble, as is our spirit in the struggle of to-day, let it be clear that we did not arrive at fortunes during the war through connivance of ministers, but we first created the well-being of all, of the nation's weapons, and later of the nation itself, through our own labors, our intelligence, our constancy and our activities. The same people, now maddened by a few political tradesmen, received from us what they would never have had from their exploiters—kindly consideration and the dignity due to man. To them we gave all we could, because in them we saw our fellow workers and our comrades.

"One day, when we could give no more, they asked more. They asked the impossible, led on by a foolish Asiatic teaching. We had to refuse. They demanded one and a half billion of lire, when all our workshops combined are worth less than three billion!

"At our refusal they replied by driving us from our workshops, seizing our men, threatening our families. Law for us and ours was abolished; the government chief being absent, the accomplices of the usurpers watched the ministers so that any infamy could be perpetrated to the damage of all," and so on.

The majority of Italians heard these appeals with their tongues in their cheeks. They feel bitterly toward war profiteers and are inclined to lump all employers in that class, which is absurd. But it is not surprising that public sympathy was alienated. The majority of the people who made fortunes out of the war have not known how to use them. They have been at once callous and grasping. When workers who could barely eke out a living, and who bore the sufferings of war, saw these people spending money like water in self-indulgence, they saw red.

And the reactionaries were the dominant factor among the industrials. They leaned so far back they could not see their feet. What they wanted was a strong government—that was it—a government that


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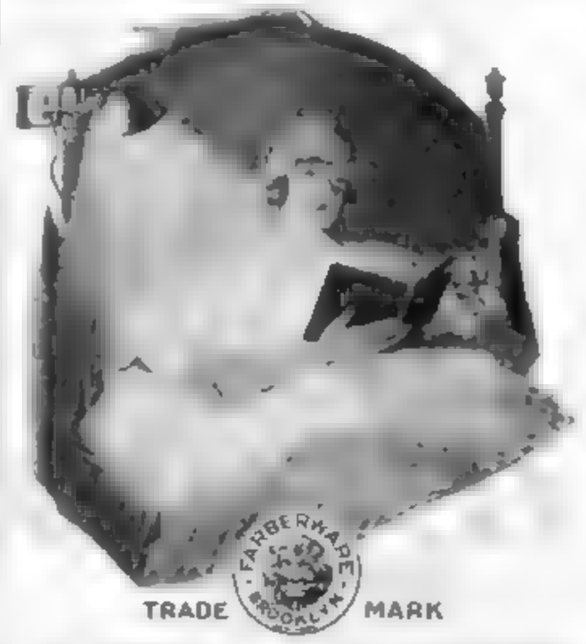


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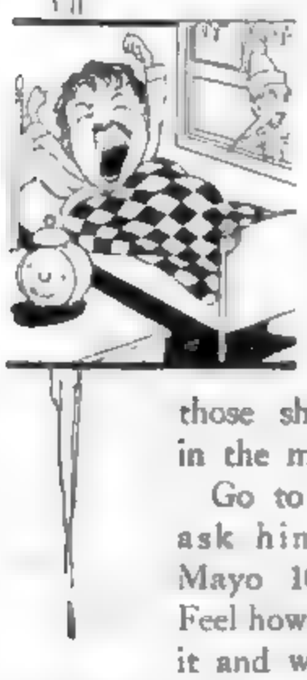
# Shivering Moments

## 10-rib warmth helps through them



IT certainly takes a good deal of character to get up these chilly mornings when the alarm clock rings. Here's help through those shivering moments in the morning:

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would have the nerve to employ the army and put these people where they belonged.

They dickered and held conferences, and everybody told everybody else that a revolution might occur any moment. And it certainly looked that way.

In the meantime the general public appeared to take no more than an academic interest in the struggle; at least they did not appear to be making their influence felt. That was because in Italy they have not the strength the middle classes in England and the United States possess. In those countries the middle classes are a balance wheel between the top and lower strata, a sort of gyroscope in critical times, and when a situation becomes intolerable they are in position to impose their will upon either side of the controversy. In Italy they seem to be apathetic and without power in a crisis.

On the other hand, the lower classes are great on politics. Italians don't go in generally for sports as Americans and English do, and consequently spend most of their spare time talking—politics chiefly. They try to make every movement political.

And what were the issues in this extraordinary struggle? Less than a year before the workers had made certain wage demands which the employers would not give. Now they wanted more. They wanted not only a higher scale of pay but a share in the control of industry.

### *The Shrewdness of Giolitti*

The industrials stoutly maintained that the increases were absurd and impossible, and would bankrupt the metallurgical industries. "Very well," said the workers, "let us have an investigation of the financial condition of each plant, cost of operation, cost of materials, and so on, and then we can base our wage claims on what we find."

The employers contended that coal was so dear it made a further advance in wages suicidal. The union replied that if the Italian workman had to pay for this condition he was entitled to know exactly where he stood, and what sacrifice he must make—therefore he must know what was going on in the business.

I talked to several labor leaders in an effort to get at their program. Did they really think they could run the plants without the industrials? The lesser among them maintained they could, but whether they really believed so is another matter. The abler men parried the direct question. Taking over the factories was a temporary measure—a means to an end—they said. And I am convinced that is all they ever intended.

Probably that wily old statesman, Giolitti, had something else in mind than a desire to avoid conflict when he left the workers in undisturbed possession of the establishments they had seized. He is perhaps the most astute of European public men. Nobody ever accused Lloyd George of lack of subtlety, but Giolitti begins where the English Premier leaves off. And it is more than possible that Giolitti concluded the workers might learn a useful lesson from experience—might learn that the direction and management of industry requires something more than they are in position to furnish.

Even had the workers succeeded in operating the factories to full capacity, it would have proved nothing. Almost anybody can take a firmly established, going concern and run it for a while. It is in the building up of an industry or business that the test comes, and the workers have nowhere in the world undertaken such an experiment.

My opinion is that the metallurgical workers discovered there was more to capital than mere possession of money, and more to the management of factories than drawing large salaries. I think they have come to the conclusion that business brains are an essential partner with manual labor, and that neither can get along without the other.

They occupied the factories several weeks without a real pay day. Expectations were that they might attempt to seize the banks, but no such effort was made. Had they done so, even at the start of their movement—when there was really nothing to prevent a surprise coup of this description—it would have availed them nothing. For the step would have inevitably provoked armed conflict and civil war. They say in Italy that the workers might have seized the government with impunity, because nobody wanted it especially, but that seizure of the banks would have entailed bloodshed.

Even had they taken possession of the latter, they would have been hardly any better off. For what good does possession of the shell bring? Of course they might have found in the banks a certain amount of currency, but until they could also direct the delicate machinery of banking, control credits, and command the confidence on which the banking business throughout the world is based, they could not operate successfully. About all they would have had would have been the buildings and a fight. And from what I learn, the workers' leaders realized this clearly.

According to Secretary Guarnieri, of the Metal Workers' Federation, the main objectives of the workers' movement are: A factory council in each industry on which labor shall have equal representation; this council to control purchase of raw materials and also the sales department, to set prices at which the finished product shall be sold, supervise the wage scale, decide the sort of work to which each man is adapted and assign him to it, control discharges and arrange conditions of employment so far as health and protection of workers are concerned, exercise supervision over the general expenses of the works with an eye to limiting managers' and directors' incomes, decide when new machinery is required, eliminate artificial crises within the industries, which have been so frequent—sometimes to crush a competitor, at others for the purpose of laying off employees—prevent flooding the market with cheap wares, and exercise control within the offices with a view to prohibiting expenditures for propaganda against labor.

"It isn't the dictatorship of labor we want," Guarnieri declared emphatically; "it is economic revolution, I will concede, but economic revolutions are wholly different from political. And all this cannot develop in a day. We realize that it must come gradually. On the other hand, I believe we have made a long step toward ultimate ownership of the works by the workers. That must come in time."

On this point the Epoca had some significant comment to make: "Without being Socialists, we firmly believe that sooner or later capital will be totally absorbed by labor, and whereas up to the present capital has been the master, the position will in the future be reversed. We shall see capitalists drawing a salary."

### *The Deadlock Broken*

"As soon as we get the present conflict settled," ended Guarnieri, "other industries will follow our example, of course, accomplishing legally and peacefully the ends we had to achieve by force. Understand, we never wanted revolution. A revolution would lose us the victory as well as destroy the industries."

The objective on which the labor leaders concentrated as the key of the whole situation was the right of the workers to know the financial condition of the business in which they may be employed—the value of the investment, costs of materials, salaries, expenditures, receipts. Their claim is that they should know these in order that wages may be fixed on a fair basis, and a fair instead of an excessive profit returned on capital; and they plead that if hard times and a bad condition can be proved at any period, labor is willing to share in it by scaling down pay. This, to offset the employers' argument that labor wants a share of the profits but is unwilling to share losses. Gaining these "rights," they would practically gain control of industry, of course.

After endless conferences and negotiation had come to nothing, the government finally took a step to break the deadlock. By a decree, Giolitti recognized the principle of participation by labor in the direction of industry, and appointed a commission, on which labor is represented, to frame the necessary legislation.

And the situation remains in that stage at this writing. Not a few of the employers, seeing the handwriting on the wall, had already come to terms with the workers and resumed operations. Immediately the government acted, many others followed suit, and the plants are being slowly returned to their owners. In some establishments the workers still hold out, but the peak of the trouble seems to have been passed.

Whether the settlement will work out satisfactorily is another question. The employers are bitter, and no inconsiderable element in the ranks of labor thinks it has been sold out and has failed to gain what it might have.

The outstanding fact in this economic revolution in Italy is that it was accomplished without bloodshed or any measurable violence, apart from the seizure of the plants. I cannot yet understand how this was achieved. I know no other country where so complete a turnover could take place without riots, fighting and virtual civil war.

### *Italy's Uphill Fight*

It threatens to be a long, uphill fight for Italy. Before the war the international trade balance against her was nearly two hundred million dollars annually, owing to her heavy importations of coal, raw materials and food.

But this was almost entirely taken up by tourists' expenditures in the country, which totaled round seventy-five million dollars, and by the money sent from America by Italian emigrants, aggregating a hundred millions yearly.

Hostilities cut off tourist traffic entirely and emigrant remittances fell off, as so many men were recalled to the colors. Consequently two important sources of income failed her. However, both are now showing signs of revival.

Another helpful factor is an arrangement with France for the employment of Italian labor to restore the devastated regions and help mine coal. Italian laborers are pouring into France for the first time in history; hitherto the feeling between the two races has always prevented satisfactory arrangements for the pay and maintenance of Italian labor, though Italy's surplus of population makes emigration of millions of her citizens necessary. France has now agreed to allot a certain quantity of coal to Italy for every able-bodied man Italy sends to work.

Italy has cut down her imports and swelled exports, despite her multitudinous troubles. During the first six months of 1919 the ratio of imports to exports was five to one; but in the latter half of the year this ratio dropped to two and one-quarter to one, which is a tremendous improvement. Wheat and coal remain, of course, her most crying needs. She formerly consumed about eleven million tons of coal a year, of which Great Britain sent nine million five hundred thousand tons. To-day she is able to get barely half this amount, and in May bought more from the United States than from England, with the lira quoted at seventeen to the dollar.

Her immense difficulties and the social and economic problems she has on her hands might conceivably result in Italy's blowing up, as the augurs of revolution are so fond of predicting. But I cannot believe it. After the manner in which they have worked out their problems up to date, I am convinced Italy will win through to order and peaceful development without armed conflict. Some untoward event might precipitate trouble; the reactionaries might force it; the red radicals might gain the upper hand; but the best opinion I have been able to obtain is that the country has survived the worst and will hold steadfastly to a peaceful solution of her troubles.

Many observers shake their heads over what has happened in Italy, discerning in it a threat of Bolshevism for all Europe, and the United States as well. To my mind this is hysteria. Compromises with the new ideas engendered by the war were bound to come. It is impossible to preserve the old system without change or concessions.

But to suppose that the changes in Italy are but the forerunners of Bolshevism's triumph is giving way to needless panic. The trouble is that to a reactionary any change is Bolshevism.

Now, Bolshevism can gain ground only where it has something to feed on. In this connection the comment made by a singularly discerning English observer, Mr. J. A. Hobson, of the conditions he found in the United States, seems to me a just estimate of the situation:

"It means there is no likelihood of the people as a mass lapsing into grave social economic disorders from despair or the pressure of physical privation. These prime feeders of Bolshevism have no real hold on such a soil."

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# NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 19)

my treasures of old Europe. The work of deft Oriental fingers and looms more than held its own, and won the praise of connoisseurs. One hates to think that such beauty has been wantonly ruined by the red hands of Bolshevik destroyers!

As the months flew by, my father's time was more and more crowded with useful work. The new edition of my grandfather's book finished, he did some writing on his own account of war articles for various magazines, and found himself becoming intensely absorbed by the local developments of the political situation in New York, and nationally as well. He was associated with many of the eminent men of the day, and renewed old or made new friendships, both interesting and useful. Among these the veteran Roscoe Conkling, who died soon after; Senator Root, whose talents and character placed him in the forefront of the great; Joseph Choate, Senator William Evarts, General Sherman and General Porter, Ex-President Harrison, President McKinley, and the political bosses, Senator Platt and Mark Hanna, passed through our parlor, dined at our table informally or came to talk with my father about the interests of the country, state or city, and the aims and work of the Republican Party.

The effervescent Roosevelt was daily gaining in prominence in the midst of many other men of mark, and one felt his remarkable talents and magnetism. Amusing, interesting, with a quick, warm sympathy and a charm innate, Roosevelt was the keenest, the most intense and urgent personality imaginable. He and my father were quite intimately thrown together, for they were made coworkers in the police department when a reform wave swept New York's municipal government. They often disagreed as they discussed the reorganization of the police force and the cleaning up of New York's tragic and criminal districts. Roosevelt talked a great deal, rapidly and persuasively.

### *Arguing With Roosevelt*

My father would listen with sincere enjoyment and admiration to his brilliant partner. Then after some time he would say in a very quiet voice: "Well, that is one way of putting it, but did you notice this? Or suppose we just think of this other side a minute"—and in a few concise phrases my father would lay out his own views. Sometimes they would argue, but more frequently Roosevelt would say cordially, "Now that's true! I think that too! You go ahead and do that just as you say, and I agree!"

He had unlimited enthusiasm and energy, and my father, though less expressive, had the latter quality for untiring work, and also a patience his colleague was glad to depend on for carrying out the plans they made together.

My father also was fond of the men under him—was sympathetic to the dangers they incurred in their work and to their needs, and he won great affection from them. He eliminated pitilessly the elements which were bad. Both graft and lack of courage were suppressed, and for some time after his term of office New York's police system was a model. The men's standards were raised to a point that made the force a credit and drew a type of American ever since an honor to the city.

Much later in the course of their friendship I remember a conversation between Roosevelt and my father which typified the former's qualities as I recall them. He had become President and Mr. Elihu Root was Secretary of War, while my father had an important army command. When in New York the President stopped always just across the street from us, and he occasionally dropped in with the informality of earlier years. We were at dinner when the doorbell rang and he joined us, and as of old he was soon arguing with my father about some military measure. His animated expressions followed one another, and my father still differed.

Finally the latter said: "Well, Mister President, why don't you consult your Secretary of War? Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I really don't agree with your point."

"I have," said Roosevelt with impatience, "and he thinks just as you do—that is why I came to you."

"I'm poor comfort then, for I don't see my way to changing my view either."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the President. Then he added with a quaint mixture of admiration and impatience all his own: "The trouble is that Elihu Root is always disagreeing with me, and he is always right! I suppose now I will have to go and do this as you and he wish."

Roosevelt had great enough talents to be honest in admitting those of others, and he seemed always ready to act on information from people who were expert advisers. It was one of his biggest qualities, and did much, I think, to add glamour to his reputation. Also, he was never sulky or obstinate if contradicted, and he was quick to praise others. He won their friendship and sympathetic cooperation by his attitude. Altogether he had a most interesting personality.

My father's work, with time, became more and more serious, and he was obliged to remain in the city even through the summer months. My mother remained with him, keeping the house open and comfortable even in hot weather. I went visiting friends in the environs, where there were many pleasant house parties. Also I went much to West Point. There my father loved to join his old comrades as often as he could, while my mother also was very popular. My Aunt and Uncle Palmer had a cottage for two summers at Bar Harbor, and they took me there. I thought I had never seen any scenery more lovely than that island of Mt. Desert in its setting of blue sea and sky, and I loved the life. After these two pleasant summers the same kind relations invited me to join them at Newport, and I made my début in that gay, smart circle, where I had a lot of friends already among the New York group of merrymakers. Those seasons were ideal. Life was simpler than it became later at Newport, and we were a group of care-free youths, who rode and picnicked, or went out crabbing and catboating, who danced and dined, played golf or tennis, as the spirit moved us. We prided ourselves on being the jolliest group Newport had ever seen, and we loved the place and our healthful life.

I remember only one year with a shadow—cast on our spirits by the Spanish-American War. Already in the spring, with the promise of war, my father had at once volunteered his services to the Government. He was in doubt as to how he would be used for a few weeks while he waited, but meantime he prepared his uniform and kit. Our house was full of paraphernalia—saddle and harness, uniforms and such—and constantly men came and went who wanted my father to join one or another of the volunteer groups going to the front. He refused all these positions, though he helped several to organize, putting his old army experience and wisdom at their service.

### *Back to Army Life*

Then came a call which appealed to him. A hard-working infantry regiment of the National Guard, modest of pretensions and comparatively poor of pocket, sent a delegation to him. They were offering themselves as a unit to our Government for service under fire. They had decided they must have a commander who was of army training, and they knew my father's life. At a meeting the day before they had chosen him—would he accept? He did at once, and for a few days we lived in a turmoil of excitement, for no sooner had they volunteered than the Government had ordered them out to a camp on Long Island, saying after two weeks they would go to the front.

My father had everything needed for this sudden departure but his horse. But he was so impatient to start and to be with his regiment from the first moment that he would not think of waiting.

"If the men can walk I can," he said, "and these early days are the time for us to learn to know one another and work together. They aren't experienced yet, and would not have asked me if they didn't want me now."

So very early one morning only three days after his call we found ourselves in Brooklyn at the armory where this regiment was assembled ready to march forth to unknown fortunes.

I had heard much of war and fighting. In our family circle the subject was among those most frequently discussed, but this was my first experience of the bustle of departure, of running messengers and quick orders silently obeyed. It was also the first I had seen of weeping women and girls, of children held close for consolation after a last good-by kiss. Though that day's trip was to be but a few miles long, and we had hopes of meeting again before the troops sailed for their serious work, hearts were heavy in the crowd of little family groups. They knew their men-folks were stepping out into the street with their feet on a road of which the end was not visible.

A command or two rang out. I did not recognize my father's voice. I had never heard him use those clear, ringing tones before; and then he walked slowly up and down the lines glancing over the rows of clean-looking young chaps who hardly looked like amateur soldiers. It was a fine regiment of men, many of Scandinavian blood, and I could tell from my father's pleased expression how much he liked them. He himself had not been in uniform for about fifteen years, and I was surprised at how it became him and how he seemed to throw off the intervening time. He stood trim and straight, looking his best, alert and keen, not at all showing his forty-six or so years. It was the beginning of a new career—not at all, as he thought, a military incident, answering to the call of patriotism.

### *Ordered to the Front*

Two weeks my father spent with these men, weeks of hard work for them and their commander, who was very proud of their rapid progress. Then he was ordered off by the War Department to a training camp in the South, where through sizzling summer weather he fought malaria and dysentery and trained raw young recruits, who moved on rapidly to the front, where he, the camp's commander, longed to go. He himself suffered a short, sharp attack of the prevailing malady, but refusing to give up his work for a trifle like ill health, he continued with the duties till he could hardly stand and the doctors said he was all but dying. My mother was wired for, and after a week of nursing my father's magnificent physique answered to her care, and he was back in camp again. Late in the summer came the much-desired orders sending him to the front. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, then transferred with the same rank to the Regular Army and named military commander on the island of Porto Rico.

There my father had interesting occupations and many curious experiences. Propaganda had been made against Americans by the Spanish, and he had some difficulty in persuading the natives they would not be punished or ill treated by him. When good feeling was established after the fighting there the natives of all classes came to see my father, and in all good faith they offered him bribes for this or that advantage over a neighbor or to effect the loosening of various rules which he had made. They were amazed at his invariable refusal either to meddle in their relations among themselves or to change any of the new regulations so one man should be more favored than another.

When his peculiarities as compared with the former administrators on the island were finally understood, my father suddenly found himself very much appreciated for his honesty and loyal ways and was frankly complimented on them. He brought my mother down to his capital when things became settled, and her powers for popularity and talents for entertaining won the natives' hearts. Both my parents always spoke of their stay in Porto Rico as one of great pleasure, where their interests were manifold and their efforts well worth while. In spite of the dreadfully hot climate and the insect life and snakes which had to be fought as daily enemies, they loved their home there.

At Newport through that summer I think one scarcely felt the weight of war, though sometimes a weary man would come up from Washington with a face strained by sleeplessness and fatigue. He would stay twenty-four hours to rest and breathe the fine air. Also certain of our

(Continued on Page 53)

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**A Sturdy Oversize Cord Tire that Establishes a New Standard for Supreme Durability and Freedom from Skidding**

(Continued from Page 50)

partners were missing—gone with the Rough Riders.

The time between July, 1893, and September, 1898, had passed quickly, and my girlhood was all gay with the sunshine which health and youth and a family circle without serious troubles made. Except the cloud of the short war, none rose on my horizon, and there were only such problems as any girl must face who is comparatively poor in a circle very rich. My clothes were simpler than those round me, and fewer in variety, but they were pretty and the necessary economy about them and in my habits made me perhaps enjoy my pleasures more. I was greatly spoiled, and had many warm friends among both the men and girls who were my contemporaries. Also I had rather a broader life than most of these young people, for while they were all kept in one small circle I had the advantage of a wider range of age and space. I knew and met my father's friends quite often, both in our own home and outside, and these older men were of intense interest to me, as was the work they were all doing in the civic and political worlds.

My father held that in a government of the people, such as ours was, all the people must take a share of responsibility and effort. He set an example of his creed in this matter, as well as preaching it. He was greatly distressed at the way the strong, fine elements of the country, and especially those of Anglo-Saxon blood who had originated its ideals, were standing back, letting less worthy groups swing all the power, while those who had come more recently to our shores and were ill-prepared and needed education were being used to influence our laws

He hated the vice and sluggishness which had crept into civic life, poisoning the nation, and he had deep contempt for those who—thinking only of material gain—left all national construction to others with no patriotic thoughts. He never lost faith or patience, and was all devotion to his country, ever unable to go into anything merely for his own advantage. Never complaining of a fortune decidedly modest and preaching economy and industry to us children, he was always glad, however, to give us any simple healthful pleasure, and was our best educator through our youth, and our best adviser later.

### A Careful Upbringing

We all lived much in one another's interests, and my mother was greatly pleased that I had a good time in society. The first year she always took me about herself to parties, and watched my every act with greatest care. Keeping me to European ways and by her constant criticism and advice, she prevented my being too much spoiled. Afterward, as I became more used to local customs, she allowed me somewhat more freedom, and I went to various parties where only young people were invited, and even paid some visits quite alone. I think I never abused my liberty, and it was not that of other American girls; for until I was engaged I never received a note or letter or wrote one which my mother did not read. She and my father never allowed me to go swimming with a group of both sexes or to ride a bicycle. Even in those days all this was considered exceptionally severe, and in modern times it sounds impossible. But I was so used to giving them absolute obedience that it never occurred to me to question their wishes.

I was allowed occasionally to drive or walk with certain men by special permission, and to ride horseback when a horse was available, but I was never allowed to invite a man to be my companion or even to call, and I never sat out a dance. It all seemed not to matter, and I had a beautiful time in both New York and Washington, and also in Chicago, where I renewed my visits to my aunt frequently and with great happiness to my maternal family.

The only girl of my generation, I was greatly petted in the family circle, for my two favorite cousins were like dear brothers; and my four bachelor uncles, all young, gay, handsome and fond of society, made a delightful group—half beaus, half chaperons, ready always with their friends to enjoy anything with me. My uncle and lovely aunt did all that was possible to put pleasure into my girlhood, too, and offered me much that otherwise our own limited means would not have permitted me. It was they who gave me, as one man said, all the advantages and fun of riches without the disadvantages. During those pleasant summers I grew to feel very near them and my cousins. My uncle, grown very delicate with advancing years, in spite of many aches and ailments, was most patient with my frivolities, and he even pretended to get fun from them and often teased me over my beaus. He called them by quaint names which he invented to suit the peculiarity of each, and he made fun of me and my never-ceasing enjoyment. But he was all kindness and generosity, and he liked apparently to see our pleasure and to put more in our way. I loved to talk to him and get his keen opinions. He had a terse, intelligent mind and a warm appreciation of all that was strong and fine, honest or beautiful under the foam and froth of the summer colony's occupations, and his judgment of men was admirable and always thoroughly to be trusted.

### My Father's Advice

My aunt, slim and graceful and with hair grown silvery white, had kept her freshness, and she seemed more beautiful than ever. She went about a great deal, and was the acknowledged beauty at any gathering where she appeared, while her wonderful brain and gentle nature won her exceptional admiration. Besides the perfection of coloring and line, her expression was so serene and gay that one instinctively felt the quality of brain and soul and character. To be with her was a joy and a great privilege as well, and I was always happy in the companionship which began then in earnest and stretched on through my life. She had no daughter, and gave me something of the affection she could have lavished on one—and besides, she had a talent of comradeship both in silence and in talk which made her presence an ideal one. I never saw her cross or selfish or hard, and she never said a severe or a pedantic word to me, yet she inspired one to do right through suggestions more felt than heard, and her own mind was so quick and brilliant, and unpretentious with it all, that unconsciously one flashed the light back and was at one's best with her; a rare woman who combined intellect and power with gentle charm and who won all those about her; whose influence carried on with such as met and knew her, even long after she died. I felt a deep devotion for her, and always found her ready sympathy and understanding a great comfort.

Whenever the question of my marrying came up I found in her a true friend whose advice was easy to follow, as it coincided with my own ideas of what was right. I was grateful that in spite of our small means I was not pushed into a brilliant match.

My father said to me on one occasion: "Little sweetheart, I don't want you to get married at all. If some day there is a really fine man, and you feel you can't do without him no matter how hard life is, then I'll be resigned to lose my little girl and let him take care of her; but remember, life is a complicated problem at best, and often a constant struggle. So one ought at least to be armed for it, and to feel that whatever comes, even if health and wealth should blow away, one is tied to a man whose personality is enough to fill one's horizon with real values that are worth while. If you don't find one, keep your liberty, and stay with your old father who loves you too, and will take care of you always."

So I had no weight on my mind, and had only the joy of life in going out, and I felt no interest in my men friends other than their intrinsic worth drew. There was an advantage in making me keep an interesting lot of hard-working young fellows and older men as well about me who were not shy about joining a circle where their feelings were never otherwise interpreted than as they were meant. Poor men were received at our house with the same enthusiasm as were the richer ones, and brought their gifts of conversation or their modest prides and ambitions, always sure of a cordial atmosphere and undivided attention.

My mother and father generally liked my friends, and cultivated them with pleasure, and father enjoyed immensely talking with what he called nice youngsters, who always wanted to spread their plans out and ask his advice, whether they were in the Army or in business. They were all fond of my parents, and often in

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The charm of the Gennett record is its truthfulness. It is not an imitation—not an approximation—it is the artist. The tones, full-rounded, pure, the subtleties of expression, the individuality, the personal magnetism of the artist are in the Gennett.
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# Quaker Flour

*A fancy flour—to win good-will*

## No Fancy Price

We want that understood.

Quaker Flour is made to advertise Quaker quality. It is made to win respect for all the Quaker cereals.

We can never make enough for all, but we sell it close to cost. The grocer's price is little, if any, over ordinary flour.

### A super-grade

Quaker Flour requires a special grade of wheat. Then we discard about half the kernel, using just the choicest bits.

Chemists constantly analyze the flour. Bakers constantly test it in our mills. So every sack that we brand Quaker is this super-quality.

### Not for everybody

Such flour could never be made for all—not one-tenth enough. So we advertise it little. It is for lovers of Quaker cereals—those who want the best.

But they are many. Quaker Flour already has a million users. One mill has grown to four mills, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

### Superlative bread

Quaker Flour shows its distinction at a glance. Then the bread it makes is light and white and flavory.

Try a sack. The leading grocers have it or will get it. If it appeals to you, adopt it. It will never cost you any fancy price.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

*Quaker Flour Mills*

Akron, Ohio Cedar Rapids, Iowa Peterborough, Ontario Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

**Quaker Biscuit Flour**

For biscuits, pancakes, cakes, cookies, etc., use only this package flour. It is made from special wheat in a special way for dainties. The leavening is in it. The sealed round package keeps it so it can't deteriorate.

**Quaker Farina**

A fancy farina without a fancy price. It is granulated inner wheat—just the sweetest, choicest bits. Serve as a breakfast cereal or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc. The granulations add delights to such foods.

the years that followed the men I had known well gathered about my old home where I found many of their agreeable faces whenever I returned.

In the early autumn of 1898 my mother was to join my father in Porto Rico, and did not want to take me with her for fear of the climate and the associations in a newly conquered country. My Uncle Palmer had passed a bad summer, and was being sent abroad by his doctors to spend the cold weather on the Nile. My aunt was taking her two boys along for a year's travel before they settled down to business. They had just been graduated from college. The Palmer family proposed to my mother to take me abroad with them, and I was perfectly enchanted when my mother accepted.

There was a great scrambling to prepare, for the decision was reached suddenly. It seemed an ideal arrangement to me, and a unique opportunity of seeing places and things as yet unknown.

London we were only to pass through; Paris we were to stop in for some time, and I had heard much of that gay capital, but had never been there. Then we were to go through Italy, land in Egypt, and after our Nile trip we expected to return slowly through the Holy Land to Constantinople and from there through Greece. I had not dreamed of ever going to any of these places, and the opportunity came after four years of very gay society life, when a desire for something more serious was beginning to form. It was a party, too, after my own heart, because, except for my uncle's fragile condition, there was no probability of sadness. We were a group of congenial souls starting out on what seemed the perfection of a holiday.

And indeed through the early part of our travels all went well. Though the voyage over was stormy, London seemed comfortable and agreeable, much more so viewed from the ancient, smart, small hotel than it had seemed ten years previously from the big caravansary we then inhabited. We did a little shopping, mostly for the men, and moved on to Paris, where we scarcely stopped, so anxious were we to reach the southern sunlight, which was to help my uncle, the doctors said. In Rome we lingered longer, and already felt the beauty and the light were helping him. Roses were tumbling over the walls of palaces and ruins, and in the sun one was quite warm. The invalid liked the city's drives so much that my aunt and I stayed there with him till the day before our steamer sailed from Naples, while my two cousins went on ahead to see the latter city and make some side excursions.

#### *Interesting Friends*

During the two weeks in Rome we were very quiet, driving about the city, resting and reading books we felt would prepare our minds for the great deserts and the Nile's strange beauty. We saw no one save two old friends—Doctor Nevin, pastor of the American Church; and Father Farelly, of the American Catholic College. Both were men my parents knew, and were most interesting individuals. Both had known me since my childhood. They came, and came again, to sit with my uncle and my aunt and me, and the invalid greatly enjoyed these broad-minded, unprejudiced men of the world as well as of religion—brain and soul and body, all well balanced. They were playing fine rôles and worked hard among their flocks.

Nevin had been a young soldier under my grandfather in the Civil War, and had later joined the church, because, he said, if he had not done so he might have gone to the dogs he had so many faults. He was a militant churchman, and had done much good. His cultivation and fine nature made him many friends and admirers among the rich and powerful, whom he exploited without scruple for the good of those humbler and poorer. To these he personally gave also most of his own salary. He made his church and its services beautiful, and his own home in a modest but quaint old house near by was as attractive as the man himself.

Scrupulously clean, with whitewashed walls and rough stone stairs, the entrance was quite empty. One climbed to rooms unlike any others I have ever seen, for there was no single note of decoration in them; high, bare, whitewashed walls, but a big fireplace, where burned a log; a huge desk in a sunny window; two or three tables of old Italian workmanship of a good period, and several stiff wooden chairs. On the tables a bit of Renaissance brocade lay, adding its dull note of rich color; and a very few books, all good, some old, some modern, were scattered about. The rooms were lighted deliciously, with ancient Roman lamps burning oil, and the whole atmosphere was classic and austere. There was one note of comfort only, and that was on each side of the fire—a leather chair, low, deep and inviting, and between them a splendid skin from some forest king which Nevin's gun had killed. Many a multimillionaire had spent an hour in one of those armchairs, talking of what good he might do to his fellows and guided by the host's wise advice; and many a sad man or woman had unburdened there a weighted soul or conscience and gone away comforted.

Doctor Nevin was wise in his generation, and knew well when to aid and when to reproach his visitors; and he was a delightful friend with whom to tarry an hour in those restful surroundings he had created out of so little. There was a dining room where six could eat and where the meal prepared and served by his single old servant was as short, simple and excellent as all the rest of his frame. A larger room of the rectory he called his museum, and it was full of his wonderful collection of heads and skins, for Nevin was one of the five or six best shots in the world, and had explored the Americas and Asia, Africa and Europe in his occasional vacations, bringing back trophies which drew the huntsmen of his acquaintance, and even those who were unknown to him. He was also an admirable horseman, and he knew his Rome better than did most, having lived there thirty years and studied it. Nevin loved both its art and history, as well as its humanity.

#### *Modern Rome*

Monseigneur Farelly, of Irish origin, had the charm and brilliancy of his Celtic blood, plus American training and long discipline controlling it. He was tall, strong and very handsome, with distinction both of manner and expression; and he also loved Rome, where he had been many years. When I went there a child with my parents he had escorted us through the Vatican museum, and his enthusiastic words had made us forget time and space. With age he had but mellowed, and his sunny Christianity, sense of humor and kindly understanding won all who met him. He went little into society, as he was a hard worker and a specialist at education, but his influence at the Vatican was great, his judgment very sure and the few friends he cultivated in relaxation appreciated his presence among them as an honor. His rapid career was no surprise to us, and later his death, cutting him down in his prime, was a great grief. Once or twice he dined with us in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel, and on one of these occasions when both Doctor Nevin and Monseigneur Farelly had been persuaded to stay with us we watched with amusement the gay crowd.

Nearly all Rome's smart people frequented this place, which was one of the earliest of its kind to open in Europe. There were many beautiful women and famous men sitting about, and the soft lights and pretty music added their attractions to the scene. Nevin knew everyone, and as he bowed would tell me who they were.

The Duchesse Graziolli, famous for her success and elegance, who was in her prime, was the star of one party; Lady Randolph Churchill, still lovely in spite of her fifty or more years, and with a long career yet to run, was the center in another group; and there were many others.

In one corner a large table was surrounded by young men, the *jeunesse dorée* of the diplomatic corps, said my guide. It seems they messed here, and regularly had the same table, where they came to look over the people. They appeared a well-groomed set of men, and seemed to talk gayly, and they came and went informally, laughing, jesting, nodding, known at many a table, where pretty faces lighted at their salutations.

It was an agreeable impression of modern Rome we gazed at, grafted to the wonders of its ruins and history, which for the moment pink silk curtains shut out into the December night; and I was very much pleased when my aunt said to Monseigneur Farelly: "Mr. Palmer and I like Rome so

(Continued on Page 57)

# Santa Claus Shops at Kresge's 5¢ 10¢ 15¢

At Kresge stores, he finds wonderful assortments and varieties of Christmas things.

The open counters at Kresge 5-10-15c stores are loaded with Christmas tree gifts.

Here are innumerable novelties, toys, books, games and dolls.

And it's such fun to do your Christmas shopping at a Kresge store. There's an immense variety of articles from which to choose and you can accomplish much in a short time.

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- Holly Boxes
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- Fancy Box Paper
- Small Tags and Seals
- Tinsel Cord
- Fancy Holiday Box Paper, Assorted Styles
- Fancy Handkerchiefs in Boxes
- Ladies' and Men's Initial Handkerchiefs
- Boudoir Caps
- Christmas Tree Ornaments
- Fancy Boxed Chocolates
- Chocolate Bars—Assorted
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- Big Candy Sticks
- Butterscotch Patties
- Chocolate Covered Peanuts
- Christmas Ribbons




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# *Why Leland Standards of Precision mean longer life and greater charm in the Leland-built Lincoln Car*

To produce a motor car whose parts are made with greater precision than ever before, is a purpose inspired not only by the satisfaction to be derived from a work well done, but also by the determination to build the finest car of which human skill is capable; because that means a car of longer life and of lower maintenance; it means a car that is smoother and more delightful in its ways of going; and, too, because it is nothing more nor less than sound commercial policy.

Precision, for mere precision's sake alone, however, is of little value; but precision for the sake of what precision means and does is of value almost incalculable.

Precision, in a sense, is purely relative. A limit of tolerance which in one piece of mechanism would be amply precise, might be grossly ill-fitting in another.

A thousandth of an inch is approximately one-third the thickness of a hair from your head, and ordinarily is regarded as a fine and close degree of accuracy; but a limit so liberal as a thousandth of an inch in an operation which warrants a limit of only a quarter of a thousandth, might prove disastrous.

In the diagram, let the first straight line represent unlimited miles of travel, and let the second straight line represent limitless qualities of car endurance. This would be an ideal condition. It would mean a motor car in whose parts there would be no wear; hence if wear were the only factor with which to contend, the car would endure forever.

Unfortunately, science has not discovered nor has genius invented a substance which indefinitely will withstand wear; therefore, we can only choose materials from those available, best adapted to the various functions, and manufacture the parts to precise dimensions.

In an internal combustion engine, the parts subjected to impact, or hammer-like blows, must endure the most rigorous punishment—parts such as wrist-pins, connecting-rod bearings and crankshaft bearings. The more nearly these are made to approach the consistency of a solid piece, and with a film of oil between have no more than just sufficient freedom to permit their turning, the greater will be their wear resistance.

As a specific example, we will cite a wrist-pin and its bearing in the upper end of the connecting-rod, where it attaches to the piston. In the Leland-built Lincoln car, these are made with an extreme tolerance of three ten-thousandths of an inch (about one-tenth the thickness of a hair from your head). They fit with each other so closely that they are almost as firm as a solid piece, but there is just sufficient freedom to oscillate.

Fitting so perfectly, they should withstand millions upon millions of explosion impacts before there is perceptible effect, or before the space between the wrist-pin and its bearing becomes enlarged even a thousandth of an inch.

On the other hand, if parts were made so loosely as to have even a thousandth of an inch too much freedom at the outset, then they would immediately have entered the period of serious wear and early destruction.

These conditions are illustrated in the diagram. When parts are made to the correct degree of accuracy in the beginning, their usefulness extends over the long period shown from A to B, before they even enter the period of serious wear as shown by the line from B to C. But if those parts are not made sufficiently accurate, they commence to deteriorate immediately and decline rapidly as shown by the sharp decline in the curve from A to D.

In the Leland-built Lincoln car, there are many thousands of fine and close mechanical operations. This does not imply so many thousands of parts, because ofttimes there are many operations upon a single part, the degree of precision in these various operations depending upon conditions and upon the function involved.

With what is recognized as one of the world's finer work-shops, having an equipment whose equal we have never known, and with an organization trained in Leland standards, it is scarcely a subject for conjecture that the makers of the Lincoln car will accomplish their purpose.

*And that purpose, as we have said before, is to build a finer, a smoother, a more enduring, a more dependable, a more comfortable riding car—regardless of road conditions—than has ever been made before.*

LINCOLN

*LELAND-BUILT LINCOLN MOTOR CARS COMPRISE EIGHT BODY STYLES*

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 54)

much, and he is feeling so much better, that we are almost sorry to be leaving. Perhaps when the trip is over, on our way northward, we may stop here again."

"Do that, and I will show you all the sights and be your cicerone. As for you, young lady, I'm your father's—even your grandfather's—old friend; so I'm going to claim the privilege of my gray hair and take you riding with me all over the Campagna. Who doesn't know it from a horse's back, at the hours of slanting shadows and purple skies, hasn't at all been initiated here."

This from Nevin, and I was glad to think of the pleasures in store in such delightful company; for the old sportsman was an escort worth having and something of an autocrat whom women tried to please.

"If you think me too old a beau, you may invite anyone over at that table of smart youngsters to go too. I'm as good a chaperon as I am a guide, you'll see."

We went away a few days later, and in the back of my head was a vague question whether Rome was not too agreeable and beautiful to be leaving for more ancient places.

The Mediterranean was blue but rough, and we were glad to wake one morning to the clamor of an unknown tongue, the splashing of oars and the bumping of small boats. Our cabins were steady again, and we dressed and packed in haste and were soon ready to land. It is quite useless to describe Oriental light and atmosphere to those who have not seen it, while such as have know without description its intense and luminous qualities. I loved it all from the moment I emerged on the deck of our small ship, and my enthusiasm grew steadily through the days of turquoise skies and tawny deserts. Aside from the history and scenery, with the strange mysterious figures moving on this background, carrying a weight of traditions thousands of years old—aside from our delicious, lazy luxury of life, I loved the East, as I saw it there in Egypt, just for the splendor of its opalescent sunset each day, and for the marvels of its sapphire nights. One waited with impatience for the renewal of the pageant of light and color, and each time it taxed one's powers of enjoyment. One felt strained with the sensations. No wonder people born in such surroundings worshiped the sun god of the Nile.

### *Picturesque Cairo*

In Cairo we did much that was amusing. The restaurant and terrace at Shepherd's was as picturesque as any revue's stage—a mass of inharmonious humanity which ran over and escaped into the streets. There were smart women come to winter there, painted and bedecked with jewels and fine clothes, in latest Paris style; smart English officers in every sort of uniform, from those returning worn and shabby from the Upper Nile to take a short vacation, to those just come from London to begin their work; Turkish officials and Egyptians in uniform or in frock coats with turban or red fez; natives in national silks; Bedouins, camels, peasants, donkeys, French nurses, babies, negroes; veiled women, dignified and silent, with lovely eyes; pushcarts and European shops; blue beads and false antiques; old rugs and arms and more imitations; cool drinks, warm tea; Vienna waltzes, Sousa two-steps played by orchestras of crashing military brass; shrill voices squabbling; braying small gray animals of burden; and now and then, if an interval occurred in the din, one heard the soft chant of a muezzin from some towering minaret calling to prayer the prophet's faithful people. All these impressions crowded on one's senses.

Sometimes we had a clear impression of a group or a single figure. Thrice we had rather rare and quaint experiences. I went once by chance into a mosque, where the proportions were superb and the soft gray of carved and perforated stone stood cool against the burning noonday sky. Here and there at some point of vantage architecturally a mosaic in gilt or in bright color reflected the soft light which penetrated there, and standing about were a number of noble figures, tall and solemn in their long straight draperies, smoothly moving in their genuflections; then with their foreheads on the floor, prostrate in prayer, deep in meditation.

My cousin had two letters of introduction, one to a native newspaper man, the other to an Egyptian sheik, and both these men were very kind. After calls had been exchanged, they invited us, the one to dinner and the other to his daughter's wedding reception. Both these feasts were exceedingly interesting, and to our European eyes had their amusing side. The dinner was the most difficult social experience I ever had, for my aunt and I were included in the invitation, and accepted, though we were told, of course, the ladies of the host's harem could not appear, since gentlemen would be present. When we arrived at the party we were first ushered into a room indescribably hideous. Harsh blue damask was stretched on the walls, and two long mirrors framed in rich, shiny, ugly gold frames hung opposite each other. Coarse stiff lace with damask curtains over it hung straight down at the windows, and a heavy French clock of the worst workmanship and period stood beneath a glass globe cover before one of the mirrors on an otherwise empty shelf. Round the room was a row of bent Vienna wood, cane-seated chairs, and at one end stood a table of the same workmanship, with a thin white-marble top, such a table as one sees on the sidewalk in front of a café. It was about three-quarters of a yard in diameter and uncovered.

### *Dining Out in Egypt*

We had been here a few moments, and had thrown off our wraps, when my cousins came in from the outside hallway, and with them our host and several other men, about seven or eight in all. We women had worn high gowns, as we did not want to offend their Oriental ideals and habits. For a few minutes we conversed through an interpreter with the master of the house, and discovered that the other guests were his brother, his son, his secretary, his son-in-law, and so on. It seemed a clannish party. We spoke of Egypt's beauty, of the building up of their country, and except that they all flashed a little when the Turkish officials and English administration were mentioned, the whole conversation was dull and rather flat; but they seemed pleased with our enthusiasm over the beauty and picturesque qualities of Cairo.

Soon servants brought in trays of things. The little table had a circle of chairs put round it, enough for the nine or ten of us, and we sat down elbow to elbow, about a yard off from the table, which made an island in our midst. My aunt and I were put side by side. The interpreter sat next her, and then the host; and on my left was one of the relations who spoke a little feeble French. Soup came in cups, and though to us it had no taste, we drank it; then there was a dish of fish which—put on the table, where a pile of plates and a handful of forks were laid as well—had to be eaten. I think I remember some potatoes in another dish; also a quantity of bread—a mountain. My aunt was invited to help herself; then I—and we did, with a fork and plate of our own choosing. We took the plates on our laps and ate. There were no napkins, so we used our handkerchiefs. I remember cool water was brought in thick cloudy goblets and stood in a row on the table's edge.

We had soon finished, and the Egyptians also. They had eaten in silence, with evident fear of the forks and great expenditure of effort. They watched us, and I decided it was the first time they had tried such instruments, which, with the table and chairs, must have been introduced for our special benefit. When a lamb, almost whole, boiled with rice and covered with watery sauce, was brought in on a great platter they gave up and frankly ate with their fingers, helped by bread. This dish had a sweetish, sickening flavor, and seemed loathsome to our Western palates; but to the Egyptians it was obviously excellent, and we had to pretend enthusiasm and eat a little to seem reasonably polite. A sweet dish followed. I had a fleeting idea it must have been prepared in the same pan as had been the meat, but a little of this also had to be forced down our throats—and then came on fragrant Turkish coffee served in little cups.

Conversation languished, and the natives had suffered as much as we had, doubtless, trying to do the right thing our way. We were all glad the feast was ended, and after a number of compliments had been exchanged we took our departure. For at least twenty-four hours we were quite miserable, and even now a certain sickly smell of cooked lamb and sometimes the taste of it turns me pale, while I fancy none

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1919

Hotel Sherman—1920

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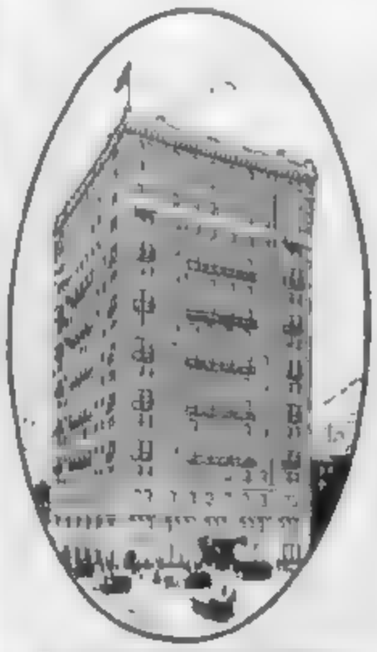

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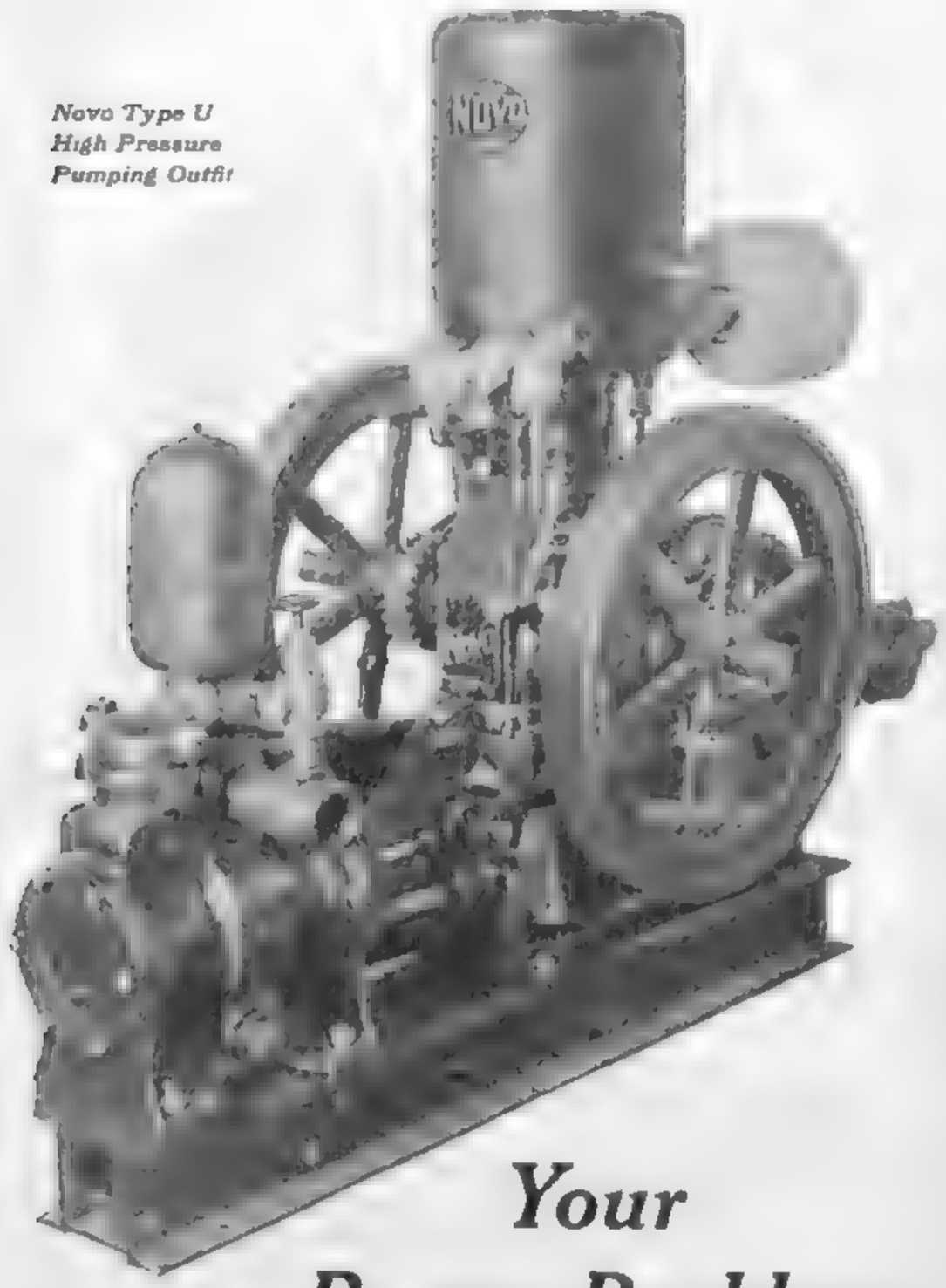

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of those natives touched forks or perched on chairs again.

The other entertainment I saw was much more picturesque and interesting. My aunt and I and the two cousins drove through the narrow streets in the old part of the city, stopping our landau at the entrance of a large, important-looking building. There we descended, and on foot went into a courtyard, where there was every sign of a great function. There were rugs and silks spread on the walls and floors—making canopies, too, stretched on poles and columns. There were cushions and small low tables and some higher, with Western chairs. There were men in Oriental uniforms and flowing robes, and the official frock coat with red fez; and there were native musicians playing vague, wailing music. Attendants stood about and served out food, and the frame's coloring was rich and beautiful, worthy of some of the swarthy faces. The weird lighting of lanterns and torches helped the effect as they flared up or wore down again. It looked as if confusion reigned, though probably that was only because my Western eyes were used to a different type of entertainment.

Someone who seemed to be a master of ceremonies greeted us, and then turning our escorts over to his aids he escorted my aunt and me to a staircase, where we mounted a short flight. A door opened ahead, and we saw we were in the harem of the sheik. We were introduced to his oldest and first wife, who, I was told, was an old wife of the Khedive's brother, whom the latter had passed on to his friend as a special mark of favor! She was a small white-haired woman with gray eyes and a young face, good features and a clever expression; and she evidently held all present in respect as she bustled about giving orders which were promptly obeyed. Through an interpreter she told us the ceremony was over, and now was the entertainment, but soon the bridegroom would come and fetch the bride to take her home. He had never seen his wife, but would now. She ordered us to be given refreshments and asked us to be seated.

### An Oriental Wedding

The room was large and as garish as the one of that earlier feast; also it was in blue, of French taste in a bad epoch, but with the difference that this place was overcrowded with miscellaneous furniture, ornaments and junk. Cushions were strewn all over the floor, hundreds of them, and on these lounged a lot of women, old or young, but all heavy and dark. Most of them had big brown eyes and pretty hands; otherwise they were ugly and their looks were not improved by their wearing Paris-fashioned frocks without stays to sit on the floor. It made them seem fat and bunchy and ungraceful. They talked among themselves, smoked cigarettes and ate sweets, and they would look at the bride and evidently chatter about her. The latter sat apart, a gentle-faced young creature, as lumpy as the others, though, and with some finely mounted old jewels on her fancy frock.

The room seemed in great disorder, and there were all sorts of things about, including a sewing machine, a music box and a piano, gilt clocks and candelabra, boxes of candy, dishes, and so on. There were some soft, comfortable chairs and sofas like the wall damask, and the curtains were drawn.

We divided general attention with the bride. For a time especially our clothes were of interest, but the old lady was the only one who talked to us, and she was frequently interrupted. It was not very satisfactory, and we never got beyond the first polite nothings.

Soon there was a stir, and a great noise on the staircase announced the groom. He was ushered in by the eunuchs, and came forward, led by our hostess toward the bride. All the other women jumped up and surrounded them, and it was impossible to follow their further movements amid the din of laughing, crying, talking and excitement in the room. My aunt whispered to me that she thought we ought to leave them to their family party, so we worked our way to the door, and found our escorts below, wondering how they could signal us and quite ready to return to the hotel. This party gave me a curious impression of the dull sloth and emptiness of these Orientals' lives, and I was glad when we left the hectic capital and started up the Nile on our pretty steam yacht Nitocris.

### Our Return to Rome

We had visited the Pyramids by moonlight and made the various other charming excursions usual, but Cairo and Alexandria did not hold my enthusiasm after the first days. The rest of the trip was a wonderful experience, of quaint villages and bazaars, of wonderful ruins, and especially of the dignified, graceful natives, walking with swinging, heavy draperies and with jars and baskets on their heads. Donkeys and donkey boys, who were like imps of bronze, accompanied us. Their tales were always false but most amusing, and we loved the excursions we made each second day. On the day between we moved up the great river with its long-drawn-out panorama of beautiful shapes and colors on either side of us. The land's beauty and the lovely lines of sails about us were a delight. Our crew was enough to give joy to an artist, and there was material for many a picture in the way they ate their food or bent and rose to say their prayers out on the deck. We were a congenial party, too, and all loved the trip save my poor uncle, who was growing steadily worse instead of better, and whose condition gave us much anxiety.

Finally, on our return to Cairo, after the classic tour to the First Cataract and back, we gave up all the rest of our contemplated journey, and taking the first steamer we returned to Rome, where my uncle remembered being so comfortable and where he liked the doctors. It was just in time that we reached there, for on our arrival my uncle took to his bed, and various medical lights were called in to his aid. They said there was no danger; that he would be better soon; but that he was too fragile to go farther north for some little time and that he must be kept quiet. My aunt devoted nearly all her time to him, only occasionally making herself free to go out with us of an evening, for in Rome I could not go alone with my cousins as at home. I was left, however, with much time on my hands during the days, and as I had been too young on my earlier journey with my parents to remember my sightseeing, I decided to take this up quite seriously again. We would have a month in the Eternal City, and I meant to enjoy it all.

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

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# SMALL-TOWN STUFF

## By Robert Quillen

### *Environment*

A CERTAIN man in a great city lived "in grief and baleful discontent." He worked hard and earned considerable money, but custom, ably supported by his pride, insisted that he should live up to his income. Living up to one's income means living up one's income. The end of each month found him as poor as its beginning.

In the course of a day's work he came into contact with many men richer than himself. They seemed mere mortals. He studied them in an effort to discover the hidden quality that enabled them to acquire fortunes in a field where he got only a living. The study brought him neither comfort nor reward, and being unable to find an explanation that he could accept without doing violence to his pride he at length concluded that the getting of wealth is a matter of luck. This brought him small cheer. If luck determines the fatness or leanness of men why should he be compelled to tighten his belt while others enjoyed a feast? Surely he was as deserving as the next one! Thus he reasoned and nursed his grievance until he began to consider himself abused.

One evening while punishing himself with thoughts of his hard lot he formed a resolution: He would quit the city of his nativity, where a man had no chance—where all was strife and heartless competition and pose and vulgar show—and cast his lot with a better and fairer land.

In keeping with this resolution he began to look about for a destination. After a time he found in a magazine a description of a small town that appeared to offer the thing he desired. The town was described by one who loved it and its people.

One who loves finds little fault. The people in the town described were simple, wholesome folk, having no acquaintance with want and little knowledge of the luxuries enjoyed by the rich. They labored for their bread, but laughed as they worked and found grace to be content. There was no strife among them. All were neighbors—kindly, helpful, unassuming—and an even level of poverty gave them little cause for envy, as an unavoidable intimacy gave little opportunity for pose.

The place seemed Arcadia, and the man who was soured by his lot in the city set out in search of it.

A long hot ride in a day coach on a branch-line railroad did much to lessen his enthusiasm, but he endured patiently for the sake of the reward. Late in the afternoon he reached his destination. He stood on packed cinders in front of a weather-beaten station and returned the stare of curious idlers.

Presently a lean dog approached and sniffed about his trouser legs. Before him stretched the town's one business street, unkempt and deserted save for the heat waves that danced above it. As he looked a miniature whirlwind caught up the dust of the street and bore down upon him. He fled to the shelter of the station and sought the ticket agent.

"What time can I get a train out of here?" he demanded.

"Number Four goes down at seven-forty," replied the agent. "She'll probably be a little late. Not going to stay overnight?"

"I am not," said the city man. "I read about this town and came here in search of happiness. I have seen enough. It is dirty and commonplace and sordid and unlovely, and as dead as the Populist Party. I wouldn't live here if somebody should make me a present of all adjoining territory and pay me a salary to confess that I owned it. Why in the world does anybody stay here when there are trains going somewhere every day?"

The agent smiled. "My friend," said he, "contentment isn't a matter of geography, and it is seldom a good plan to go away from home in search of happiness. One can't purchase happiness or find it at the end of a rainbow. If he doesn't contrive happiness out of his own cosmos he will never know what happiness is. Happiness is what the boys would call a home brew, and its flavor isn't affected by density of population."

### *Sophistication*

PEOPLE who know very little concerning the ways of men and are disposed to trust all men in all matters are called greenhorns. When a greenhorn has finished a course in hard knocks and got from his bruises a cunning and discretion that serve as substitutes for wisdom, he is said to be sophisticated. One pays a price for sophistication.

There was a certain young man, formerly classed as a greenhorn, who had survived many hard encounters with persons less innocent than himself, profited by each blow received, and turned again to prey upon those who had furnished his education. Within a short time he collected a fortune, and having no person of his own blood with whom to share it, set about finding a wife.

There were charming young ladies about him, but he saw in them, or thought he saw, something of the hardness that had crept into his own cosmos. They were beautiful, but it was a beauty that confessed itself nine parts art. They were graceful, but it was a studied grace, hinting of tutors and conscious pose. They talked well, but frequently their lips smiled while their eyes remained cold. His hard-learned cunning warned him against them.

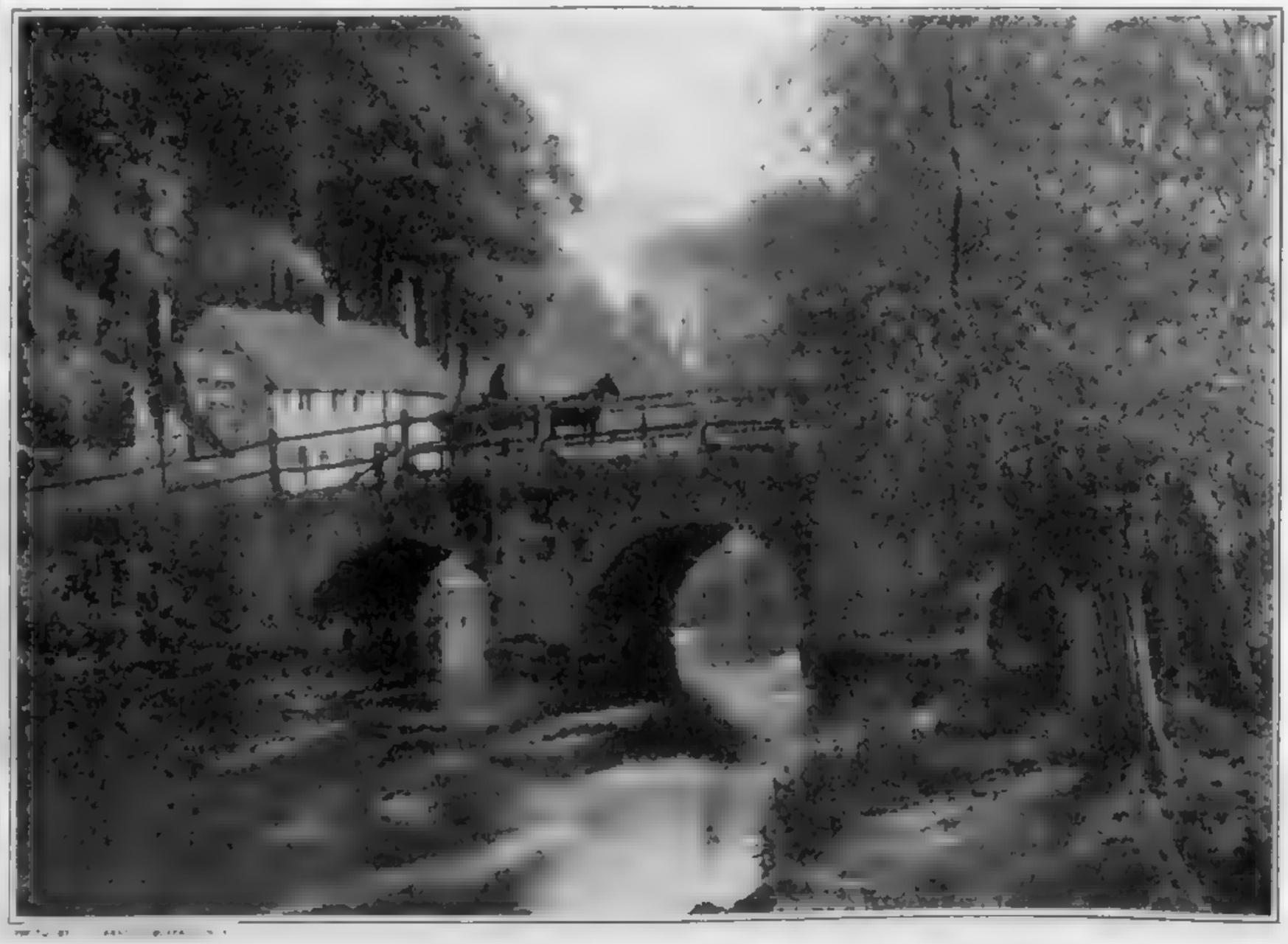
A wife he would have, but her grace must be unaffected, her beauty sufficient without adornment or retouching, her pose unstudied and her smile unaffected. His desires, you will observe, were modest.

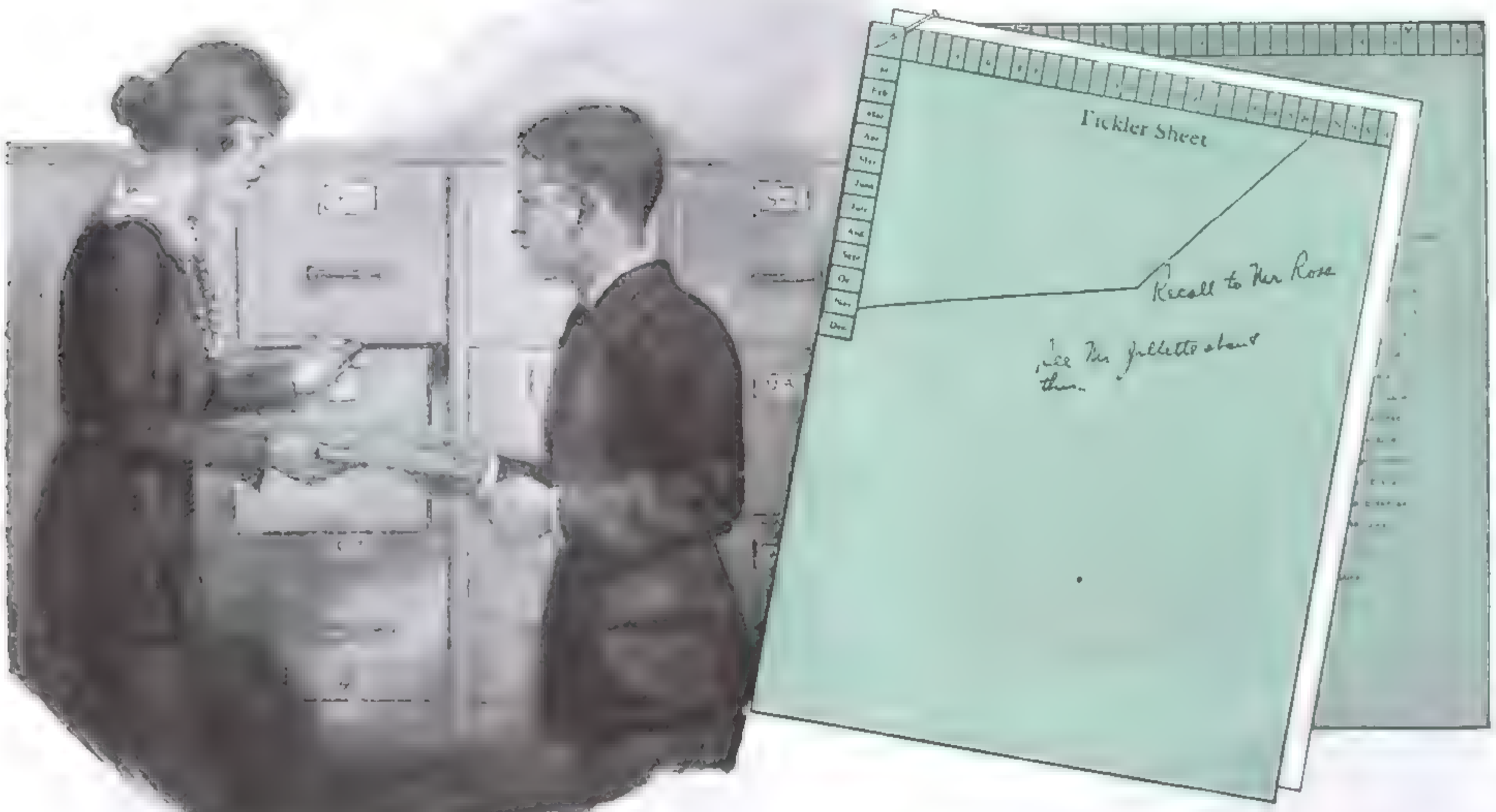
At length, when near to despair, he bethought him of a forty-second cousin who lived on a farm in the hills, and said to himself: "I shall write to her that I am in search of a wife. She will know many girls who are beautiful and genuine, and will doubtless delight in shortening my search." He wrote the letter and followed it within a week.

The sun dropped behind the hills as he approached the farm along a dusty road. The house sat in a grove near the highway, and the sound of a merry whistle led him to climb a fence, make a detour about an orchard, and approach the stables from the rear. The cows had come up from the pasture and waited patiently at the corral bars

As the sophisticated young man stood watching, a girl appeared. Her body was slender and her step was light. There was in her movement the easy grace that perfect health and supple muscles give to the wild creatures of plain and forest, and she whistled merrily for the joy of living. A gingham apron, starched and ironed within an inch of its life, revealed only her full

*(Continued on Page 63)*






# "Here Are Today's Ticklers"

FIRST thing in the morning, your file clerk distributes the day's tickler sheets. Each tickler tells someone of something he must do that day.

Perhaps the tickler you receive is an extra carbon of a letter you wrote, promising further advices on a specified date.

Or the tickler sheet may be used as a recall memorandum—attached to a letter, an order, a requisition, or a statement. The simple form shown above may be employed for either purpose.

Ticklers simply offer one more example of how printed forms are used by wide-awake business houses to save time, prevent mistakes, speed up business procedure.

Many of these houses go a step further in economy and efficiency by standardizing their business printing on Hammermill Bond. They have found that this "Utility Business Paper" is strong, clean, uniform in quality—and the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market.

Ask your printer to use Hammermill Bond for all your office forms and stationery.

We will send you, on request, a portfolio of specimen forms, printed on Hammermill Bond. These forms will show you Hammermill's twelve colors besides white, which enable you to give color distinction to your various forms—the "Signal System" of business.

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Producers of gasoline are advertising that there is enough gasoline for all if waste is stopped.

Automobiles are transportation—necessities, not luxuries. Gasoline transportation—of people and goods—by car and truck is vital. It will constantly become more vital and important. Transportation should be efficient; it should operate without waste.

Piston rings are a tremendous factor in gasoline waste. If they are worn or improperly designed or made, they are wasteful. They permit gas to escape past them; they permit the engine to consume an unnecessary amount of gasoline.

Lubricating oil, too, is wasted when rings are worn or not bearing properly. They are really the watchmen or guardians of your engine's combustion chamber or the power vault in your motor.

Therefore, it pays to install new piston rings. Pays in more power and less carbon—pays in smaller gasoline and oil bills—greater mileage per gallon.

And it pays best to install McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings—whose two-piece construction gives them equal radial pressure against the cylinder walls. Not just contact against the cylinder, but firm, equal pressure throughout their entire circle. There is a vast difference between equal radial pressure and merely contact. It is the two-piece construction of McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings that gives them this equal cylinder wall pressure. Be sure that you get the genuine. Ten years of use by car owners has proved their worth.

Jobbers and dealers the country over can supply you the exact size or over-size you may need to stop the waste in your motor. Install them now and be ready for the heavy demand that winter places on your car.

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*For motors that "pump oil" —use*

A McQuay-Norris Supremo ring in the top groove of each piston controls the excessive flow of oil and with McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Rings in the lower grooves makes an ideal combination for complete compression and power.

These two sections of the same size and strength equalize each other and create equal radial pressure

*The McQuay-Norris Electric Furnace Pouring McQuay-Norris Metal.*

(Continued from Page 60)

round throat and sensible shoes. Her face was like a warm-toned marble, and her hair hung down her back in a great yellow braid.

Here, then, was the forty-second cousin.

The young man looked long and steadily. Then he slipped away and found the road back to town. As he walked he chuckled, as one will who has avoided a trap.

"The nerve of her," he said; "trying to put one over on me. I'm too wise for that stuff. If I've seen one chorus in that make-up I've seen forty. Rural innocence—dew on the daisies—far from the madding crowd. Tommyrot!"

The penalty for sophistication is that one loses the ability to believe in the genuineness of anything. He is a wise man who knows when to doubt.

### Travel

WHEN the Anglo-Saxon began to thirst for culture he learned Greek and Latin. The story of two great civilizations was recorded in strange languages, and one who desired knowledge of it had first to serve an apprenticeship in the art of translation. There were no bookstores offering English versions of the classics. There were few books. A study of classics in the original was essential to education, and educated men quoted Latin and Greek fluently and frequently as proof of their erudition.

When books and translations multiplied and the Anglo-Saxon built up a civilization of his own, one athirst for culture was enabled to glean the sum of human knowledge from pages printed in the language of his nativity, but he learned Greek and Latin still. Customs endure long after the conditions that justified them have been forgotten.

When civilization was young few men visited the far corners of the earth. Unless one went away to the wars he died in the neighborhood where he was born, ignorant of the peoples and customs of other lands and wholly content in his ignorance. With culture got from Latin and Greek came the desire for greater knowledge of the world and the fullness thereof. There were no books of travel to afford knowledge—no reports to geographic societies, no encyclopedia to record scientific research. Knowledge was got at first hand or not at all, and getting knowledge at first hand meant weary months in wooden ships under canvas, and other weary months in coaches or astride horses or camels. The quest of culture was a hard business, not lightly undertaken, and the cultured few deserved the honor they received.

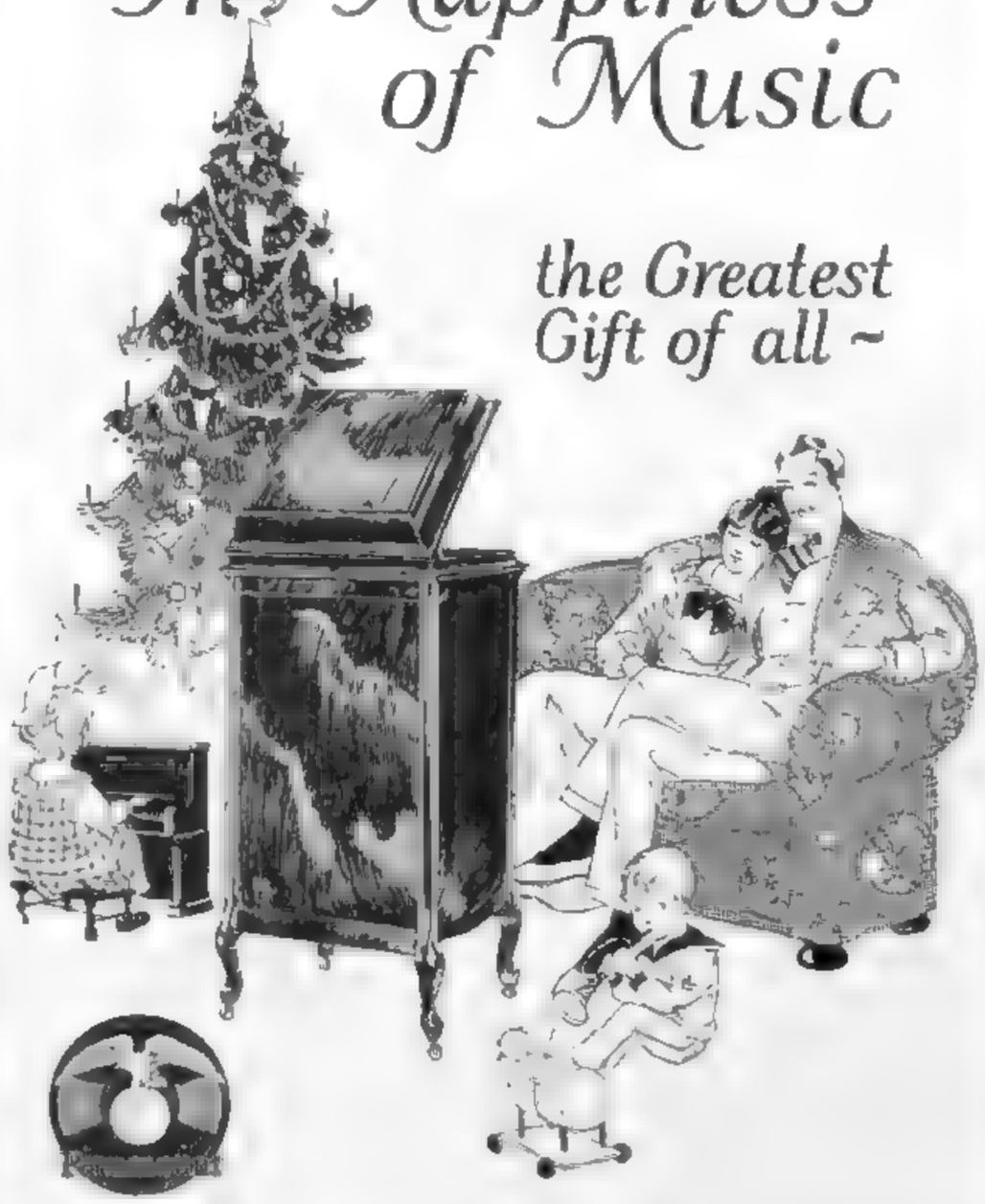
Books brought the distant places to one's own fireside. One may sit at home and learn all that other men know concerning the wide reaches of the sea and the land; and yet, so persistent is custom, in this good day travel is, as ever, an essential to education, and people put themselves to a great deal of trouble and expense to learn the things that could be learned more easily at home.

(Concluded on Page 65)

PHOTO BY F. G. COCHRAN, LEXINGTON, WASHINGTON


The Happiness of Music

the Greatest Gift of all ~



FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL, music has been the great giver of Happiness.

Nations have been born in the glory of music. Dreams of monarchs have been shattered and empires uprooted, yet music has sprung from the ruins and flourished with renewed vigor with the first note of peace.

Such is the spirit of music which has come to us through the ages with its magic power. It is a force that inspires, recreates and soothes; that awakens a new interest in the home and surrounds it with a fascinating, joyful atmosphere.

Music, the supreme gift, has ever been associated with Christmas. Why not bring music to your home this Christmas; any and all music you love; music that will stay through the years to gladden the hearts of your family and give entertainment to your friends?

*Truly Expressive Music*

The Paramount Phonograph, with its masterful tone, brings you the true art of music; the feeling and expression, the soul emotions of the original productions.

Nothing is lost and nothing is added in Paramount reproductions. The Reproducer is of extremely sensitive character, the Tone Arm permits unobstructed travel of sound waves, and the Amplifier of wood produces full, resonant tones of unusual quality.

Ask your Paramount dealer for a demonstration both of the Paramount Phonograph and Paramount Records. Hear other makes of records also and note how well the Paramount plays them all.

Eight beautiful cabinet styles, including two exquisite Console Models of period design.

Choose yours now for Christmas morning delivery.

THE PARAMOUNT CO., PORT WASHINGTON, WIS.
FACTORIES ALSO IN SHEBOYGAN AND GRAFTON
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**Paramount**
Phonographs & Records

AFTER all, how much do you know about the relative merits of the different eights?

How do you judge an eight? Surely not just by a hurried demonstration over a wonderfully smooth city pavement.

Few people fully realize that there *is* a decided and wide difference.

The Apperson is the famous "Eight with eighty less parts."

That is, it is reduced to the clean-cut simplicity of the four.

It operates, for instance, with a single cam shaft, and a single pair of cam gears meshed direct. There is no chain.

This motor is two small, simple fours merged into one at the base.

**That's why you get that wonderfully smooth performance of the multi-cylinder motor coupled with the strict economy of the four.**

**So you see there *is* a fundamental difference. The Apperson stands out by combining eight-flexibility with four-economy.**

*Drive an Apperson first—then decide*

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND.
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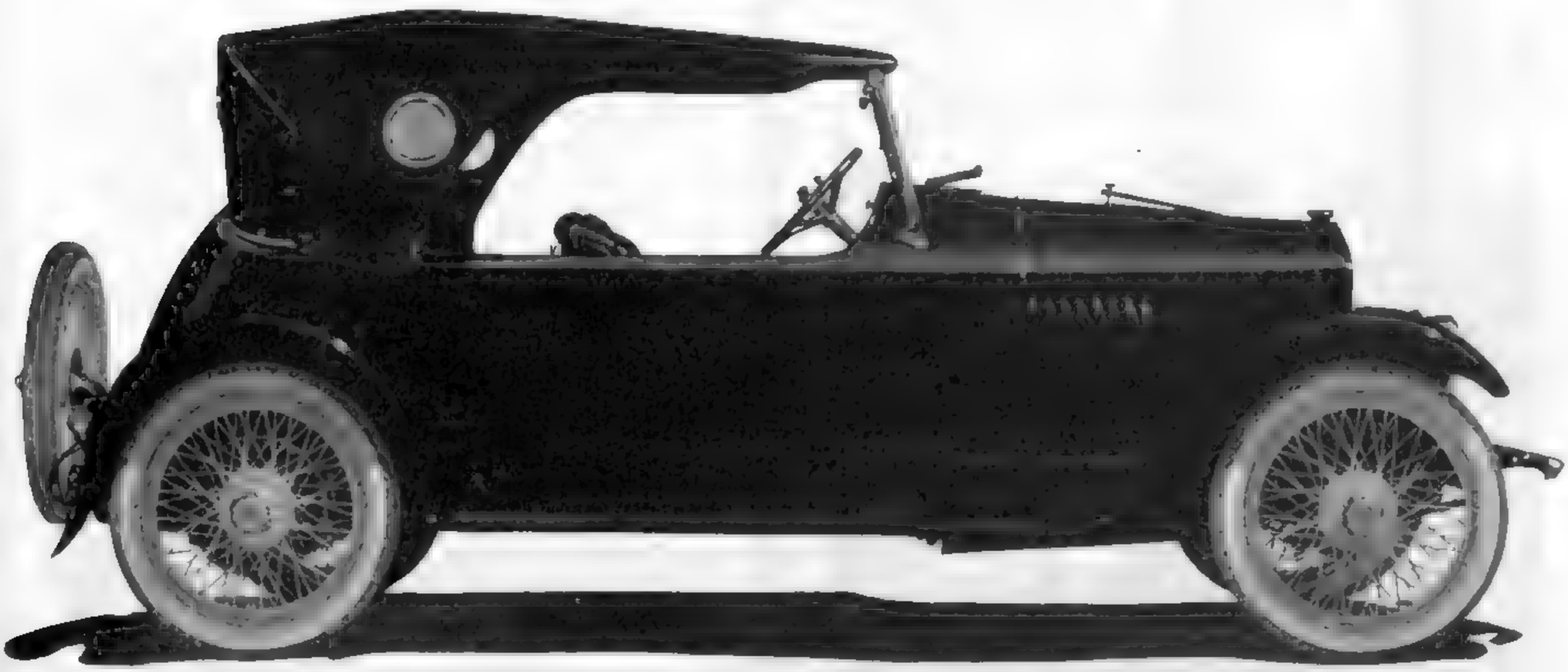
*The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.*

APPERSON

*Apperson bounds in high from 1 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40-mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in 38¼ feet.*



# APPERSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

(Concluded from Page 63)

When one travels in distant lands he returns with a memory of strange dishes and queer smells, and this memory is the sole fruit of his labor. All he has learned of far places—and much he had no opportunity to discover—is written in books that may be had for a little money. An experienced traveler has described the width and breadth of the earth, and his camera has preserved the picture of it.

When one has traveled about the earth and explored the last niche of it he has been nowhere at all. So an ant, tiring of the narrow confines of a pasture lot, might quit the hill inhabited by his neighbors and travel away and away to the orchards five hundred yards distant, and return to boast throughout the remainder of his short life of the wonders he saw at the outer edge of space. When one has circled the earth he has but visited his neighbors. The unnumbered planets that circle about unnumbered suns millions of miles beyond the reach of telescopes remain unexplored.

The broadening influence of travel does not consist in the sight of strange lands or a study of their customs, but rather in contact with people and a realization of one's little importance in the scheme of the universe.

People one may meet at home and study with delight and profit throughout his life, and yet not understand them; and if he is blessed with common sense the discomforts of a voyage are not required to persuade him of his little importance.

Running about over the face of the earth is but a respectable way of loafing. It is a great waste of human energy that should be harnessed to plows and handsaws. If one may fetch a bucket of water why should everybody stop work to visit the well?

### Our Liar

IN OUR town we have an entertaining liar. Many liars are cramped in their style by the fear of making a statement that will not dovetail with something said on a previous occasion, but ours refuses to be hampered by dread of inconsistencies. His theory is that each lie should stand or fall by its own merit. Consistency encourages repetition and tends to become a bore. Precedent stifles originality. But one who does plain and fancy lying without blue print or pattern is hindered only by the limits of his imagination and has full play for the development of his natural abilities.

Our liar is not malicious. He has a knack of framing his sentences in a humorous way, and his slanders are invariably garnished with wit to provoke a laugh. When he is telling some great tale of his own prowess or relating some ridiculous story of a neighbor's folly or dereliction, those who listen know he is lying and he knows they know he is lying. He is no whit abashed, however, but lies the more to calm their incredulity. If doubt is expressed openly he says that he hopes to drop dead if the thing isn't true, and he says it with such earnestness and seeming of candor that those who know him best are almost persuaded to believe.

In the summer, when idlers are gathered under a wooden awning on the shady side of Main Street, he sits among them and directs the conversation. In winter, also, he is the center of some group gathered about a stove in the back of some grocery store. And though everybody knows him to be a liar and none would believe him on oath, his auditors are attentive and laugh heartily with him when he has finished the cracker on a particularly striking phrase. They excuse his lying because they have become accustomed to it, and they enjoy his conversation as frankly as they would enjoy a bit of well-written fiction.

He was one of those who crossed the Atlantic to take part in the big fight. When he went away those left behind speculated concerning the great lies he would bring home. There was general agreement that he would have tales to tell of the generals he had whipped in punishment for their impudence, and of regiments and divisions he had captured in time to avert disaster, and the town chuckled in anticipation.

When he came home again he talked but little. When pressed for details of the horror he had seen he lied in a desultory, half-hearted way concerning the fear he had felt, but never once did he boast of any conquest or heroism. After a time, when the new had worn from his home-coming, he resumed the practice of free-hand lying concerning trivial matters about town, but never yet has he lied about the war. Folks about town accept his inability to lie under such tempting circumstance as convincing evidence that the horror of the conflict reached beyond the limit of man's imagination.

### Dreams

THE charge against dreams is not that they are unlovely or vicious, but that they fail to alter facts or change the scheme of the universe. One may plant corn in a field and lie down in the shade to dream. In his dreams he may picture the sprouting, the first shoots, the tassel, the ripe ear, the ground meal, and a hoecake hot from the oven. But while he dreams the field will be given over to weeds and the young corn will be choked. Dreams cannot take the place of a plow.

If men could make an end of war and forget the art of building battleships and guns the world would be a better place and persons in search of a quiet residence neighborhood would pass by other worlds and cast their lot with us. Intellectuals dream of a peace that shall endure among men until the end of time, but primitive peoples do not share the dream. The primitive knows only the logic of force and the right of might. And among civilized peoples there are hard-boiled nations selfishly bent on getting a profit by robbing their neighbors. These may give three cheers for the primrose paths of peace, but their hearts are full of guile. If they beat their swords into plowshares they will hold out a few scraps of metal for the fashioning of a trench knife. One may love peace and yet refuse to destroy his gun while a prowling wildcat creeps about his henhouse and a treacherous neighbor shows symptoms of desiring his life. There can be no disarmament except universal disarmament.

Doubtless one should cultivate a tender and forgiving spirit. Doubtless the criminal should be loved and trusted, and thus won back to a respect for right and a desire for righteousness. The honor system is a logical system if the visible supply of honor is sufficient to insure its operation. One may dream of weaning the wicked from their evil way by gentleness and long-suffering kindness, but the fruits of the dream will turn ashes. One criminal will be reformed by kindness, and another will make sport of a benefactor and clean his pockets. The student of psychology and the dreamer of Utopia may enjoy the experiment of trusting thieves, but prudence counsels the continued manufacture of padlocks.

In an ideal world, full of ideal men, there would be neither want nor affluence. No man would possess greater wealth or an abler mind or a stronger body than his neighbor. All would be equally industrious, and, lacking cause for envy and hate, all would be equally happy. Dreams of an ideal state are beautiful dreams, but they take no account of fact. We may, by statute, slacken the pace of the fleet; we cannot, by statute or dreaming, quicken the pace of the maimed. There can be equality of opportunity; there cannot be equality of ability to handle opportunity.

As a matter of abstract justice, all men and nations should be free. No man has the inherent right to say to another: "Thou shalt." Each people has the inalienable right to work out its own destiny. Yet when an individual in the process of exercising his inalienable right to liberty becomes a menace to the health and morality of the community, or a nation in the exercise of its freedom becomes a breeding place for disease, turmoil and plots against the peace and order of civilization, it becomes the duty of persons and nations thus menaced to curtail a liberty that has degenerated into license and run amuck. Dreaming will not make a cesspool sanitary or protect the world from the madness of an irresponsible people.

Men have dreamed of an easy way to wealth and thousands have adventured in pathways that gave promise of a shorter journey. For this cause have we jails. Dreaming cannot repeal the law that an effect must have a sufficient cause.

The student of history will observe the great distance mankind has traveled, and thus find courage to hope that future generations, growing wiser one after another, will at last attain perfection. But he will not dream of short cuts to the goal. Men may fashion beautiful trinkets of brass. They cannot fashion gold trinkets until they have found gold.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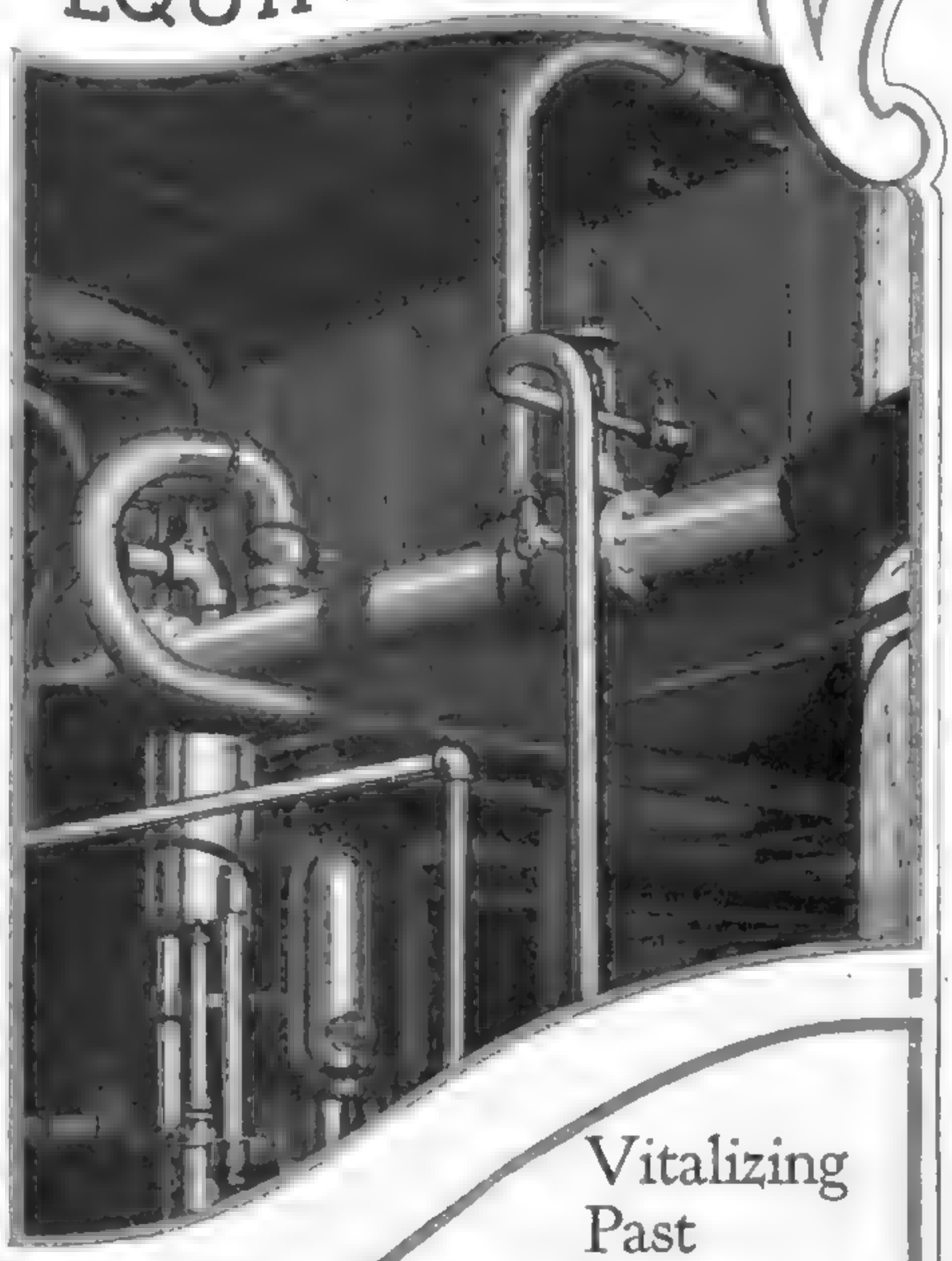

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# THE STAGE DOOR

(Continued from Page 17)

He sat down and drew her hand from the sweater sleeve and held it within the parchment of his own.

"What about, dearie?"

"Yourself. Who are you and how did you find me?"

He told her, and then quite naturally drifted into tales of past glories, of the days when the laurels of Booth trembled upon his brow.

"I might ha' been a great actor, dearie. He said, when I gave my ghost speech in Hamlet, I would be heard down the centuries. Why, the day I came out on that stage ——" and he proceeded to croon the stories he loved to tell.

But this time no laughter trailed their finish, no pointed remarks as to the power of his imagination. This listener leaned forward with eyes wide and a look of reverence in their gray depths.

"How wonderful!" she breathed. "Just to have acted with a man like that, even if he did keep you out of the part. Why, even his jealousy was a compliment!"

Pop expanded under the rapt attention, and it wasn't the slant of sunrays in his eyes that made their pallid blue shine with a light new to them. If she hadn't walked into his heart the night before when he held her against it, Eileen took possession of it now.

"How old are you, dearie?" he asked, going to the closet and taking down the hat reserved for Sundays.

"Eighteen next month."

He turned and went back to the narrow bed and stood looking down at her. And suddenly it came to him that eighteen years before there had been born into the world, of parents who did not count, this child, to give him something to live for, something more than dreams that had never come true, something to make his own life count. He put his hat on gayly to one side and picked up his overcoat.

"I'm goin' out to find that job you're looking for. Now you take it easy and get all pretty again, and to-morrow we'll have you fixed."

On his way out he interviewed the landlady. There was a hall bedroom vacant on the third floor, and he took it so that Eileen might have his on the second. With an elastic bound in his step he went out into the winter sunlight. Somehow it didn't seem as freezing as yesterday, and while he walked toward the theater Pop did some rapid figuring.

Long before, the savings of a lifetime had been withdrawn from the bank and deposited with Uncle Sam. There remained a few hundred dollars saved since the war, which might do for them both. If not, he would have to raise enough with an Uncle Sam bond as security. Anyway, Eileen would be taken care of, even if she did not find a job the rest of the season.

Then Pop did some of the tallest agenting of his life. For years he had not known the necessity of seeking a job for himself. At the Gotham Theater he was a fixture, as those grizzly guardians of stage portals so often are. And he approached this new experience with inward trepidation, but an outward indifference that would have done honor to any hardened Thespian.

He took the elevator to the fifth floor and called on the manager, who was also the producer of the musical comedy now occupying the boards of the Gotham. That gentleman was busy listening to an incipient prima donna who, with hawk-eyed mother accompanying her on the piano, was running the gamut of trills.

Pop descended to the stage director's offices on the fourth. A collection of applicants for a new musical show had assembled there, but being on comfortable speaking terms with the director he wedged his way through.

"Got a find for you, Mr. McGuire," he announced with the salesman's canny gift of bestowing favors, not asking them. "She's the prettiest little thing and a voice like a bird." And he proceeded to enlarge upon Eileen's gifts.

"Big as a minute and not eighteen yet, and you'd ought to see her dance! She's like a feather—honest. Her people sent her to me, and I thought you'd ought to have first show."

"Any experience?" came the question eternal.

"A little," said Pop guardedly, "but not too much. She's young and green—easy to train. And pretty—why, you'd ought to see—short yeller hair, all curly and ——"

"Send her in," said the director abruptly.

But Pop did not send her in. He took her in two days later when the pastel pink had come back to her cheeks and the young sparkle of excitement to her eyes, like the sparkle of sun on gray waters. Before the visit he took her down the line of smiling shops on Forty-second Street, and Cinderella emerged from them as if a wand had in reality waved over her. Pop fancied himself in the rôle of fairy godmother. It was one he had never essayed. To pick up the worn serge suit in one hand and battered straw hat in the other and toss them aside with lordly disdain, while his charge stepped out of the fitting room in warm crimson cloth like some little robin redbreast, gave him a sense of power that Wall Street could not rival. She stood surveying herself in the mirror for one long gasping moment, then flung herself into his arms, crimson cloth and all, and burst shamelessly into tears.

"I'll pay you back for it all," she sobbed before the astonished saleswoman. "I will—I will! I don't know why you're so good to me, but I'll make it up to you. If ever you need me, if I'm at the other end of the world, I'll come to you. I will! I'd die for you right now!"

She kept repeating the pledge all the way to the Gotham offices, and Pop had to stop with her in the hall downstairs and remind her that her nose was red from crying. While she dabbed powder on its tip, she reached up again and planted a kiss on the tip of his, and he grinned delightedly. All her girlish effervescence, all her enthusiasm had returned with the sense of security he had given her. They radiated from her like an aura as she faced the seasoned director and his measuring eye took stock of her possibilities. The short hair fluffed up like golden cobwebs to meet the soft red-velvet hat. The deep gray eyes set wide apart with that real look of innocence so precious to modern musical comedy—and so rare—gazed up through shadowy lashes. And at one corner of the parted lips curved a dimple that for the purpose of their visit was nothing short of a gift of the gods.

The director's survey seemed to cover the ages. Pop stood to one side, whirling his hat like a top, with a look of sublime indifference. But inside the crown his fingers twitched. Eileen's breath came in little troubled gasps. The way she sent him hurried sidelong glances that were a plea for encouragement made the blood warm round his heart.

At last the director finished with a nod.

"She'll do," he vouchsafed.

"Why, he didn't even ask me to sing!" Eileen stammered, once they were safe outside the door.

"They don't—sometimes," Pop observed.

And back in his office the director was congratulating himself on having procured one girl who was really all the billboards proclaimed. It never occurred to him that he had passed that same little figure in the outer room a dozen times during the past week and looked at her without even seeing her.

When rehearsals were called several weeks later Pop accompanied Eileen to the theater each day, and the old eyes that had seen much and observed more watched every move of hers with the brooding, proud look of parentage.

Whatever the unimportance of her voice, there had at least been no need to see her dance, for she floated about the sophisticated boards of the Gotham stage like the powder puff she was, scarcely touching them. She was like a child on a holiday. Peace of mind, allied to hope, had given birth to a spirit of joy that tingled to her very toes.

In the few hours of leisure granted both of them she would sit at Pop's feet and beg, with wide eyes widened, for stories of his actor days. Then would Pop draw on his imagination as never before. Once as he met that look of intense admiration his eyes went down and he was tempted to blurt out:

"Don't believe me, dearie! I was just a bum ham actor, that's all."

But to be enshrined somewhere, somehow, almost equaled ambition realized, and Pop didn't find the courage to give it up. And so he acted to Eileen as he had once hoped to act to the multitude, with cracked voice resounding like a broken bell made whole, with arms flung out in new power and pallid eyes somehow a deeper blue.

At night he hurried home, knowing that two arms would be waiting to clasp round his neck, two soft lips to skim his weathered cheek, and with a good-night kiss, a murmured "Oh, Pop, how am I ever going to make it up to you?"

The worn old letter, long ago thrust into its pigeonhole and forgotten, had at last been opened, and across the blurred lines of ambition love had been written.

### III

WHEN the company left to play an engagement in Boston before coming to Broadway for a summer run, Pop wandered about the streets like the proverbial lost sheep. One would have thought he had always had a daughter to shelter and moon over

She wrote every day, spasmodic, jerky little notes without much news in them, but palpitating with a joy of living that seemed to flow from their pages through his calloused finger tips like new red blood.

With April she came back to him, dropping suitcase and grip on the station floor to fly to the love that elbowed past guards and crowds the instant a gold-framed head appeared at the other side of the gateway.

In their talk that night she told him of practice with her singing, of dancing lessons, of a line they had given her, of new costumes. And Pop realized with relief that fears he had voiced not even to himself had been absolutely ungrounded. Eileen was as little a part of the life she had made hers as thistledown belongs to the sharp-thorned stem that bears it.

He sneaked from his threadbare chair by the door to the stage of the Gotham Theater the following Monday night, when the latest musical show with the newest array of fledglings presented its jazz to jaded Broadway. He stood, swaying as she swayed with step lighter than any of the other girls, and marked time. And the eyes of her pirouetted with her toes and for him the spotlight concentrated on her alone

Just before the curtain fell he stole round to the front of the house to catch such comments as drifted from those who came out, hats tucked under their arms.

"Say, who's the little girl with short yellow hair, third from the right—in the front row? By Jove, she's sweet!" he heard one deep masculine voice inquire, and turning he saw a broad back in evening clothes. Then he returned to the stage door. He was satisfied. Somebody who knew class when he saw it had noticed Eileen.

He had occasion to remark that same broad back two or three nights later, this time with a glimpse of the face that went with it as its owner swung past Pop's pigeonhole. It was a face familiar enough back-stage. Pop had seen it any number of times—a face that was boyish and not noticeable for strength, a head just a bit too small for the big shoulders, but with pleasant, kindling dark eyes, brown hair slicked smooth and pointed as a pierrot's cap, and teeth a shining white. He had the look of a man whose valet is expert, who quite as a matter of course gives to his physical being every attention.

He disappeared in the direction of the stage as the curtain fell on the second act.

(Continued on Page 71)

He Made Out the Figure of a Girl Who Clung With Both Hands to the Bars of the Grating

*"Royal Blue" for Men and Women. "Liberty Bell" for Children.*

# Time tells whether a shoe is *all* leather or not

But why wait for Time to tell the story? You can know beforehand. Merely look on the shoe for its name.

If the name is SELZ, the story is complete. *Selz* certifies it as an all-leather shoe, qualified to wear longer and keep its newness.

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For fifty years the House of Selz has been unswerving in its policy. And the public has profited by it, as you will.

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## Give Music This Christmas

Give your family a Columbia Grafonola with Columbia Records for Christmas. Then right at your fireside you will find such famous *exclusive* Columbia popular artists as Al Jolson, Bert Williams, Frank Crumit, Harry Fox, Marion Harris, Nora Bayes, Ted Lewis' Jazz Band, and Van and Schenck; such *exclusive* Columbia opera stars as Barrientos, Gordon, Hackett, Ponselle, and Stracciari; and a world of other artists besides. Call on any Columbia dealer and he will gladly demonstrate that the Columbia Grafonola playing their Columbia Records always gives you exact *reproductions* of the music these artists themselves *produced* on the original wax in the Columbia Laboratory.

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**The Only Non Set Automatic Stop**

Nothing to move or set or measure. Just start the Grafonola and it plays and stops itself. Never stops before it should. Always stops at the very end. Exclusively on the Columbia Grafonola.

# Grafonola

### Tread Patented

Center tread smooth with cups, to firmly grasp wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

# "We Insist That Millers,

## under like conditions, must outlast any other tires"

Miller experts found one way to add 2,000 miles more to the average mileage per tire.

Many tests proved that. But the change cost a fortune.

We made that improvement, and it will in time save millions of dollars to Miller tire users.

In the case of the Miller Cord, it meant a rear wheel test average of 15,000 miles.

### A $1,136,000 Cord

We are constantly testing new ideas. When one shows added mileage we adopt it, regardless of the cost.

We have spent $1,136,419 to perfect the Miller Cord alone. Last year our laboratory and testing expense on Cord Tires averaged $10,000 monthly.

But this expense is well justified. It insures quality supremacy.

### What supremacy costs

We keep 250 tires constantly running under observation. We wear out 1,000 tires yearly in our factory tests. All the time we compare other makes with the Miller.

We spend $1,000 daily just to watch and test tires and materials. Fifty inspectors guard against faults and flaws.

Every Miller Tire is signed and recorded. Tires that come back are examined, so that each may teach a lesson.

### How well it pays

Now Miller mileage is everywhere discussed. The demand for Millers since 1914 has multiplied 20-fold.

Miller records have changed the tire standards of hundreds of thousands of users.

Find out what Millers mean on your car. A maker who has done so much for tires deserves a test from you. Forget old criterions — see what new-grade tires can do.

### How Miller Doubled Tire Mileage

By spending 24 years as specialists in fine rubber products.

By spending ten years in constant tire improvement.

By spending millions of dollars in tire study, tests and betterments.

By spending $1,136,000 to perfect the Cord type alone.

By spending $1,000 daily in watching and testing tires and materials.

By wearing out 1,000 tires a year to learn ways to improve them.

The result today is a twice-better tire than we built three years ago. The cost-per-mile has been cut in two. New tire standards have been established.

# Miller Tires

CORDS Geared-to-the-Road FABRICS

*Registered U. S. Patent Office*

**Mileage Doubled in 5 Years — Demand Multiplied 20-Fold**

**THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio**

**Miller Tubes (red or gray) built of surgeon-grade rubber, layer on layer, and with the infinite pains we give to surgical products. The highest attainment in a tube.**

(Continued from Page 66)

Pop looked after him, wondering how he had failed to recognize those shoulders on the opening night. Larrabee Taylor, known familiarly as Larry, was the backer of most of the musical shows that came into the Gotham. More than likely he was the backer of this one. Pop wondered how much money he had in it. Larry played with the theater as a youngster plays with a toy.

Other men gambled on the stock market, the race track. He gambled on grease paint, twinkling toes and melody, and whether he won or lost the thrill was always there for him.

Pop reached up to the hook next the key rack and took down the light overcoat that came forth each year like spring flowers. He smoothed what was left of the nap on the velvet collar, then slipped his arms into it and went quickly out of the stage door. On their way to the theater Eileen had noticed a bunch of Sweetheart roses in a narrow little florist's shop near Sixth Avenue, and he wanted to have them for her when she came out. He could see the dimple flirt into being at the corner of her mouth as she pinned them on and went with him to the lunch room next door for the sinkers and coffee Pop had once been in the habit of taking alone.

He put the bouquet of tiny pink buds on the arm of the chair that was as old as he was, and waited for the final curtain. When the girls came streaming out with the usual "Night, Pop," he watched eagerly for a small radiant face in a fluff of gold. It appeared, the very last one, followed by Larry Taylor. At first Pop did not realize they were together. But as they came to his little corner the man stopped with a smile that gave a pleasing glimpse of his very white teeth.

"I've asked Miss Eileen to go to supper," he said, "and she tells me you have to be notified."

"You don't mind, Pop," she urged, lips parted pleadingly, and then without waiting she looked up at the tall, smartly groomed figure and added: "I'm sure he doesn't mind."

She planted a kiss on Pop's nose, light as the brush of a breeze, and disappeared laughingly. As the stage door slammed behind them Pop turned in his chair. The rosebuds lay on its arm. She had not even noticed them.

At twelve-thirty she blew into his room, perched on the footboard of the bed and gave him an account in detail of her first supper party.

"When Mr. McGuire introduced him, and he told me he'd asked for the introduction, I didn't know what to say. But, Pop, he acted all through supper as if he'd known me all his life. He made me feel so at home. We talked about the theater, and I told him I wanted to be a prima donna, and he said maybe he could get me a part in the next production. He seems to have a lot of influence."

"He has, but I wouldn't take too much stock in promises, dearie."

"He's awfully nice, Pop, and isn't he good-looking?"

"Well, I wouldn't say exactly handsome."

"But so clean-looking. As if he took such good care of himself."

"Da'say he does. And, dearie ——"

"Yes?"

"These fellers that hang round the theater, don't you believe all they tell you. This one can help you if he wants to. But you keep your distance and make him treat you like you was his sister. You know what I mean, don't you?"

She hesitated an instant, then looking at him squarely: "Yes, Pop," she murmured.

"Where did he take you to supper?"

"The Ritz."

"That's all right."

After that Pop took his own suppers alone several times a week while he pictured Eileen under crystal chandeliers with the soft ebb and flow of music about her. Not that he minded being alone. Pop was of the theater, and he knew that Larry Taylor's interest, properly directed, could eventuate in her advancement.

But the old eyes that had seen much and observed more took care to watch over her with all the eagle tenacity at their command. Once in their long experience they had looked upon a scene in a dressing room at the Gotham that had never found its way into print—the crumpled heap of a chorus girl who had chosen to go out spectacularly, leaving a letter that mentioned Larry's name. Not that Larry had been altogether to blame for what had happened. She was one of those women who love to dramatize themselves, even in death, and Pop knew that she had long since drained the cup of life.

Eileen was different. Eileen had all of life to live, and it must be kept sweet for her—no dregs, no bitter taste of regrets. But then Eileen had a determined little chin. Eileen was a fighter—she had proved that. And as she bounded into his room each night after Larry left her in the hall downstairs and told him glowingly of everything that had happened, he smiled safely.

But one thing Pop did not reckon on, perhaps because Larry Taylor was so many years older than she, and that one thing was what happened. Before the summer was half over Eileen had fallen heedlessly, helplessly in love, with the reckless love of a young girl for an older man who knows how to win it.

The old eyes that had seen much and observed more could not follow her down the stairs to her room on the second floor, could not see the vivid little face duck down into its pillow with visions of another face filling its own eyes. He himself was so far away from youth that the importance of manicured nails, correct manners, well-pressed clothes and a chivalry that made one feel oneself the only girl in the world never occurred to him.

Instead he slept peacefully, while Eileen stayed awake and dreamed dreams that bound her imagination with golden chains to the man Pop thought might be useful in a business way. Pop could not guess that the little boat of ambition had long since sunk in the sea of love, completely submerged; that Eileen was drifting toward unhappiness, whether that sea sucked her down or some providential hand plucked her from the waters in time; that whether Larry Taylor won or lost her, her young life was entirely his.

Larry realized it though. His kindling eyes, experienced in reading subtleties of feminine expression, read the very obvious glow in the gray ones across the table, the trembling of the virgin-red lips, the fluttering of the small hand when his own accidentally touched it. And Larry would not have been Larrabee Taylor, of Broadway, had he not set about cashing in on the gold the gods provided. Don't misunderstand! Larry was not the heartless villain, by-gad-I'll-get-her sort that the public has been led to believe theatrical angels usually are. But life had denied him nothing that money could buy, and it never occurred to him to deny himself one powder puff, more or less. He did nothing deliberate to trap Eileen's love. He was merely his own charming, knowing self, and that was about the most dangerous thing he could have done.

Pop's first faint realization of conditions came with a jolt one Saturday late in June. He and his cherished charge had been in the habit of picnicking in the country every Sunday since May had lifted her smiling face above the earth. On Saturday nights after the performance they prepared their cheese and ham and jelly sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, tissue-paper parcels of olives, salt and pepper, and packed them into the basket Pop had bought for such occasions. Nothing but storm was allowed to interfere with these outings, and Pop lived for them all week. On the Saturday in question he felt a little uncertain tug at his arm as he made for the delicatessen store on Sixth Avenue.

"Pop, wait a minute, won't you? Don't buy the stuff yet."

Pop turned interrogatively. The gray eyes shifted away from his.

"I—I don't think I'll be able to go with you to-morrow."

With jaw dropped, he waited for further explanation, but her hand kept guiding him toward their street, and he followed silently. It was not until he had turned on the gas in his room and stood waiting that she stammered the excuse she had diligently rehearsed, plucking at his sleeve meanwhile.

"You see, Pop, Mr. Taylor has been begging me for ever so long to let him drive me out to the country some Sunday, and I wouldn't go, and last night he said he guessed I didn't—didn't have enough faith in him to go out for a whole day alone. And, of course, I don't want him to think that."

"But, dearie, just because you spend your Sundays with me is no reason why he should talk that way."

Her toe traced the faded pattern of the Axminster carpet.

"He—he says you can spare one Sunday to him."

"Ain't he got enough of your time without takin' up more? That's the way with them sports. They think because they got money everybody ought to go down on their knees to them."

"Pop!"

He started at the sharp note that sprang into her voice.

"Don't say such things about Larry!"

"Larry?"

"I – I mean Mr. Taylor."

A flush plunged from neck to forehead and buried itself under the gleaming curls. He watched it stain her face and disappear, then caught both her hands and drew her precipitately under the light.

"Dearie, what do you mean? You don't call a man as old as that by his Christian name, do you?"

"He isn't old, Pop. Maybe he isn't as young as I am, but I hate boys, anyway."

Something in her swift defense of the man, that ignored his own troubled query, brought a flash of terror to Pop's pale eyes.

"Dearie—dearie—you ain't lettin' him make love to you, are you?"

"I wish he did love me!" she brought out recklessly—it had been a song in her heart so long. "I wish I could mean something to a man as wonderful as that."

Pop stepped back in bewilderment and brushed the cloud from before his eyes. Then in his ignorance of how to meet the situation he said the most ill-advised words he could have chosen.

"Dearie," his old voice quavered, "he ain't wonderful. He's just a dead game sport like all the rest of 'em. Why, he wouldn't marry you! Men like him ain't the marryin' kind."

For the first time the gray eyes flashed defiantly into his. "Pop, how can you say such things? I won't listen to them! I won't let you be so unjust to him! Why, he's never done anything to you! Please, please don't say anything more about him!"

Without another word, but with a sob that the door slammed on, she flung herself out of the room and he heard her convulsive sobbing as she went down the stairs.

The shrunken boards creaked under his feet all that night and most of the following day.

When Eileen came in from the motor trip he was sitting in the summer dusk rocking helplessly back and forth. He heard her hurried step on the stairs, strained for it, and presently she was in his arms with her head against his shoulder.

"I'm sorry I talked to you the way I did, Pop. Forgive me. Of course you wouldn't understand."

But she did not tell him that her sense of the injustice done Larry had caused her to cling to him with a tender confidence that made his kindling eyes flame.

From that day the face of Pop's world was changed. His short respite of springtime vanished, and there came to him the intensity of fear for another soul that love inevitably brings.

Each night that Larry Taylor's firm white hand swung open the stage door and he stood to one side that Eileen might step down before him a look of dread followed from the pigeonhole. More than once Pop saw the gaze she sent upward as they passed out, and his throat closed. On one occasion he went so far as to tackle Taylor as the latter hurried past, and stammeringly pressed his point. Would Mr. Taylor please to remember that Eileen was different from most of these girls? Would he take good care of her? He halted, embarrassed.

Larry Taylor was smiling blandly down at him as if without the least idea of Pop's object.

In panic he tried again and again to warn her. Too late he told her of the chorus girl on the floor of the Gotham dressing room. As well try to stay a raging storm. She was primitive woman battling for her divine right, and stories of another woman's folly made no impression. She heard him silently, with tolerance for an old man who did not know what it was to care, and went drifting blindly on.

And whether deliberately or unwittingly, she withdrew her confidence. Pop could only guess at those hours spent away from him, hours that grew longer, more frequent. She was just as sweet to him, just as loving, but the little chin went firm and stubborn whenever he attempted to speak the name that tortured him. And Pop studied the wide gray eyes with the anxiety of a mother,

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No 4.

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heaved an exultant sigh as they continued to meet his frankly.

Then came a Saturday in July when, as they arrived at the theater, she told him haltingly not to wait for her after the performance that night, and the thing he had dreaded to see came to pass. The eyes darted away from his as if fear were chasing them.

"Why, dearie? Why not?" he brought out.

"Because I—I'm going out to the country with Lucy Dean—and a party of friends."

Even as she said it he knew what the words presaged. The other girl's name had been thrust to the fore merely to cover one of greater moment. He urged her into his little room. He pulled off her flower-laden hat and, burying a hand in the shower of gold, pushed back the head until the gray eyes were forced to meet his.

"Dearie, dear—tell me. Is—is he goin'? Tell me the truth."

He did not need the drooping of her eyelids to answer him.

"You mustn't!" he commanded desperately. "You mustn't go away with him like that! It's all wrong!"

The curls tossed, but she said nothing. He gripped her arm and pleaded with her.

"Dearie, it's for your sake. It's only for you. He don't mean right by you. He ain't that kind."

"You don't know anything about him," she retorted, the glamour of first love in her eyes.

"Yes, I do. I know him a lot better'n you. I know his kind. I knew 'em before you were born. You don't mean nothin' to Taylor—nothin' real. You're just another yeller-haired kid, that's all. Listen to what I'm sayin'! I know what I'm talkin' about!"

In his desperation Pop's voice had risen to a note of threat. He shook her arm as if to force reason upon her. Her little face hardened. Her lips opened, then shut tight, defying him. She tried to pull away and started for the stage, but, still clinging to her, he followed. Again his voice sank to pleading.

"Oh, dearie, if you'd only listen! You're doin' this because he wants you to. He's the one that asked you to go, ain't he?" And as silence once more answered him: "See—I knew! You mustn't! You mustn't! Tell me you ain't goin'. Tell me—please!"

"I—I am going, Pop," she breathed. "I love him—I love him! I'd go anywhere with him!"

And as if that phrase as old as time were all answering, she tore her arm from his clasp and, with reckless tears like a veil between her and truth, sped across the stage. Pop, gazing after her, knew that she meant what she said. Wherever Larry Taylor was, there would she follow. Of course she'd believe Larry in preference to him.

Of course she'd listen only to the voice of love, with all the faith in the world. Just as she had drunk in his own embroidered stories of the past, so would she drink in Larry's embroidered stories of the future.

In the chaos of his mind Pop turned it over all through the two and a half hours of waiting. He paced the brief length of his pigeonhole wondering what a father would have done under the circumstances; how in this crisis of a young girl's life a real parent would have acted. No answer came. Must he stand helplessly by and see her leave the theater to travel the road so many take from the stage door? And if he did succeed in stopping her to-night by argument or plea or force, there would be all the nights for months to come, with Larry waiting, and she in her ignorance seeking some way to get to him. No, only something tragic, some shock of wakening could take her from him now.

He grabbed his hat, and as once before stole away from his post of duty to the front of the house, this time searching for the familiar broad back. With no definite plan, he waited for the curtain to fall on the second act, and as the men streamed out his eyes darted among them, peering into far corners like a ferret's. In groups and singly, they passed him by. Larry was not among them.

Pop returned to his pigeonhole, and as he shambled up and down, hands clasped behind his bent back, his gaze traveled toward the clock as a man, condemned, awaits the hour of execution. Ten-forty-five! He felt so helpless, with the minutes sweeping him toward doom. Only one thought filled his brain. Only one idea registered. Eileen must be stopped. Eileen must be saved. No matter how, she must be kept to-night from leaving the theater to meet the one who waited for her. If he did not succeed in this, those soft gray eyes would never again look straight into his. Pop knew it. No matter what the cost, that mouth must keep its tremulous sweetness. He who had appointed himself guardian must not fail. He had never done anything in his life—he must do this, no matter how.

She was just a foolish baby, that was all. He remembered her gratitude during those first few months, the way she had flung herself into his arms so many, many times and wept extravagant pledges into his neck.

"Oh, Pop, if ever you need me, I'll come to you from the other end of the world! I will—I will—I swear it!

"If ever you're sick, Pop, I'll travel miles in my bare feet just to take care of you. Pop—you believe me, don't you?"

And as he thought of them there came to him the one, the only way. He stopped with the suddenness of it.

"If ever you need me, Pop, I'll come miles to take care of you!"

Of course! That was it! It had come like a flash of light. Not a moment did Pop hesitate. Not a second did he pause at the border line of the unknown. Rather did he heave a sigh as of a ton weight lifted from his heart. Then he took a rusty old penknife from his pocket, set his lips and with hand singularly steady drew it across his wrist.

In a room white as a cloud a nurse bent anxiously and listened to her patient's breathing. Through long nights she had watched and listened in the same way, waiting for it to stop. She took the wrist that was unbandaged and counted the pulse. She drew her hand soothingly across the brow. She rubbed the slack palms. With the quiet persistence nurses have, she tried ceaselessly to urge life under the closed lids. They struggled open at last, and the eyes gazed up as if seeking the answer to a question. A long time passed before they wandered, vaguely enough, about the white room. It was not until they rested on the occupant of the bed next to his that recognition swept into them. He raised himself swiftly, trying with his bandaged hand to point to the pale gold head that lay on the pillow so near his. The nurse shoved him quietly backward.

"Yes, I know. But she's all right. Just a little weak. She gave her blood to save your life."

Pop reached over with his other hand and touched the curls. They fluttered as she turned. Without a word she stretched out, caught his hand and clung to him. The way the two small hands that had pulled him back from the border line held to his, the way she looked across at him, reassured him for all time.

Pop lay quite still for a moment, stroking her fluffy hair, then into the pallid eyes came the look he had so often worn as he told of his triumphs in the days of Booth and Barrett.

With a teary grin he glanced up at the nurse.

"It brought her round, didn't it?" he said confidently. "Guess I ain't such a bum actor after all."

*After gathering in a plentiful harvest to tide them over the next long winter, the Pilgrims dedicated to Providence a day of public Thanksgiving.*

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RICH as is her historical background, the story of New England's industrial achievements is of far greater import. The birthplace of most modern commercial enterprises, after three hundred years of competition she still merits her title, "The workshop of the nation." Maine, for instance, ranks high among the states in the production of fine writing papers; Connecticut, highest in the manufacture of clocks, firearms, silverware, fine tools. Massachusetts produces shoes for more than half the people in the country. The Vermont mountains yield 70% of the monumental and decorative marble in the United States. Rhode Island is fifth in the manufacture of cotton goods. New Hampshire is famed for its granite quarries and textile industries.

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## Old Colony Trust Company
*BOSTON*

# SOPHIE SEMENOFF

(Continued from Page 11)

"Where does the girl come in?" asked Garnie Crest, her attention still upon what was to her the point of the story.

"The Russian girl," said Eddie solemnly, "was the real peril of the Siberian campaign. If girls are like that all over Russia, I can see why Napoleon had to give it up.

"The real plot against America, if there was any, was a wholesale plan to absorb us by intermarriage. Man, man! Those Russian girls were the marryingest people I ever saw. It got so that when we lined the company up for inspection and asked the engaged men to step forward, the whole darned bunch would advance in company front. Maybe that's an exaggeration, but it's a fact that our regiment busted all matrimonial records, running or standing, during the spring campaign.

"I think it was the Russian folk dances that did the trick. Look out for the folk dance. It's a bear! The little Olgas and Mashas and Natashas would just crook their elbows and snap their eyes and cut didoes in their pretty bootskis—well, the entire Siberian A. E. F. threw up its hands and hollered 'Teach me how!'

"They've legislated against religion over there, but there were plenty of Greek priests bootlegging the Orthodox ceremony in most of the villages, and after every week-end it was one of our official duties to check off the war brides and ship 'em to ports where they could join their husbands in America maybe. After you've once seen the Russian girl working fast you will have to admit that vamping in San Francisco is only in its infancy.

"There was a black-eyed little Slav working as telephone operator in one of the villages, and she began vamping our top sergeant, a retired vaudeville artist named Casey. She taught him the local folk dance, but Casey's heart was like a ten-minute egg."

"What's all this got to do with Mrs. Eddie Ransom?" asked Garnie Crest, stirring somewhat impatiently.

"I just want to show you the kind of girl that Sophia Semenoff wasn't."

"Sophia Semenoff?" repeated his listener.

"Uh-huh. All the time I was running that military marriage bureau I held out against the vamps myself—a good barkeep, you know, never takes a drink. I sort of remembered, too, that you were going to all that trouble for me, and I just put myself down as engaged and out of the game."

"Nice of you, Eddie."

"Not so very. To tell you the truth I didn't think those Russian damsels were so shrieking, whistling beautiful. It wasn't until, by a series of bonehead plays, I bumped into a jerkwater town over in the State of Frenzy that I got a look at Sophie. I found her teaching school there and spanking Bolshevik kids in four different languages. She wasn't like the dumpy females of the region—looked like a girl of another race. It seems she came from up Petrograd way, where the type's a lot different. She was about five feet six, but she looked taller because she was slender and straight as a string. Her hair was jet black and her eyes green—long almond eyes, set wide apart. And she had the cutest little nose!"

"What chance did I have after that?" asked Garnie Crest.

"Every chance in the world, Garnie," he responded. "Cross my heart, our friendship was as Platonic as cold mutton. She was easy to look at, all right, but she had a sort of superior air that stopped circulation from the knees down. She spoke English with just the least little Russki twist; honest, she used to correct my grammar! Can you beat it? I got into the habit of dropping in to see her afternoons when she had wiped the noses of the red republic and sent her classes home. I wasn't in love with her, Garnie. There wasn't a speck of romance in it. But it helped a lot to talk to a really nice middle-class girl who spoke my language."

"What sort of people did she come from?" asked Garnie by way of stimulating confession.

"Plain ones," said Eddie. "Her father, as far as I could make out, held some sort of commission in the Russian Army. He managed a little business, I guessed, from what she said; and he was loyal enough to get his throat cut shortly after Trotzky civilized Russia. It was just one story in a million, but I was sorry for her, and I think she was about the gamest kid I ever saw."

"And so you were married," smiled Garnie Crest.

"Were we?" he inquired, his eyes opening wide. "I'll leave that to you, Garnie. One day I found her looking kinda pale and worried. 'You'd better not come any more,' she said; and when I asked her why she told me that the Bolshevists, who were carrying on a guerrilla fight in the brush, were watching me and that they'd pop down and get me if I didn't stay put. Of course that got my Yankee up, and I guess I would have been fool enough to try another visit on the school if something hadn't happened that same night.

"The report came in at about eleven o'clock that some of our men had got into a vodka row just outside Sophie's town. They'd started shooting up an inn and set the whole district on fire with red rebellion. Total casualties, one dead, one captured, one drunk. We went out that night with a hundred and fifty men and took the village. It was a pretty fight in a small way and had fording a river with rifles and machine guns on the program. But the whole row, far as I was concerned, centered round Sophia Semenoff.

"You see, what she'd said about the Bolsheviks watching her school stuck in my head; and as soon as we were established in the town and had put out two or three fires I went over to her school. Oh boy! It looked like a piece of Swiss cheese with daylight showing through a hundred bullet holes. Poor Sophie! I had her on my conscience something awful. I knew I had got her in wrong with the emancipated brotherhood, and my first idea was that they'd killed her and settled the score.

"I rushed over to the boarding house where she stayed and interviewed the landlady in bad French and worse Russian. The old girl was fussed. Kept pointing over to the river and hissing something that sounded like 'meal!' After a while it penetrated the bones in my head. She was trying to say 'mill.' There was an old-fashioned water-wheel concern on the bank where they ground wheat between revolutions, and it didn't take me long to get hep that Sophie was starring in a movie scenario with the old mill as scenery.

"That night the K. O., looking about as pleasant as a singed eagle, began swearing his heart out and ordered us confined to camp. He said he was sick of the whole caboodle of us—vodka, matrimony and fraternizing included. I couldn't forget about Sophie, so I gently requested him to lend me a few volunteers so that we could go over the top and capture her back. 'Nope!' he shouts. 'We don't kill any more men playing Young Lochinvar. Understand? You're confined to camp, and if you don't listen I'll bust you so low you'll have to go up in a balloon to salute a corporal.'

"Sore? I'll say I was. I suppose I'd have been shot at dawn for insubordination if Captain Panorama, that elegant Jap, hadn't saved the situation by getting me in Dutcher than ever. You see, the Japs were occupying the hills just above the town, so it was easy enough for him to blow in about dusk with a quart of five-star vodka which he'd borrowed off a dead muzhik. I split the quart with Panorama, and after he'd drifted back to camp, singing a duet with himself, I just naturally walked out to find Sophie Semenoff. I got by the sentries, just because I knew how ——"

"And yet you weren't the least bit in love with her," jeered Garnie Crest.

"Not a ruble's worth," declared Eddie. "But I'd got her in a fix and I was dog-bound to get her out again. The mill—if it isn't burned down by now—stands in the midst of a heavy wood with a little ratty road running by the door. I cut in through the brush and had just come in sight of the old building when who should I run into but a boy-size soldier with a man-size sword. I got the drop on him, and when he looked round he was gazing up the muzzle of my automatic. Then I recognized him. He was the sawed-off patriot who had come into my bedroom to guard the chief of police. I don't suppose he was as scared as I was, but all I could see but mustache was white as chalk.

"'Comrade American, vot you vant?' he asked in the kind of English he'd learned at the Tokio Y. M. C. A.

"'The schoolma'am, Sophia Semenoff,' I said; and my finger trembled on the trigger.

"'Ve haf her here to be married,' he sputtered.

"'Married to what?' I growled, poking the gun in his ear.

"'Don't shoot! Maybe she will marry to me, maybe somebody else. She is the property of the state.'

"'Let me see her,' I said, 'or I'll blow you about three versts beyond the Urals.'

"That seemed only fair to him, for he beckoned me kinda cordial to come on, and in another minute he was leading me past a row of fuzzy sentries up the stairs. Of course it was a fool thing for me to do. I hadn't any more program than Lenine and Trotzky. I was mad all over, that was all.

"In the big loft upstairs I saw Sophia Semenoff sitting by a bum oil lamp. She gave a little scream when she saw me, but I walked up and told her that it was all right and that I had come to take her away.

"'Are your troops outside?' she asks in a whisper.

"'I'm the troops,' says I; and it made such a hit with her that she burst into tears and began to pray.

"Believe me, Garnie, it's a graveyard sensation standing alone in Siberia with a weeping woman on your hands. Of course I was sober enough by that time to realize that it was all up with both of us unless a miracle happened. And to prove that I was right a squad of the toughest looking Bolshies I have ever seen shambled in with their rifles sticking at every angle under the sun. I thought they were going to settle the matter then and there, and I had just unlimbered my gun to make the game interesting when some undiscovered baseball player threw a bottle and knocked the automatic out of my hand.

"And then the miracle happened. Strutting like a little cock robin the sawed-off patriot came up the stairs and stood at center stage.

"'Comrade American,' he said, 'de school-teacheress here iss captivated by us and shall be unable to escape off. Moreover she refuse to marry to us. Derefore she will be shot by rule of de local soviet.'

"Sophia Semenoff never turned a hair, and I was trying hard to think up something diplomatic when the midget threw out his chest and went on: 'But de rule of de local soviet maigs one exception to itself. If she vill pe married to somepody else she can go free.'

"'Oh, very well!' says I. 'I'll be the goat if she will. How 'bout it, Sophie?'

"She just nodded her head.

"'We're engaged,' I told the short and ugly orator. 'And now if you'll trot out a parson!'

"'Ve attend to dat by civil ceremony,' he grunted. 'Stand up, Sophia Semenoff!'

"If Reno can untie knots faster than Russia can tie them I'm a Chinaman. They just stood us side by each, while the little one made a couple of passes, jabbered six sentences and then proceeded to kiss us both. Then the Red Guard got in on the kissing game until I wished that we'd chosen shooting, after all.

(Continued on Page 78)

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He turned a deaf ear to glib prejudices and to accepted but half-thought-out notions. He based his conclusions upon a careful study of the use of tobacco by our men during the War.

He diagnosed smoking as being clearly a diversion, which helped rather than interfered with a man's performance of his duty.

Smoking is not a vicious practice, but a happy sport. If it were not, this expert declares, men would long ago have begun taking "My Lady Nicotine" in the form of pills or tablets.

That's straight to the point. A man lights up his pipe for a little relaxation, not to interfere with but to improve his work.

He feels in need of a moment's let-up which will add to his power.

Back he throws himself in the most comfortable position in the old chair; he scratches his match slowly, carefully, not nervously; he lights up the fragrant weed in the old bowl not in haste but lingeringly; he watches the smoke curl away from his lips with the same peculiar happiness with which he watched Babe Ruth knock a home run, and then—

"What was that I had to do?" he asks himself. He plans how best to do it.

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(Continued from Page 74)

Finally they opened vodka and a nice time was enjoyed by all."

"So you considered yourselves married?" asked Garnie Crest.

"I leave it to you," replied Eddie, reverting to his formula. "There were no papers to show for it, I didn't understand a word that was said, and Sophie swore that the man who performed the ceremony was an electrician—sort of wired us for life, if you get me. That's all I knew about it, Garnie. We got out of the old mill before the wedding party took a notion to shoot us, and by a system of maneuvering—what's the Army for but to teach you maneuvering?—I snuck back to the lines before daylight and turned Sophie over to a top sergeant who was sending his war bride for cold storage in Vladivostok. She left next day. And that was the last I ever saw of her."

"Poor nut!" sighed Garnie Crest. "Full of vodka and married by an electrician. And you didn't even know where she went?"

"She wrote me the name of a boarding house where she was staying and said I needn't take the wedding too seriously if I didn't want to. But somehow or other I had a feeling that she was down and out. So I sent her some money and told her that I'd be going back to America pretty soon and that if she'd wait for me ——"

"Put your head in the noose, old dear!" Garnie smiled.

Eddie Ransom looked ever so sheepish as he fumbled with a match in an attempt to light his cigarette.

"When I was ordered home I went right to her address, but the landlady said she'd been gone quite a while. Hadn't the least idea where. So I took a chance and left Sophie two months' pay and a note telling her where she could find me in San Francisco if she wanted to."

"And she's coming?" asked his attentive listener.

"Don't think so. Haven't heard a word from her."

"And you probably never will," smiled his companion. "These Russian girls, you know ——"

"Temperamental," agreed Eddie. "Hello! There's a bully tune. Let's dance."

II

NOW it came to pass in the pleasant month of October that Garnie Crest, who had seen nothing of Eddie Ransom since that foggy night in July, was weaving her gay little runabout among the trucks and drays of lower Washington Street. For Garnie had a secret virtue quite out of keeping with her boisterous midnight character. In her blithe and sketchy way she was economical, or at least she harbored an illusion to that effect on the mornings when she burned ninety cents' worth of gasoline in the process of saving a half dollar on the price of vegetables.

She had just skidded her way over the cobbles between mountains of onion sacks and pyramids of chicken crates, had backed her car skillfully into a perilous parking space by the curb, and was accustoming her nose to the exotic odors of cabbages, bananas, ducks, gasoline, gutter seepage and navel oranges when a young man in overalls and a soft hat that had once been fashionable paused within touching distance to light a poor man's cigarette. She looked twice and thrice before she made up her mind to recognize him.

"Why, Eddie Ransom!" she shrilled.

With one hand he rejected his cigarette and with the other he removed the seedy hat from his well-cropped head.

"Garnie!" he exclaimed. "What in Sam Hill are you doing in the commission district?"

"What are you doing here?" she rejoined. "Where did you get that disguise, and who's after you now?"

"I've joined the aristocracy," he grinned. "I'm clerk of the scales for a big potato concern. Want me to swipe you a couple of spuds? Friendship could go no further."

She regarded him critically and was amazed at the change in his appearance. The puffiness had left his face; never before had she seen Eddie Ransom looking so clean or so handsome.

"I really believe you've gone to work!" she cried. "What in the world's happened to you? Has father canned you at last? How long have you been marching with the sons of toil?"

"Oh, quite a while," he replied as he leaned against the fender and regarded her with a new look of happiness. "You see, Sophie and I agreed that we'd have to get busy right away and cut out the millionaire stuff ——"

"Sophie!" She settled back in the seat, quite unable to say more.

Eddie stroked his close-cropped hair and made no effort to conceal his embarrassment as he struggled with his explanation.

"Oh, I thought you'd heard, maybe. You see, she showed up after all."

"When?"

"About three weeks after we had that party at Tait's. First thing I heard of her she was being detained at Angel Island as a suspicious alien, swearing she had a husband over here and unable to prove it. What could a man do? The authorities wouldn't take our word for it, so it was up to me to run down an Orthodox Greek priest and do the job with all the trimmings." He chuckled at the reflection. "She's stubborn as a mule in her way. She wouldn't listen to anything but a regular Russian ceremony."

"So you yielded without a murmur, you poor dear!" Garnie commiserated.

"Oh, it isn't so worse!" he grinned. "I'm pulling down a hundred and fifty a month here, and I have the interest on my Liberty Bonds which I managed to pry away from dad when the family kicked me out."

"So bad as that?" she asked, truly sympathetic.

Eddie nodded.

"You see, mother's a sweet old soul if you rub her the right way. But she's got a lot of ideas about respectability. The idea of a grab-bag marriage for her baby boy almost drove her out of her mind. She wouldn't listen to reason. She never does. I gave up trying to bring her and Sophie together. You can't blame the dear old girl. She's always had me spotted for a big match, and the idea of my running off with a middle-class Russian school-teacher gave her an awful punch in the family pride.

"I think we might have patched it up, even at that, if Sophie hadn't held out. It was the League of Nations all over again. 'Your mother doesn't know a thing about me,' says Sophie. 'And it's a lot better for you, my little man'—she calls me that—'to stand on your own feet. I'm used to working, and if you aren't you'd better get the habit.' So we're off."

"What does your father say?" asked Garnie Crest.

"Oh, the old boy's a peach, you understand. Only mom's got a toehold on him all the time. But he sneaks over to our flat about every day to give us the once-over; he and the little missus are as thick as pea soup. He's so pro-Sophie that he'd walk the tight rope for her if she asked him."

"That ought to simplify things," suggested Garnie.

"How do you mean?" Eddie asked.

"Foolish boy! He could ease you into a good job by saying the word."

"Uh-uh! Sophie won't let him. She's bossing this campaign, and only last night dad pulled a grin and says, 'Eddie, all you have to do is to keep Sophie and keep sober for about nine years and you'll be standing on the world.' Dad's a self-made proposition, and I guess he's got the right hunch."

"Are you—are you happy, Eddie?" asked the woman who had once contemplated marrying him.

"Do I look miserable?" he counter-questioned, beaming up at her.

Instead of a direct reply she offered another query:

"Where are you living?"

"We've got a little flat up in the Richmond District. I was for engaging something handsome—on credit—further down town. But Sophie wouldn't listen to it. The place we're renting was sort of run down, so we made a bargain at fifty a month. First I knew, Sophie had painted the whole thing herself. I had a lot of furniture in storage—stuff I used to keep in my bachelor apartment. She painted most of this too. Honest Injun, Garnie, you can't imagine what a live wire I've got in my home! She's made it look like a million dollars—or better than most millions I've seen spent on interior decoration. I sold one of my bonds to get silver and extras. Sophie bought those at an auction. That's the only dent we've made in our capital, and according to Sophie we're going to save enough for another bond in a year."

"Any servants?" asked Garnie Crest.

"Should say not! Sophie's such a bully cook that I wouldn't endure a professional in the house. She's bought an electric washing machine on the installment plan. Crazy 'bout it. She sews too. Fixes up corking dresses out of air, I think—and studies Spanish out of a phonograph while she's at it—keeps the apartment shining like oiled silk; and when the old man—that's me—comes home at night, there she is, so fresh and tidy you'd think she'd never been introduced to a kitchen sink. Garnie, she's got the H. C. L. up a pole and yelling for help."

"How does she do it?" asked his questioner, an incredulous look in her good-natured eyes.

"She's middle class," declared Eddie, "and she's not ashamed of it. That's where she's different from our American girls. She doesn't want to go round acting like a duchess. Her job's to be a good wife and to get ahead and not to blow her coin till she's got it. And believe me, Garnie, we're going to make good. I never knew before what fun it is to hustle and to cut out extravagance and to plan your life so that it's going to amount to something ——"

"You just hate her, don't you?" broke in Garnie Crest.

"I just love her, if that's what you mean," said Eddie Ransom, and the glow in his face proclaimed that he would work out his destiny through what the romantic novelists are wont to call a girl of the people.

Late in the week Garnie Crest gave a dinner for the Eddie Ransoms. She had called upon the little war bride, to find her polishing a table in the third-grade apartment, with whose address Eddie had furnished her. A slight figure in a gingham house gown, surrounded by her pretty things, Sophie had made a pleasing picture. She had served tea at a samovar—which, she explained, she had got at a bargain out of an auction house—and altogether she had been a charming hostess, somewhat reserved in her manner until she kindled to her favorite topic, which was Eddie.

Garnie Crest had gone away from the little flat after exacting a promise that the Ransoms would dine with her on Friday night. She had taken with her a feeling of disappointment. Quite unselfishly—for she was sincere in her desire to be free of all men—Garnie wished that Eddie had done a little better for himself, in a worldly sense. While admiring his chivalry for having lived up to the letter of his bargain with the Russian refugee, she could not help but see how things would go with him after the novelty had worn off.

Eddie Ransom was not the sort to live forever happy with a home-keeping mouse, however pleasant she might be to look upon. She couldn't see him spending his evenings in carpet slippers, steeped in bourgeois comfort. The elder Mrs. Ransom would have a finger in the pie—that Garnie knew—for the old lady had cherished a plan to the effect that Eddie should marry above his class, which was plain and prosperous. Indeed, Mrs. W. G. Ransom had hoped that Eddie would make an alliance with Garnie Crest—however much she disapproved of her slangy tongue and midnight habits—for Garnie was a Stapleton with a country house on the Peninsula and a real place in society.

With many reservations in her mind Garnie went about forming her party for Friday evening. At first she thought of introducing Sophie Semenoff to a conventional circle who might take her up and make something of her. The Russian name, however it stood in Russia, might sound impressive in the United States; it would be easy to hint at aristocratic connections. Then she thought of how the Jeckylls and the Gerrishes, who had lived in Russia, might pick her to pieces. And what would society do with a war bride whose favorite topic of conversation was electric washing machines?

Garnie decided upon a safer course. She asked her cousin, Welch Stapleton—a notorious Bohemian—and the amusing, rowdy Gannisters and the bibulous Harry Borrup, who always brought his ukulele as a companion for her saxophone, and Ethel Grundy, who didn't care who you were so long as you played a good game of bridge. And, as an inspiration, she thought of M. Egoroff, who had been associated with the imperial Russian consulate. Though a man of common origin, Egoroff knew Russian society from a to z, or the equivalent in their topsy-turvy alphabet. And Garnie was determined to settle the social status of Mrs. Eddie Ransom.

(Continued on Page 81)

# BEAUTY

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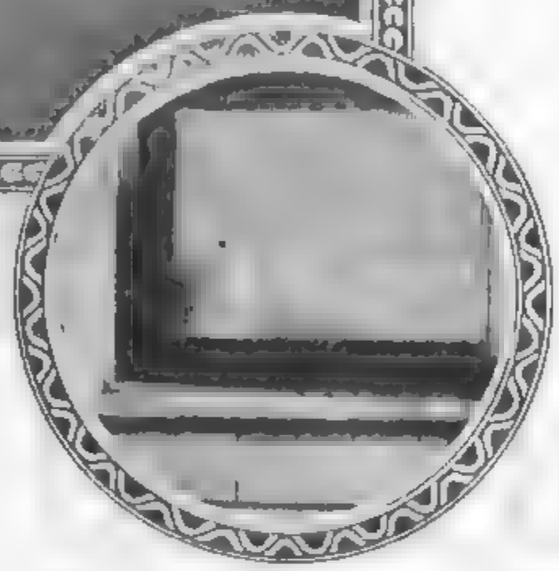
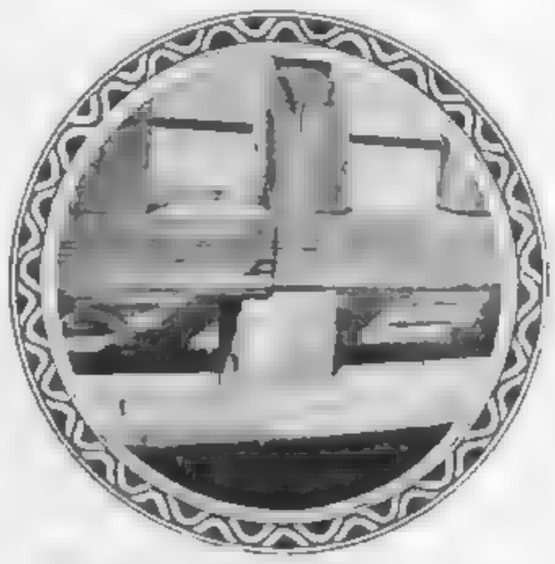


It's wonderful how the fine strands of wire in a screen will last when kept painted—it is impossible for them to last when allowed to rust. The expense of surface protection is little. Save the surface and you save all.



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(Continued from Page 78)

The dinner was set for eight, but Garnie had already served the majority of her guests with the first round of cocktails before the Ransoms put in an appearance. In his immaculate evening dress Eddie was quite a different person from the overalled potato weigher she had met on lower Washington Street. But the eyes of the room were all for the enigma which he followed smilingly through the entrance to Garnie's handsome drawing-room.

No one could deny her beauty; that was the first thought of the woman who had criticized the young wife in her gingham frock. The slender straight figure was clad in a gown of black velvet so simple that not a seam or an ornament showed anywhere. Above a bodice cut modestly low, her neck reared straight and smooth as a pillar of ivory, and in her hands—strangely beautiful for a devotee of general housework—she held a fan of black ostrich feathers. Her head was small and her jet-black hair was prettily waved and done close to the broad temples. There was no smile on her small mouth; only her sea-green, wide-set eyes showed a little humor as she held out her hand to meet her hostess' greeting.

Garnie Crest had an illusion of flashing jewels. Yet there was no finery on the ivory skin of the girl's neck and shoulders.

"How do you do, Mrs. Crest?" she said in her sweet throaty English. "Please forgive us! It was Eddie's necktie ——"

Garnie gave her no chance to explain. Doubtless she had stopped to wash the necktie.

"Oh, we're never on time about anything," smiled the hostess, and proceeded to introduce the war bride to her party. And when this ceremony was completed she was prompt to add: "Don't be discouraged. There's a second round of cocktails on the way."

"Oh, thank you—not for us," objected Sophie, turning to her man as if for substantiation.

"Not for us," echoed Eddie Ransom.

"My word, what have you been doing to the man?" asked Garnie of the war bride; and though her tone was frivolous her question expressed just what she wanted to know.

"I'm afraid we're fearfully bourgeois," replied Mrs. Ransom, who managed her perfect English in a way which gave the effect of a foreign language.

"Early to bed and early to rise," began Eddie, to have his ex-fiancée supply the line: "Gets you in Dutch with the popular guys."

"You see, I've got the seven A. M. habit," explained Eddie with the hangdog air peculiar to an Anglo-Saxon confessing a virtue. "In the potato business you must lead a holy life or the Japs'll get you as sure as shootin'."

"Sorry you aren't with us," lamented Garnie as she consoled her Bohemian cousin and the bibulous Borrup with the two neglected cocktails.

A worldly woman above all other things, Garnie was too wise to show the resentment she felt toward the Russian interloper, who she was now convinced had stepped in to spoil Eddie's life. Yet she was loath to make the self-confession that the young wife, who looked little more than a schoolgirl, showed a remarkable poise—or was she merely secretive?

In the short interval before dinner M. Egoroff, his snub nose thrust out like a hunting dog's, his oyster-colored eyes puckered curiously behind nearsighted pince-nez, sat studying his countrywoman. Garnie Crest was glad she had asked him to the party. She gave Sophie a place beside the Russian official, and all during dinner as she listened abstractedly to Eddie's slangy account of the potato business half her ear was given to the distant gurgle of Russian conversation and half her mind was absorbed in curiosity as to what they were saying so animatedly together.

After dinner she caused her maid to bring out two tables with cards and the dainty stationery proper to polite gambling. It had never occurred to her that any human being who knew how to dress for the evening could be unfamiliar with the game of bridge. However, to make sure—for she was always uncertain just where crudeness would break out in this little being—she approached Sophie and said, more as a statement of fact than a question, "You play bridge."

"I'm so sorry," replied the younger Mrs. Ransom, sitting with a sort of stately languor beside the glowing Welch Stapleton.

"Oh, I thought"—Garnie was going to say that she thought everybody played, but she substituted the easy platitude—"I thought we might fill two tables."

"I have neglected so many nice things," apologized Sophie Semenoff. "To be American I should have studied cards and dancing instead of cooking and sewing. But how could I know what country I would choose finally?"

"Life's just one darned thing after another, isn't it?" chimed Garnie sweetly, to hide her annoyance.

"But I do hope you'll ask Eddie." She pronounced his name in the sweetest way, as though it were Aidi. "He so loves to play."

Garnie arranged a table for M. Egoroff, Eddie Ransom, the rowdy Mrs. Gannister and the sporting Miss Grundy. The other table sat neglected in its corner because Welch Stapleton refused to be torn from the side of the little Slav, who seemed to be holding him in a spell. As a bad compromise Harry got out his ukulele and Garnie her saxophone, to play mournful duets on those two most popular of musical instruments. Through Dear Old Pal of Mine, I Got the Blues, Holy City, and I Love You, California, they twanged and bleated until Miss Grundy caught herself in the act of trumping her partner's ace and groaned audibly.

"I suppose that means us," sighed Garnie, laying down her silvery pipe. "Nothing for us to do, Harry, but crawl under something and go to sleep."

"Hello!" giggled Harry, his pallid, vapid face wrinkling mischievously. "It looks as though Welch and the Russian *ballerina* had struck a snag."

Over in her corner the young Mrs. Ransom sat perfectly calm, her long greenish eyes burning languidly, just the shadow of a smile on her straight little mouth. Welch Stapleton had flushed until his baggy face burned to the roots of his iron-gray hair. Whatever the encounter had been, Welch had got the worst of it.

"Holy smoke!" moaned Garnie. "I knew she'd be spilling the vodka if I left her alone with Welch."

Under the excuse of putting away her music she went over to the embattled corner and relieved poor Welch, who, to all appearances, was glad to get away.

"Everybody's talking about your darling husband," began Garnie, feeling it her duty to say something as she took the abandoned chair.

"That is what you call publicity in these United States, is it not?" asked the Russian, and in her beautiful eyes Garnie read another expression. She looked so young and sweet and wistful.

"It's nice publicity," said Garnie. "You see, I've known Eddie for a thousand years. We almost made the mistake of getting married."

"So he told me," agreed Sophie, but the remark was childishly unmalicious.

"And we're all of us simply staggered at the way he's bucked up. Two years ago if anybody had told me that Eddie Ransom would have walked into my house and refused a cocktail I'd have telephoned to the booby hatch."

"Oh," said Sophie Semenoff, pursing her lips; then she asked languidly: "Who is that—the booby hatch?"

"You'll excuse my argot," apologized Garnie, not at all sure that the girl wasn't laughing somewhere inside her mysterious Slavic soul. "That's American for insane asylum."

"Oh," said Sophie again; and her eyes were very sad as she added: "Russia is all like that—a booby hatch."

"It must be pretty bad," Mrs. Crest admitted lightly, but her tone softened at sight of the tragic look upon that pure young face. "Before you came over Eddie was telling me about how he snatched you away from a matrimonial soviet."

"He was very good and brave to marry me," replied Sophie in a tone of earnest simplicity. "He is a very good man, my Aidi."

It was now Garnie's turn to say "Oh!" In all his roistering career between the Cliff House and the Barbary Coast Eddie had earned any other adjective than that which his young wife applied to him.

"In Russia," went on the war bride, "my people wished that I should marry well. My mother"—a subtle inflection in the low rich tone confessed that Sophie's mother, too, had been swept away in the holocaust that bled the veins of Muscovy—"my mother often worried because

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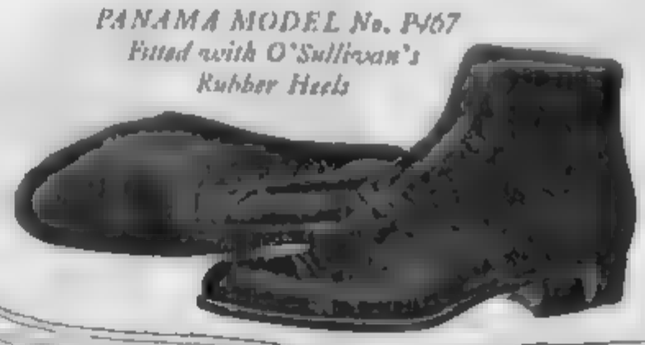

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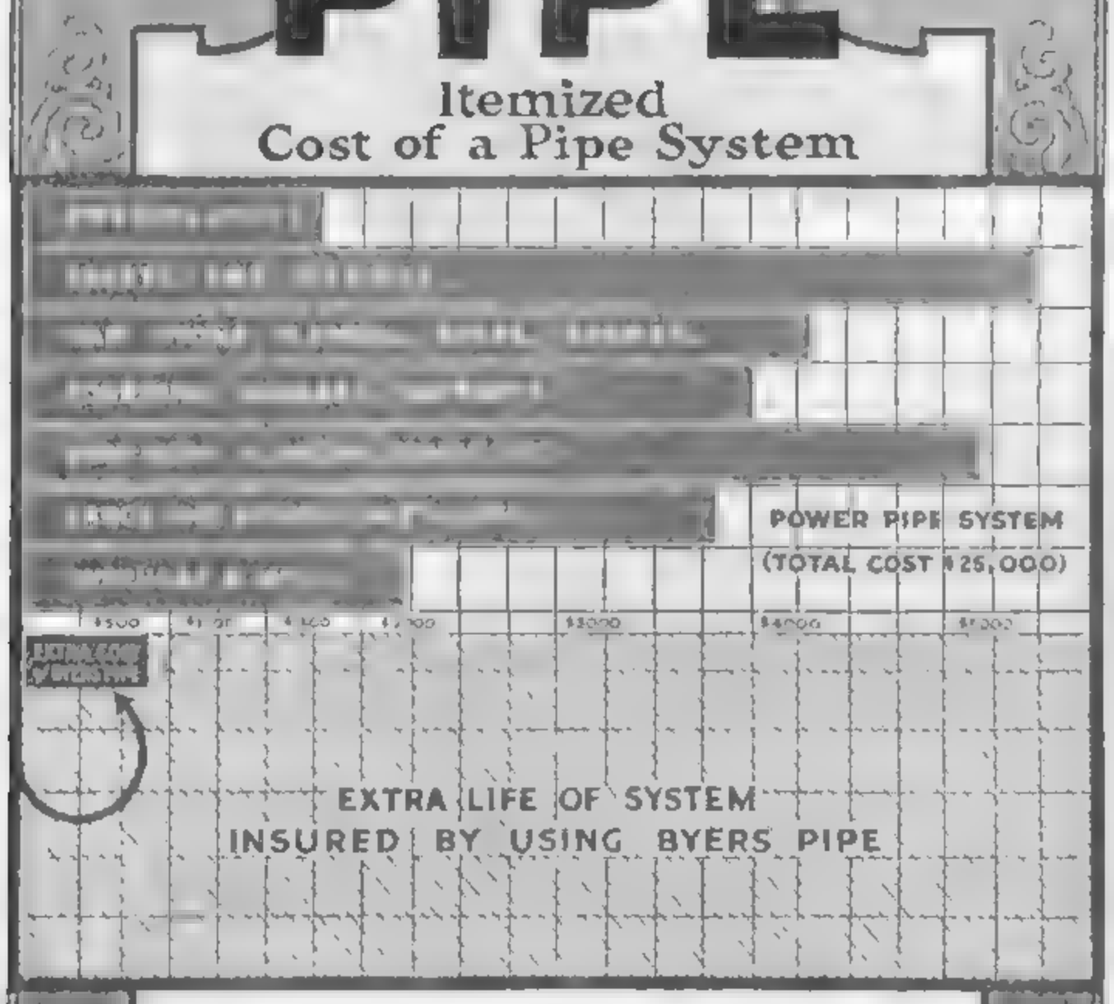


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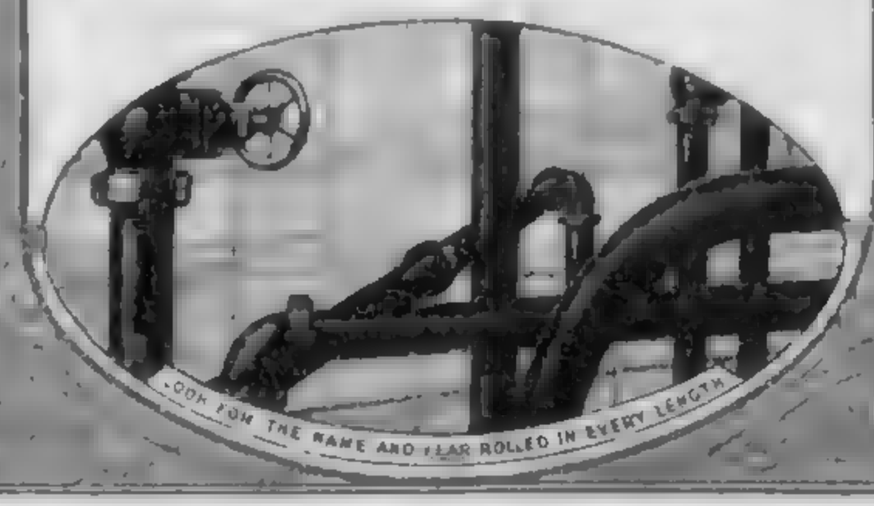




I might not marry to a good man. My father was different, because he was good-natured and old-fashioned enough to think that a girl had no opportunity outside her own class. But my good mother—she was so occupied with her household—she always told me that I was a country girl who must not imitate the idlers of fashion, but must learn everything that a housewife should," explained Sophie Semenoff, with a shy look which partly betrayed her rustic upbringing.

"And how do you like America?" asked Mrs. Crest, resorting to the first question with which we are wont to ply the foreigner.

"So well!" exclaimed the little Russian. "Everything is electric. Is it not charming? Your electric stoves are hideously expensive. But when we are rich we shall have a large one. Already we have an electric percolator, an electric flatiron and an electric grill for Aidi's toast. Fireless cookery is charming, too. And that enchanted washing machine! Have you tried these patent washing machines, Mrs. Crest?"

Garnie confessed that she had not. She managed well to conceal her impatience, but she had for the moment lost her sense of humor. She had been cheated out of a good game of bridge in order that she might hearken to the glories of a patent washing machine.

"The soap makes such an exquisite froth and one has scarcely to touch the levers. I would gladly become a *blanchisseuse de fin* with such an appliance. If I could only learn to starch and iron Aidi's fine linen. He has such quantities—far too much for people of our means."

"Poor Eddie!" thought Garnie again. Since college days he had enjoyed fame for his fastidious apparel. So he had come to this—too much linen for people of his means!

"In Russia," the war bride gurgled sweetly on, "we are so backward in our ways of doing these washings. Yet my mother showed me how, because she said I should know that, too."

Garnie, groping weakly for some more urbane subject of conversation, brightened a little as she asked, "I hope you enjoy our theaters? We've had quite a good season for San Francisco."

"Have you?" asked Sophie, and seriously considered this piece of information before she said, "We never go to the expensive theaters."

"Don't you miss them?" inquired Garnie.

"Not one little bit. I am a country girl, you will know. But Aidi wishes to be amused sometimes. Then we go to the cinema—the movie. There is quite a large opera house for this entertainment in Clement Street. Some of those views are remarkable to understand. This actor Weeliam Hart is a hero, is he not? Is it possible that you have such wild Cossacks in the Out West?"

Garnie was amused now, and she threw her whole soul into a description of the motion-picture industry as carried on at Hollywood. Sophie Semenoff's luminous eyes grew larger and larger at the account, and as Garnie talked she began to realize how little this girl had seen of what Americans call the world. Yet behind the Russian's delicate ivory mask there seemed to lurk a knowledge, a suavity, a sophistication quite out of the ken of California's native daughter.

"We are often too busy to play," said Sophie. "It is better for young people to be that way, do you not think?"

"What are you young for?" Garnie was blunt enough to ask.

"Oh, many things," replied the Russian girl, and her face was suffused in an adorable softness.

The clock in the hall had just chimed ten when Sophie came to her feet and said with a shrill little exclamation, "My poor boy! He must be reminded of the time."

"Oh, please!" begged Garnie. "He's been winning for an hour and you wouldn't ——"

"He made the rule," smiled the war bride. "When that dreadful little bell clock in our room begins trilling at six o'clock he will thank me for getting him to bed."

"Oh, but give him the luxury of his vices once in a while," coaxed the hostess.

"When we are rich," declared Sophie Semenoff, "we shall gamble dreadfully, both of us. We shall never go to bed. Sleep is the curse of the poor. Aidi, my dear, do you know the time?"

"Just let me play out this rubber," grunted her husband as he laid another trick upon the row in front of him.

They were no sooner gone than the gamblers forgot their stakes for the more important topic of the Eddie Ransoms.

"Poor Eddie!" sighed Mrs. Gannister. "There's nothing in the world sadder than a tamed wildcat."

"Our Lady of the Snows!" exclaimed Harry Borrup. "She's beautiful as January. Br-r-r-r! Give me a highball before I freeze hard."

"I can just see her," said Ethel Grundy, "running a dainty little beauty parlor on the Rue de Rivoli. She's really fascinatingly lovely—in her way. It's wonderful how soon those European women learn the ropes. If Eddie doesn't weaken and takes her out a bit she'll be quite at home in a drawing-room almost before she realizes it."

"If Russian women are all like that," declared Welch Stapleton, "I'm going to break through the Red Guard."

"You like to be treated rough, don't you, Welch?" suggested Harry Borrup, reminding of the comedy he had witnessed over his twanging ukulele.

"She didn't!" protested Stapleton, his eyes glaring above their pouches. "She lifted me gently to the top of the Great Glacier, showed me the view and slid me down the other side. She's a little queen, that's all."

"The Russian peasant girls are remarkably good-looking," said Miss Grundy, her thin lips twisted to a smile round her prominent teeth. "You only have to see the *Ballet Russe* to know that."

"Who ever heard of such a pack of village gossips!" cried Garnie Crest, beaming good-naturedly upon her party. "It's not only wretched form but it's unfair. She's had an awfully hard time, poor thing."

"It isn't a scratch on the time she'll have with Eddie," said Harry Borrup. "Let's fight another round between the ukulele and the saxophone."

"I'm going home," growled Welch Stapleton defensively.

The party broke up early. After wraps had been sorted out and good nights exchanged Garnie looked round, to see M. Egoroff lingering in the hall.

"This Madame Ransom," he said in French, "I enjoyed my conversation with her very much."

"Come in," invited Garnie. "The evening is just begun. I should like to hear your impressions."

"Just for a moment, madame," said the Russian, retaining his overcoat as he crouched in a big chair.

"I confess my curiosity, monsieur," Mrs. Crest persisted.

"We spoke together in Russian. She will speak more frankly in that language, perhaps."

"It is conceivable, monsieur. I have a curiosity to know about her, because her marriage to Monsieur Ransom appears so extraordinary."

"She told me much, and yet very little. She comes from Pavlovsk. Her father was engaged in agriculture, but in the capacity of manager, I surmised. Possibly he was overseer upon one of the grand ducal estates. That would place her in the respectable middle class. Semenoff *père*, it seems, had a commission in the imperial army. This is not so strange, because the great call for men made it necessary that social bars should be relaxed somewhat. Russia in that was somewhat similar to other countries.

"It was a tragedy, madame, among so many others! The young lady's family was slaughtered in the communist uprising. Semenoff was executed at Kieff. Perhaps you do not know of that horror, where two thousand of the Emperor's officers were executed in five hours. The world has never made much of that river of blood, because all the oceans have been red so long.

"Madame Ransom, so she said, escaped with peasants to Siberia and earned her living as a school-teacher in the district surrounding Vladivostok. That is her story, madame. Not extraordinary in the death throes of my poor Russia."

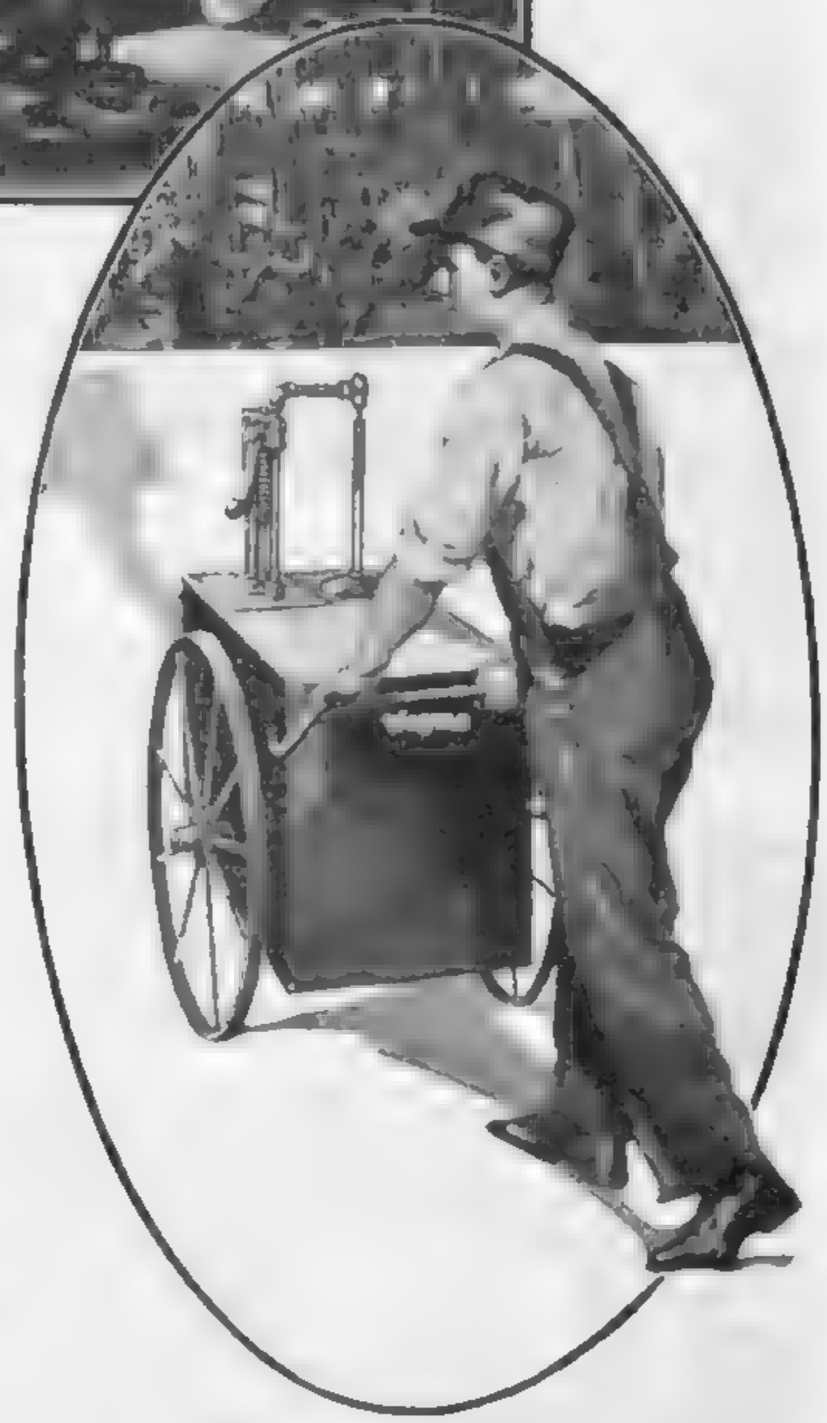
"She is enormously well educated," said Mrs. Crest.

"But yes, madame." M. Egoroff shrugged his thick shoulders. "Russian women are either enormously well educated or enormously ignorant."

"She seems a little of both," Garnie hinted. "And the name Semenoff?"

Egoroff twisted his full red lips to a smile through which his square teeth gleamed like ice.

(Continued on Page 84)



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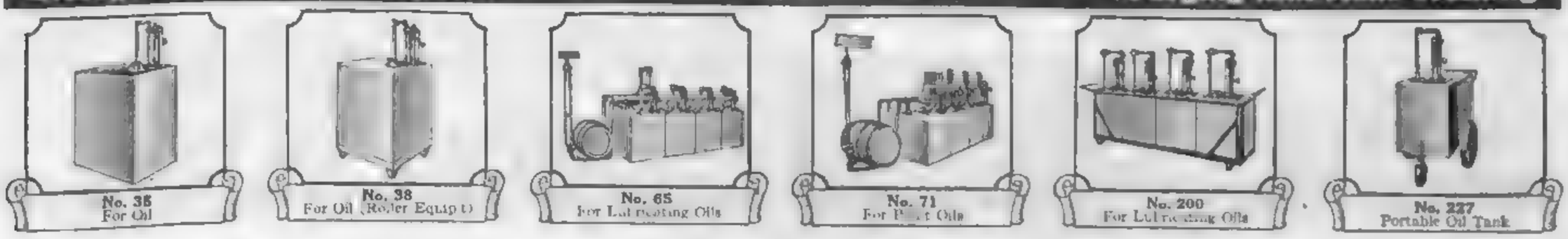

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Its safety lies in its surface-saving qualities and its unparalleled sanitation. Give your walls a saving coat of Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish and protect them against the wear and tear of indoor life.

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish is the most sanitary covering you can give your walls. Disease-breeding germs find no harbor in it. It provides a surface that is easily cleaned and easily kept clean without injuring the finish or spoiling the effect.

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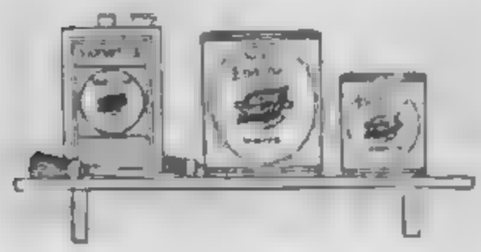

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(Continued from Page 82)

"It would not be in the Almanach de Gotha," he said. "As to the directory, I am not sure."

"Is it a common name?"

"It means very little in Russia—petty tradespeople, under officials, minor priests, workingmen of the better order. I hope I have helped you a little, madame."

"Thank you, monsieur. And what do you think of this Madame Ransom?"

"She is very charming," agreed M. Egoroff as he rose and, by way of farewell, raised Garnie's hand almost to his lips.

III

THOSE who are experienced in earthquakes will tell you that the inconsiderate act of God which Spaniards call the *temblor* acts in two ways—that which is together it shakes apart, and that which is apart it shakes together. A little family quake, limited to a handsome house and well-kept flower garden of Presidio Terrace, shook the severed Ransoms together with an untidy clatter which, after reconstruction, spelled unity and peace. And this is how it came about.

Eddie Ransom, entirely concerned in the market value of that food of kings, the potato, was summoned to the telephone to hear the voice of his father; and this was not in itself unusual, because Ransom *père*, nursing a secret admiration for Eddie's manly venture into life, had continued his intimacy with his son, quite *sub rosa* because he lived in dread of Ransom *mère*, who ruled the roost.

But to-day there was a quaver in the nasal basso that came to Eddie's ear over the wire.

"Your mother's had a fall," said Mr. Ransom's voice. "Don't worry, Eddie; I don't think it's serious. She slipped on the stairs. You see, we're giving our reception this afternoon—or we were. And mother's a little heavy, you know ——"

"Does she want me to come over, dad?" asked Eddie, sensing a sickening dread for the perverse and stubborn woman whom he loved.

"Would you?" came the quiet middle-aged tone. "And, Eddie ——"

There fell a pause and Eddie thought that the postwar telephone service had done its duty by cutting them off.

"Dad! Are you on the line?"

"Yes. I was wondering, Eddie—would you mind bringing Sophie along?"

"Sure I'll bring her!" he almost shouted as the receiver was heard to click on the other end.

It was shortly after twelve when this conversation took place, and as the young Ransoms had arranged to lunch together at the California Market a liaison between the two branches of the family was not hard to effect. He had no sooner reached the entrance of the famous and frugal restaurant than he saw Sophie waiting for him, lovely and slim and a little formal in a street dress which she had bought at a sale and endowed with style.

"Aidi!" she cried before she had been told the news. "What has happened?"

"My mother's had a fall and hurt herself."

"Your mother?" She always managed to give the word a ceremonious inflection as though she were saying "Your Honorable Mother."

"It isn't serious. But dad telephoned and asked me to come and—and bring you."

"Me?" Sophie's long sea-green eyes opened wide at the question, but she seemed to be tendering the Ransom family a bow of ceremony as she added: "I should feel honored."

"I shouldn't wonder if dad thinks that there is something you might do."

"I'm sure there might be," she agreed. "Now come, Aidi. A taxicab would be expensive, but we would never get there by these funicular street cars."

It was shortly after one o'clock when the younger Ransoms, having paid their chauffeur, walked together between formal rhododendron tubs and rang the doorbell of that handsome Georgian house which stands among other handsome houses at a turn of the crooked concrete road.

"Hello, Matsu!" said Eddie familiarly to the smiling little Japanese who opened the door.

"Ah, Mr. Eddie!" said Matsu, bobbing ecstatically. "Your father wait see you."

Mr. W. G. Ransom, a worn-looking gentleman of sixty, appeared out of the gloom of the big hall to take his son by the hand and plant a kiss upon the pure white forehead of his daughter-in-law. To the latter salutation Sophie seemed to bow slightly, as though receiving a favor from royalty.

"How's mother?" was Eddie's first question.

"She's getting along all right," replied the father. "To tell you the truth, I think she's more scared than hurt. The worst of it is she wants to call off the party. I don't mind, but she'd never get over it."

Mr. Ransom made a despairing gesture toward a jumble of crates and ladders, where florists were busily festooning the walls with American Beauty roses.

"Suppose you go up and see her," suggested the father. "She's in the sewing room."

As Eddie bounded up the stairs he could hear the elder saying, "Want to look at the decorations, Sophie? These Italians are making an awful botch of it without your—without Mrs. Ransom to carry out her ideas."

In the pleasant sewing room, which smelled of arnica and aromatic restoratives, Eddie saw the pale fat woman lying under a satin coverlid on a wicker chaise-longue.

"Eddie!" she said softly, turning slowly and holding out a hand as he came in.

It was quite natural then that he should have sunk down beside her to bury his head in her deep bosom to hide the tears that came into his eyes.

"It isn't so bad as that, Eddie," she assured him, but she was crying too. "I've just been shaken up a little and wrenched my ankle. Oh, my boy!"

She lay silently a while, stroking his short hair, then she said, "I've been awfully stubborn. You don't know how often I've wanted to—wanted to ——"

"Look here, mom!" he protested, coming to an upright position. "What I can't see is this: When I was all over town, burning down San Francisco like the big fire, you never said a word. And now that I've gone and married an ace, settled down, got a job, kept sober and started raising a fam——" A natural delicacy interfered here, but he went on, on another tack. "I don't mind being shoved out on my own. It was good for me. But it ain't fair to Sophie. Moms, you can't imagine what a dead game sport she is. She's worked like a little white nigger, never said an unkind word about you or the situation or anything."

"But what do you know about her?" asked Mrs. Ransom, her social-climbing instinct strong in death.

"I know that she's one in a billion," he said softly.

"You're in love with her, my dear," replied his mother, and stroked his hair again. "Eddie, I'm not going to fuss any more. I want you to be happy, and I want to be at peace."

Her tone revealed that she had not yet accepted Sophie Semenoff entirely.

"How 'bout your party?" asked Eddie, rising and taking a chair beside her.

"It's awful, awful!" she said, beginning to cry again. "It was going to be the nicest one we ever had ——"

These receptions had been an anniversary affair with the Ransoms ever since Eddie could remember. Without understanding his mother's passion for pouring hot tea and cold punch into the mouths of the multitude he realized how much it meant to her.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed. "We can get you up and sit you in a chair and pull off the bout just as pretty as ever."

"Nonsense, Eddie!" she replied desolately. "I'm terribly weak and shaken. And think of it! The Jacob Aladdins were coming. If we cancel the party everybody will think we've quarreled again. And I'll have to ask your father to telephone to everybody and call it all off."

The name Jacob Aladdin meant much to all the Ransom family, who, being people of very plain origin as the world classes such things, had prospered steadily in the wholesale drug business. To the elder Mrs. Ransom social recognition was as the flower of paradise. For years there had been a coolness between the Ransoms and the eminently desirable Jacob Aladdins. It was an old feud, dating back to the time when Mrs. Aladdin had arranged that the Ransoms should not be admitted to the Burlingame Club. And in view of past history Mrs. Ransom's unlucky reception began taking on a new importance.

Eddie sat running his fingers through his hair, uncertain as to which way his

(Continued on Page 87)

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(Continued from Page 84)

mother's prejudice would jump. Finally, however, he took courage to blurt out, "See here, mamma! I'll stake Sophie against the world to run anything, from a prize fight to a funeral."

"Sophie!" said Mrs. Ransom, her fat lips pursing.

"I—I sort of thought there'd be a mix-up, so I brought her along."

Mrs. Ransom lay staring for an instant.

"You did?" she asked with surprising gentleness. "Where is she?"

"Downstairs, talking to pop."

"I don't see what she could do," she began, but her tone was sufficiently encouraging to send Eddie scurrying downstairs, where he found his wife in animated dialogue with her father-in-law.

"Don't call the party off, dad!" shouted his son. "We've got mamma talkin' turkey. Come on, Sophie!"

"Oh!"

She looked timidly at the elder Ransom as though seeking his permission, then she followed her husband meekly up the stairs.

It was a strange encounter, the meeting of those two women, such worlds apart in character and training.

Sophie came into the sewing room and stood, her hands folded, her attitude as punctilious as though she had been brought into the presence of a queen.

"So this is Sophie?" said Mrs. Ransom.

Eddie's cheeks burned hot, because her tone suggested that of a mistress addressing an untried servant. But Sophie's reply was quaintly foreign and a little touching.

"Yes, my mother," said she, and dropped her eyes.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" inquired Mrs. Ransom, whereupon her daughter-in-law came over and pressed her little mouth against her pale cheek above the pillows.

"Don't everybody stand up as if it was a death-bed scene!" commanded the elderly lady, losing patience. "Sit here, Sophie. Eddie tells me that you are a very wonderful person."

"He is a flatterer," she replied with the trace of a smile.

"I never found him so," objected Mrs. Ransom. "But we're in a dreadful complication, my dear. We've asked two hundred people this afternoon—and just see where I am."

"If you would only let me be of service," came Sophie's coolly soothing tone.

"Do you think you could?" asked Mrs. Ransom, eying her daughter-in-law critically.

"Could she!" broke in Eddie.

"I should try very hard," promised Sophie in so meek a voice that her husband pined to take her in his arms.

"Of course I couldn't receive lying down."

"Ain't Grandma Horner's wheel chair still up in the attic?" chimed in Eddie, harking back to a boyhood memory.

"I think so," faltered his mother, "but ——"

"Pop and I and Matsu and Frank can tote you down. The rest is pie, mamma. Leave it to Sophie, and I'll bet you more than I've got that your show will be the biggest noise that ever hit Presidio Terrace."

Eddie and his father left it to Sophie as they clambered toward the attic to rescue Grandma Horner's wheel chair. A half hour later Eddie found her in the pantry rebuking a caterer for his carelessness in the matter of whipped cream. Eddie waited until the man had apologized and gone his way before he planted seven mighty kisses upon the straight little mouth.

Eddie Ransom, who despised tea fights with all the prejudice of a crude and virile American, lived in a trance of delight during those stormy hours when the most distinguished people on the Ransoms' calling list stormed through the big front door to fill the Georgian interior with the dissonance of social intercourse. Sophie, who had had no time to arrange her toilet, save to powder her nose and tidy her beautiful hair, was the success of the occasion which she had made successful.

It was Sophie who had reassembled the floral decorations until the place looked lovelier than Eddie had ever dreamed it could look; it was Sophie who placed the servants so that nobody should be in anybody's way—a novel arrangement for any tea party; and it was Sophie, who, without the slightest appearance of officiousness, was everywhere at once, brightening dull guests, feeding the hungry ones, bringing comfort to the unsociable mortals who are wont to stand in corners juggling cups of lukewarm tea.

Even to the eyes of an unprejudiced observer it would be apparent that the meeting had stampeded to Sophie. The ponderous and difficult Jacob Aladdins, together with their very wealthy daughter, Mrs. Alexander de More, annexed themselves to Sophie almost as soon as they had shaken hands with their hostess. This obvious favoritism brought her into the focus of every eye in the room, and such of the guests as were male and not totally blind to human charm got round her in a circle.

And what a circle it was! Eddie had never thought of his wife as a witty woman, but her audience was always a-trilling with merriment as her sea-green eyes flashed and slanted from one to another of the group. Yet she stood as languid and dignified as ever he had seen her, showing no desire to please, save for the flash of her eyes and that feathery smile which sometimes fluttered across her lips.

Her mind seemed never to rove far from the comfort of the large lady in the wheel chair. She would desert her audience to be of service to Mrs. Ransom's whim, running little errands for her, taking her commands as to the ordering of affairs, attending to it that the chair should be trundled from one strategic point to another.

"She's the best little A. D. C. in the world!" thought Eddie, and his bosom swelled to the bursting point with the thought that Sophie was a hit.

The pompous Jacob Aladdin before going home condescended to lay his plump hand on Eddie's arm and to show a glow of satisfaction all over his enormous face.

"How do you do it, young man?" he wheezed.

"They make 'em that way in Russia," acknowledged the happy husband, struggling with a blush.

"I believe it now," he admitted. "Mrs. Aladdin has asked your wife if you won't dine with us next Thursday night."

"Awfully good of you," said Eddie, struggling to be calm.

The Jacob Aladdins and their purse-proud family and their purse-proud house meant less than two straws to Eddie Ransom. But there are ugly and cumbersome athletic trophies which mean nothing in themselves save that they indicate achievement. And Sophie Semenoff, with one gesture of her clever little hands, had achieved that thing for her husband.

When the friendly tumult had died away and the most successful reception that the Ransom house had ever seen faded into a memory of scattered cake, rumpled napkins, smeared china and crushed rose petals Mrs. Ransom, assisted by her husband, her son and two handy Japanese, was carried back to the sewing room upstairs.

"I'm dreadfully tired," she informed Eddie. "But wasn't it wonderful? And she's such a darling!"

"I told you so, mamma," he beamed. "You ought to listen to me once in a while."

"I hope she isn't gone," murmured Mrs. Ransom.

"Maybe she has," admitted Eddie. It would be just like Sophie.

He found her, however, down in the reception hall, twining her little fur round her throat while Mr. Ransom stood by, gazing down on her with eyes of adoration. When Eddie told her she gave him the smile which she held only for him, and went softly up to see her mother-in-law.

Upstairs, lying stretched out on the chaise-longue, Mrs. Ransom kept her eyes on the open door, hoping that the girl would come to her, yet knowing not what to say. Her mother heart was glad that to-day had broken the spell which her own perversity had cast. Yet in her fierce middle-aged egotism she was loath to give this unknown Russian girl credit for the social triumph of the afternoon. She liked Sophie. Who could help liking her? Yet who was this wayfarer whom Eddie had brought into the family without so much as a by-your-leave?

The beautiful straight figure darkened the door and Sophie came into the room. How mysterious and Oriental she looked in the half light as she glided forward and stood attention upon the elder woman's words!

"Won't you sit down, my dear?" asked Mrs. Ransom.

"Thank you, my mother," said Sophie quaintly as she took the chair beside her.

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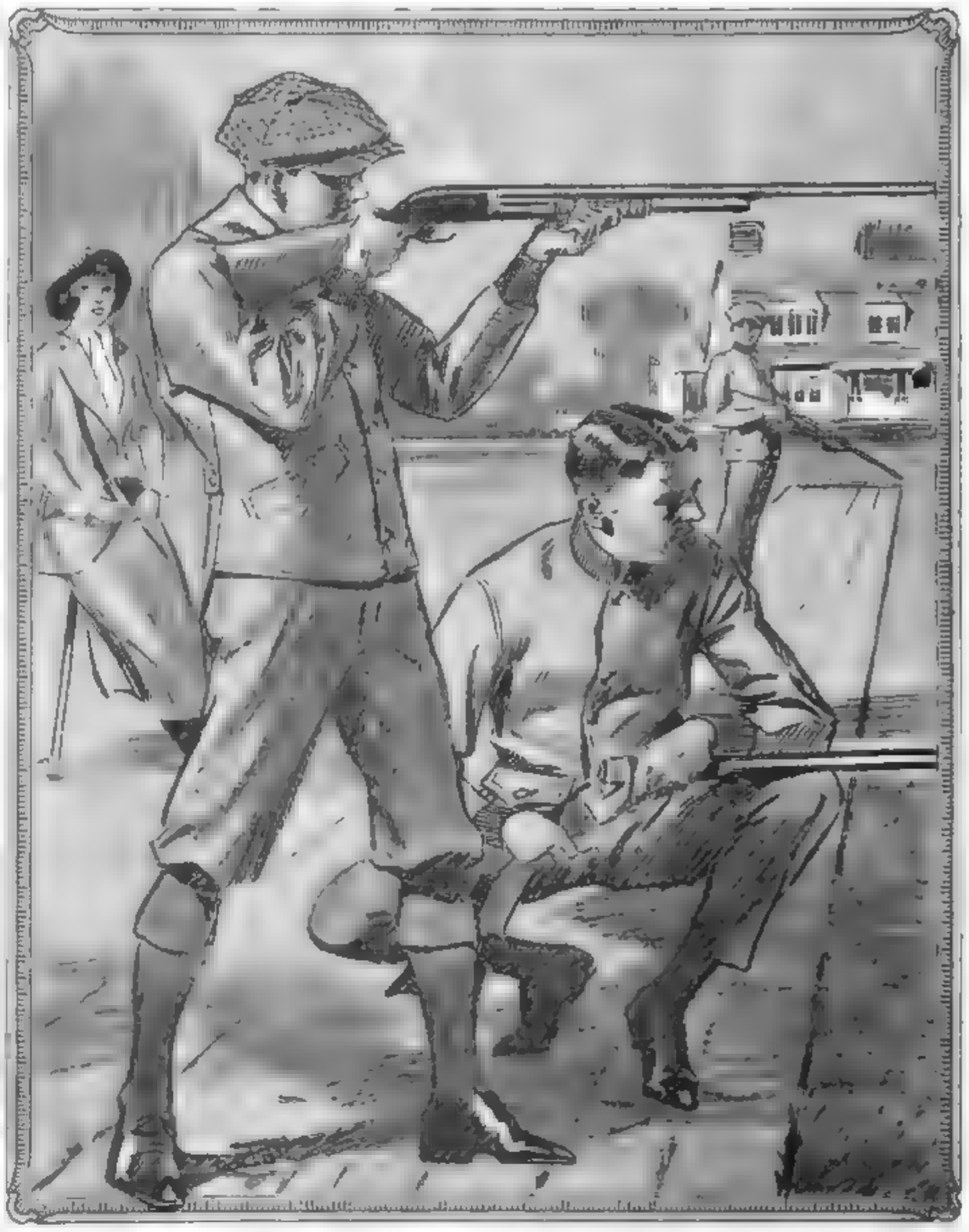

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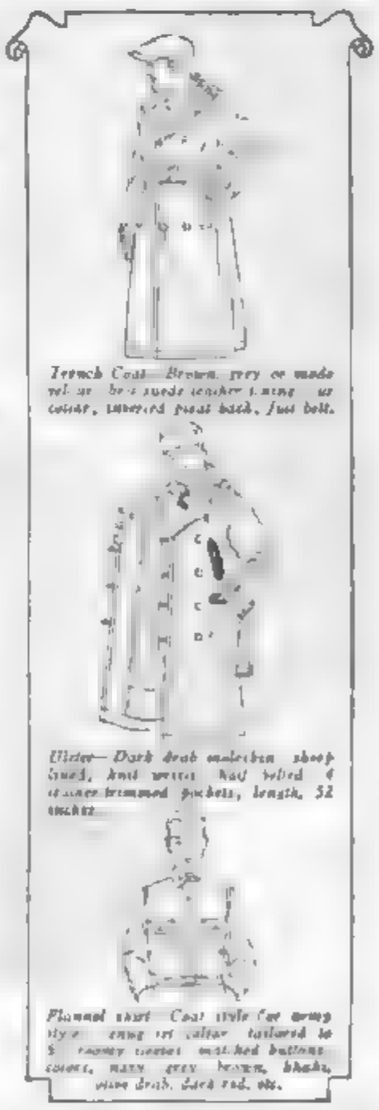

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(Concluded from Page 87)

"I want to tell you how nice you were," began the elder woman, taking one of the beautifully molded hands into her thick and gouty fingers.

"Oh, do not say that," begged Sophie. "It was so little to do for the pleasure it gave me."

"You were really wonderful. I could never have given the reception without you."

The languid greenish eyes glowed down at her out of the dimness. How beautiful she was! And the ghost of resentment flickered and died in the mother breast as she said as kindly as she could: "Sophie, we've a great deal of room to spare here in the house. And Mr. Ransom wants Eddie to come with him into the office. Wouldn't you like to stay with us and be one of the family?"

"No, my mother," replied Sophie with the flicker of a smile. "With your permission we shall remain where we are."

Resentment flamed anew as Mrs. Ransom asked sharply, "Why?"

"It is not good for Eddie to be dependent, even upon those he loves. Then, he is doing so well with the potatoes. Already he has been promoted to the—what do you say?—general offices. It is so good for us both to be poor on our own money."

"I hope you haven't any feeling against me, Sophie," said Mrs. Ransom, and it was a noble concession.

"You, my mother?" The luminous eyes opened wide. "It was quite right what you did. I am unknown to San Francisco. It would be the same in Russia should a son of my family marry into the bourgeoisie."

This roused Mrs. Ransom to the point of frankness.

"Nobody seems to know much about you, Sophie," she suggested.

"No. That is so."

"Won't you tell me something?"

"What is there to tell? I am a country girl, that is all. I knew nothing of life—until I saw so much of death. I have been raised to work."

"What did your father do?"

"He was interested in cultivating the soil."

"Then he was a farmer?" asked the elder woman, looking curiously at the urbane figure beside her.

"You might have called him that. It is so hard to describe his business in this country."

The instinct of a cross-examiner prompted Mrs. Ransom to put an unexpected question:

"Sophie, was your real name Semenoff?"

A brief silence fell into the gathering twilight, and then Sophie said, "That was the name of the family with whom I went into Siberia."

"Queerer and queerer!" thought Mrs. Ransom, whose knowledge of life was bounded by the Golden Gate and the Oakland mole.

"Your family?" she asked sharply.

Sophie hesitated. "No," she said at last, "but my people."

"You took another name. I see. Then what was your name in Russia?"

"You mean, what was it they called me?" asked the sweet voice, which had taken on a frightened, almost childish inflection.

"Well, yes." Another silence fell.

"Ah, that would be difficult to say in English, *madame mère*."

"I wish you could try, Sophie," urged Eddie's mother. "It's hardly fair to any of us for you to keep us so in the dark."

"I am so sorry." The stately little being had risen and was holding out her hand. "I could tell you so little about that. You will forgive me if I must go?"

And when the strange daughter-in-law had made her graceful foreign obeisance and glided out of the room she left Mrs. Ransom to wonder just what it was that was wrong with Sophie Semenoff.

But how could Sophie tell her? How could she tell anybody? How could the young bride, happy in the little flat where she cooked her husband's meals so daintily and planned all day for the child she was to give him, explain to Mrs. W. G. Ransom that they had called her Velikaya Kniajná, and that she was, as her dead world once knew her, the daughter of a grand duke?

# THENCE BY SEAGOING HACK

(Continued from Page 9)

public concerning the Charley Ross case and I usually can tell at a quick glance why the engines of small power boats always stall or what is wrong with a partner's swing when he is off his game in golf; but for the life of me I cannot reason how or why it is that when a man living, say, in Seventy-ninth Street, New York City, remarks in the privacy of his own dining room, "Oh, all right! All right! It's settled we move to the country, Belle"—I can't figure it out, I say, how it is that a young man wearing a fancy vest and spats down near Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue almost immediately jumps to his desk telephone to remark: "Mr. Timbertopp, of Timbertopp & Timbertopp, speaking. I called you up, sir, to offer you our services and expert advice. We have just learned that you have made the wise decision to leave the overcrowded city and buy a place down on Long Island in the neighborhood of our beautiful new development in the Rough Neck section of the North Shore.

"I congratulate you. Get off the line, madam! My car will be at your door within a few minutes, sir, and I shall be glad to devote the day to showing you and the madam the few places still unsold in the region—all of them well within the sum which, I learn, you have set for yourself as an upset price."

Back in the cruder days, when maids were hired girls and morticians were called undertakers, these omniscient and ubiquitous young men were universally known as real-estate agents. In fact, for years after the mechanical perfection of third rails, commutation tickets and the automobile had spanned the gap between Broadway and bush-league sections they were still called just that.

In recent months the New York real-estate man has come to be known as a realtor. Frequently also one flushes in the wilds of Northern Long Island an active and oratorically gifted realtoress. All realtors without exception motor back daily to their city apartments, and so are compelled to spend their leisure moments amid the sordid, tawdry, soul-cramping surroundings of roof shows, big-league baseball and jazz—an existence all the more trying when you stop to think that the distinguishing trait of realtors is an absolutely passionate love of country life.

Also, without exception they are devotees of an altruistic, optimistic school of philosophy. They love all men in general and any given man and wife in particular. They laugh at the price of gasoline. Life to them is one long flower-bordered gravel walk rambling among a medley of sprinkling cans, gambrel roofs, windmills, loose milk, commutation trains, leaping jitneys, rural free deliveries, canned goods, volunteer fire companies, town constables and kindred phenomena of Nature primeval. And yet instead of the somber loveliness of hearkening to the melancholy call of the whippoorwill in the velvety twilight the best they get is Marie Dressler standing behind the red, white and blue lights and taking a wollop at a Shubert serenade as arranged by Lee and Jake.

The Brigadier and I happened to dine in a restaurant in the dry-goods store in which we had bought our electric pump during the course of the dry-goods firm's machinery sale that day, and we were still at table when the store closed. Nevertheless, when we reached our apartment door long after sundown we learned from Barney that three rival realtors had called during the early afternoon and were still waiting for us in the living room; and Barney sourly volunteered the further information that in case the Brigadier should notice later—and she did—that a certain garment of white goods bore a deep brown imprint the shape of an electric iron we might as well know first as last that it wouldn't get nobody nothing to try to pass the buck to Barney. One cannot put one's soul into one's chosen vocation, explained Barney in effect, if one has to rush away from one's ironing every minute on the minute and listen at the telephone while a lot of real-estate guys scattered all over Long Island, Northern New Jersey and Hudson River commuting towns condense the simple request, "Stay put till we get there," into a twenty-minute oration.

Before eight o'clock that night our living room gave the impression that the Brigadier was the belle of a stag smoker. The only touch needed to make the smoker idea perfect was somebody named Tubby crying into his setting of half-shell clams because the hired singer didn't know the words of Two Little Girls in Blue.

A pleasant evening was had by all as we chatted about Nature until midnight; and out of all the views and talk we heard that night from the realtors, which was considerable, I early grasped the fact that no capable realtor interested in Long Island property would think of offering a country home for sale unless it successfully lives up to one standard test. The first requisite they insist upon before they will offer a place for sale is that the house is equipped with a piazza from which one can toss a coin into the Sound. Some realtors differ from their colleagues so far as to refuse to act as selling agents unless the house has a porch from which one can chuck a rock into a near-by and always beautiful sheet of water. This slight variation, you must readily see, is a difference in phraseology rather than in thought content.

Now if there is one thing in this whole world I don't want to do, even in moments of utter boredom, it is to stand on a stoop and throw coins into a creek, pond or ocean. The greater absurdity of dragging rocks from the water's edge up to the stoop steps and then pegging the rocks back into the water is, of course, too silly to discuss. But for some reason I cannot fathom, this idea of being able to toss pebbles, rocks and money—pitching a pebble is the way the realtoresses often describe the obsession—from the stoop into the water is always the first and supreme charm that comes to a realtor's lips in his keynote speech of the campaign.

Thus it is with many another imaginary joy or sorrow of life. Upon close analysis the commonly accepted bugaboo is found to be only a figure of speech, a mental hazard. You hear someone say, for instance, in tones of fright: "It was so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your face." I fear I never fully realized how much time I had wasted in my life worrying about this phenomenon of severe darkness until one night—I think it was at Beach Haven, but I'm not certain—I described the darkness this way to the well-known littérateur, Franklin P. Adams, whereupon he brought the blush of shame to my cheek by barking: "Well, who the deuce wants to see his hand in front of his face?"

But to come back to whatever it was we were talking about. The average realtoress, I say, not only shares her brother realtor's obsession about the joys of pitching anything from pebbles to paving blocks off the stoop, but she also has another obsession quite her own. Judging by her sales arguments, at least, she seems to take it for granted that the only reason a middle-aged man with thin hair lets the missus hornswoggle him into leaving city comforts and buying a house out under the stars is to have a little room of his very own fitted up as a den.

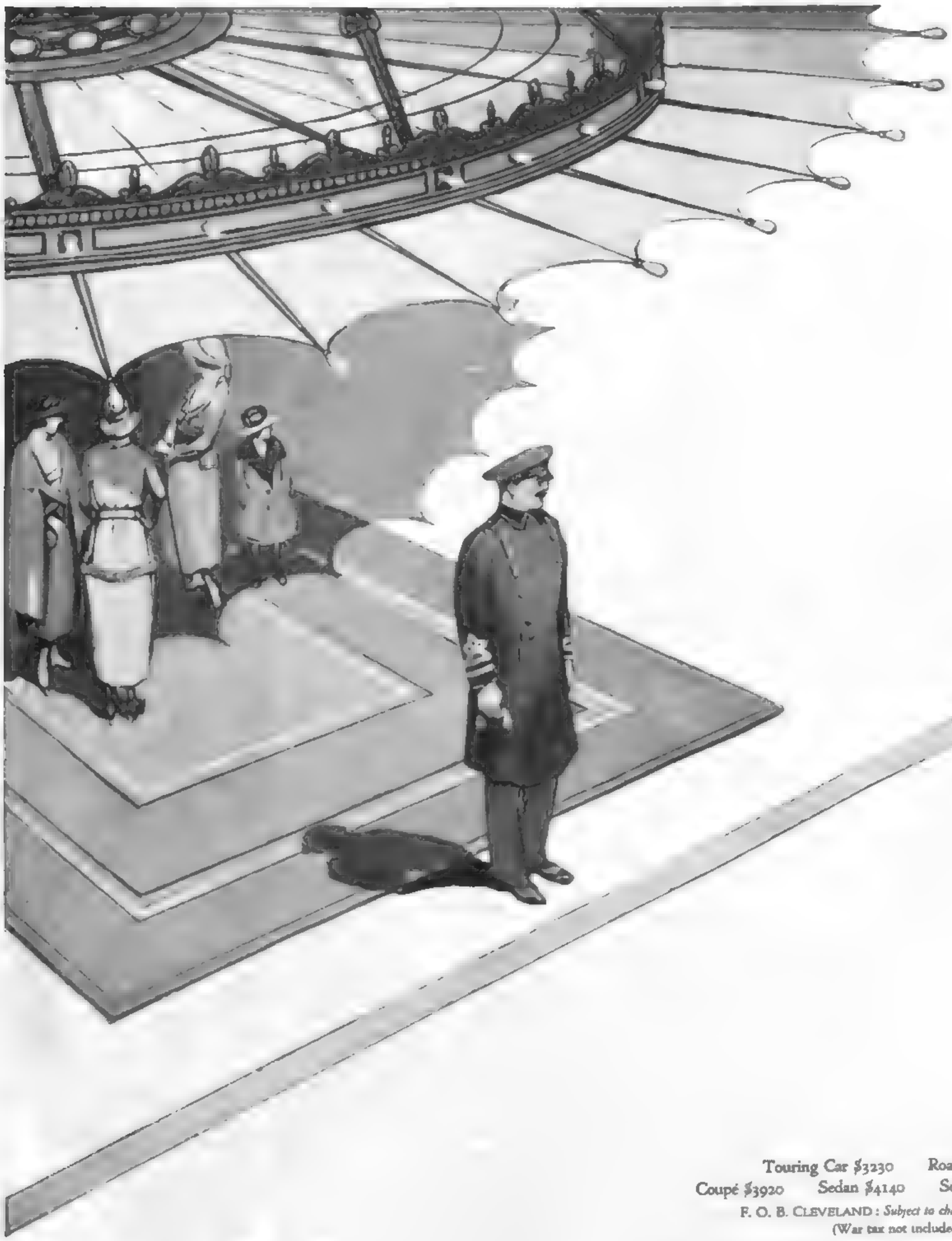
"Small for a master's bedroom?"—memories of many a realtoress' patter, delivered at doors of rooms I had mistaken for large and well-lighted hall closets, come back to me verbatim. "Well, if you think it too small for sleeping purposes it would be an ideal room for your den."

It is the realtoress' idea, you see, that after a man has bought a country house in a spot that catches the refreshing seashore or country breezes and has built on additional verandas and has set himself back the price of porch rugs and hammock swings and garden benches and has bought a motor boat and built a boathouse and set out saplings and swung hammocks under the trees, he can scarcely contain himself as the real big moment of country life approaches.

That is the moment, the realtoress fancies, when the new country resident, having completed these preliminary details, rushes indoors with a sigh of relief and feverishly puts on a Christmas-present smoking jacket of maroon velvet strapped with black silk braid and races ecstatically upstairs and wedges himself into an inclosure just large enough to hold himself, a triangular blue

(Continued on Page 93)

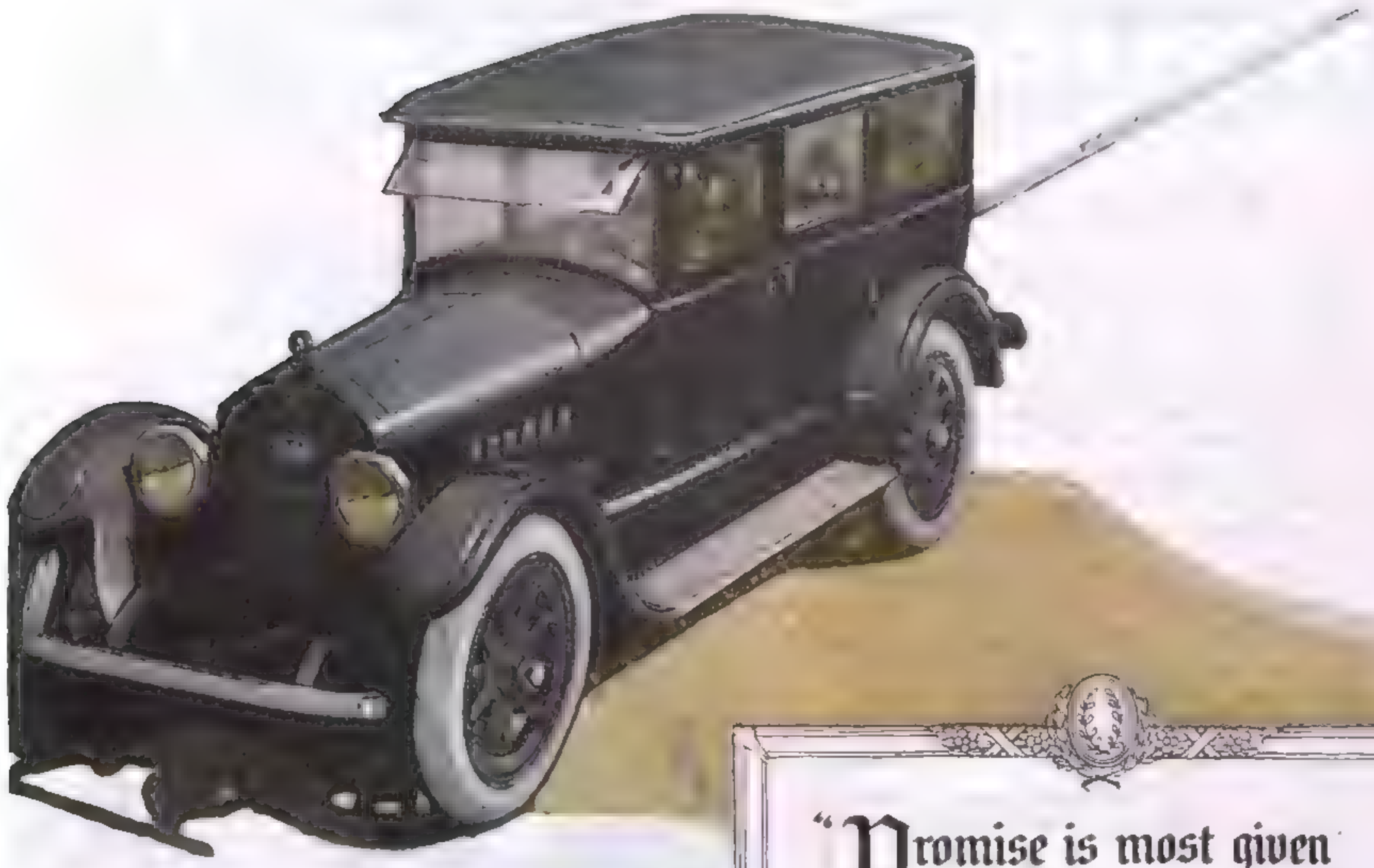
President Suspenders
125
for comfort
For Holiday giving each President is encased in a handsome Christmas box reflecting its quality and your good judgment and good wishes.
Every pair guaranteed
Be sure the name President is on the buckle
Made at Shirley Massachusetts
Mr Dealer: For the Holiday Packing wire your jobber your order—now



Touring Car $3230 Roadster $3200
Coupé $3920 Sedan $4140 Sedan-Limousine $4400
F. O. B. CLEVELAND: *Subject to change without notice*
(War tax not included)

# PEERLESS
## 2 POWER RANGE EIGHT

"LOAFING" RANGE — "SPORTING" RANGE



# "Promise is most given when the least is said"

CONFIDENCE is the product, not of promises but of performance.

It is confidence, not promises, that puts men in positions of trust. It is confidence in the men, organizations, ideas and principles behind a motor car which makes promises superfluous and ambiguous.

When one becomes the owner of a Peerless Two-power-range Eight, we are deeply concerned that he shall feel that his car is the finest expression of an organization of sincere workmen.

The Peerless Two-power-range Eight of today is, if you like, the consummation of the promise made nearly twenty years ago; but it is much more the expression of an ideal upon which many experienced minds have long been focused.

In the five years of life through which the Two-power-range Eight has passed since its first conception, it has been put through every test demanded of a modern motor car. The even faithfulness of its response has revealed a sound heart and a rugged character.

During this period we have not seen fit to change its fundamental design beyond the mere refinement of incidental features.

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
*Cleveland • Ohio • U.S.A.*

# Monroe Clothes

New York Styles America — Monroe Clothes New York

## The Seal of Satisfaction

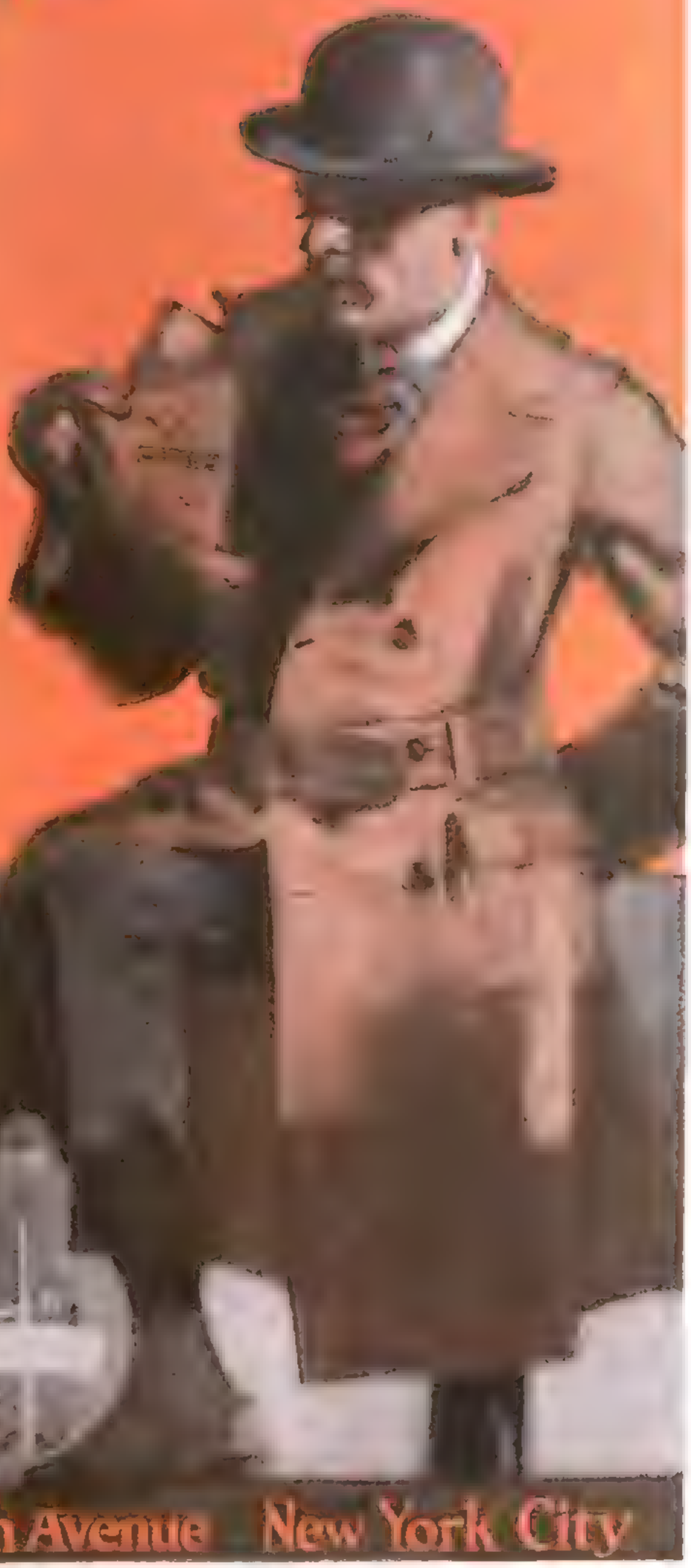
You find it sewn to every Monroe Suit and Overcoat. It's the MONROE LABEL. Look for it *before* you buy. It guarantees ~ supreme satisfaction in clothes. ' ' '

*Price Satisfaction*-Monroe prices are always less than prices for similar high grade clothes. ' ' ' ' ' ' ' ' '

*Style Satisfaction*~Up-to-the-minute New York style, distinctive pattern and smart metropolitan designing-

*Quality Satisfaction*~All wool fabric and silk-sewn tailoring. ' ' ' ' '

Seek the Monroe Seal of Satisfaction whenever you buy clothes. If there is no Monroe Clothier in your city, write to us. ' ' '



The Special Monroe 2 pants suits at regular Monroe prices

$40

also $50~$60

The extra pair ~ means double wear.

Monroe Clothes 55 Fifth Avenue New York City

(Continued from Page 89)

flag marked "Atlantic City" in white lettering, a wall match safe depicting an Indian chief in papier-mâché bas-relief, a Yale pennant flanked by Smith and Vassar, a spindle-leg ash receiver, a burnt-leather couch cover edged with leather fringe, various couch cushions labeled "Oberlin," "Wellesley," "Sweet Slumbers" and "Wesleyan," a new mission smoking table, a framed print of September Morn in full color and a weathered-oak wall motto reading, "It is Always Morning Somewhere in the World."

In the mind of realtoresses the happy householder presses himself back against these gayeties sufficiently hard to enable him to close and lock the door from the inside. Then he dens in until that distant day shall have arrived when loving hands carry him down to a darkened living room and gently place a lily in his hands.

Not me!

But enough of these and other misconceptions which I found in the minds of all realtors long before the Brigadier and unnumbered relays of realtors had begun actively to search for a kitchen they thought would suit me. Let us consider, rather, a vital misconception of my own.

I mean to say that when the Brigadier and I first began our daily tours of inspection in the general direction of the primeval loveliness of the Rough Neck Gardens extension of Long Island I had altogether a false notion of the difference in real-estate and building values since the days when the family got me a job in a local architect's office up in Northeastern Pennsylvania the year I didn't pass in high school.

In those days, I remember, for eight thousand dollars a man could build a fine frame house absolutely swathed in wooden lace. If one spent twelve or fifteen thousand dollars on a house up our way the town knew at once either that anthracite had been found under the old farm or that father had got in on the ground floor at the inception of the idea of opening chains of cash grocery stores or red front five-and-ten-cent stores. And as for the man who went the limit and spent twenty thousand dollars on a new home, he got something for his money—a mansard roof finished off with a tower, a large stairway window of purple glass, elaborate gas fixtures in art bronze on the newel posts in the entrance hall, gold-tipped lightning rods, two parlors—front and back—decorated with black marble mantels, inside folding shutters throughout, daintily gilded iron fences in miniature fringing the roof top and tower, a beautiful stable finished off also with a mansard roof of slate and topped with a gilt weather vane in the form of a galloping horse, spreading lawns dotted with fountains and iron sculpture, a side-yard greenhouse big enough to hold the rubber plants, empty trunks, wheelbarrow, garden tools and geraniums all winter, a hired man who drank, a neatly painted dog house or two in the back yard and a good bird dog that slept in the kitchen, a black iron fence trimmed with gold vine leaves, in short the kind of place that was always, and justly, referred to in the Saturday social column as a mansion.

But not now for twenty thousand dollars! Not at any rate within that region which is known to Manhattan realtors as the metropolitan commuting zone and is roughly bounded on the four main points of the compass by the St. Lawrence, Western Rhode Island, the Atlantic Ocean and the frantic efforts of the Erie Railroad.

On second thought I do recall one house on a one-car dirt road some miles back of Rough Neck proper that the realtor was willing to sacrifice for twenty-two thousand dollars. The kitchen was too intimate, however, and when we tried to walk past the side porch the Brigadier's umbrella scraped two flower pots off a window ledge next door. It was at this place, by the way, that I forced the realtor to admit that here was one North Shore estate sporting a front stoop from which Babe Ruth himself couldn't bat a fungo into the waves. Personally I shouldn't have been able, even from the highest visibility of the roof, to splash the Sound with a rifle.

In the first part of our search, which I now remember in a blurred sort of way as one unbroken motor tour that carried us from Eastern Connecticut to points in the New Jersey suburbs of Manhattan from which—so realtors began to hint to us proudly—it was possible on clear days to see the titanic dent of Delaware Water Gap—in these early days of house hunting we at least brushed up on period architecture. If I seem to dwell for the moment upon this admirable attempt on the part of every New York commuting houseowner, architect, builder, landscape gardener and suburban town beautiful society to make his or their commuting suburb æsthetically different in mass and detail, I do so because it was this unvaried achievement of the universally unique which in the end was fated to make a great big fathead out of me. Publicly I agree with the Brigadier that I was wholly to blame for the catastrophe; but just the same she was as much to blame as I. If the Brigadier also hadn't ——

But listen! And during the next few paragraphs don't bother to interrupt your own reading by calling to mother: "Why, ma, he's describing our very town! They must have looked for a house here!"

I am and we did—and I don't care where your town is, just so long as it doesn't lie outside a circumference line running approximately through Rochester, Martha's Vineyard, Barnegat and Pocono Summit.

To begin with, your particular, highly restricted, æsthetically different, lately improved suburban town in the New York commuting zone has a cute little railroad station rising from a neatly barbered lawn that is decorated with beds of canna edged with a mess of scarlet sage. Further to get away from the conventional, your station has a gay-colored roof of tiles and then works down from the wide eaves to the flower beds along more severe Italian lines, the whole effect suggesting a picturesque little armory of the Girl Scouts in, say, the Camden, Mauch Chunk or South Bend of Italy. Right?

Across the station plaza from the scarlet sage is the one touch of vulgar yet necessary commercialism in your town. It is a block of one-story or story-and-a-half structures, each made to conceal somewhat its crass utilitarian purposes behind timber-strapped stucco, outdoor chimneys of cobblestones, gambrels or colonial entrances. These cute structures house variously a plate-glass drug store, a fancy grocery of the better sort, a meat and fish market, a public garage, with perhaps in addition a little pants-pressing shop run by someone named Sol, a hat-cleaning and shoe-shining place conducted by a man named Tony and an open-face fruit and vegetable stand run by two brothers named Palloupolloaupalapolis.

Also, each store is separated from the next by wedging from two to five highly ornate one-room office buildings between them, each office outfit consisting of a big blue print on the wall, framed architectural photographs and a girl typist who pauses only to say, "Hees aout naouw, buttime expectunum back any mint." The he she is chronically expecting back is the realtor local representative of a Manhattan real-estate firm. He is a clean-shaven young man who brushes his hair back like John Drew, and—like the houses he sells—further attains that different look by affecting a fancy vest, tan spats and a red carnation—always.

I ask you, commuting reader, as man to man, am I right or am I wrong?

Finally, to finish off your unique commuting community in a brief paragraph, your particular town beautiful association has sought to get away from the conventional city street by winding a number of its thoroughfares away from the station plaza in curving lines that bend off to a graceful fade-out among the trees. Within less than a decade after the first street was laid out in your town you felt a certain thrill upon overhearing a realtor explain that the reason your streets curve away so gracefully is that originally they were all ancient Indian trails. Am I right? And nestling or leaping from either side of those hoary old Indian trails are the last words in architectural individuality—English cottage type succeeded at exclusive intervals by Dutch colonial, by Tudor, by Spanish mission, by Southern colonial, by Georgian, by Italian villa—absolutely every house with that different touch, from the modest little thirty-five-thousand-dollar New England colonial cottage of the star rewrite man on a New York evening newspaper on up to those castellated towers of the show places on the hill—round towers which suggest that either Maxfield Parrish had done the high spots of your town's background rather well or that some country gentleman had crowded his simple mansion too close to the silo.

I am willing to admit—to come back to the cataclysmic fiasco which temporarily disrupted our own house-hunting campaign—that when I finally and figuratively booted the ball with the bases full my optic nerve was congested from whirling through these different commuting towns, each overlapping the edges of another town uniquely like the first, each as ostentatiously different as so many patchwork crazy quilts made from the same green, white, red and yellow neckties. My brain was fagged, my tonneau position cramped; my spirit was broken by the constant reiteration of realtors explaining that on account of the war and labor prices and the cost of building materials and the way Broadway movie stars outbid one another extravagantly these days, especially round the Rough Neck region, in their quest for homes near New York, and the new rule of worth-while architects that thirty per cent of the building price must be spent on landscape gardening that will fittingly frame the architect's deathless art—in brief, that unless one were willing to live in an army pup tent back of the town's Spanish-mission garage one must dig into the principal and then outbid a little syndicate composed of Charlie Chaplin, Doug and Mary, Bill Hart, the Talmadge sisters and the Gish girls.

At the end of the thirty-seventh consecutive day of this sort of thing—realtors work full time Sundays also, unless there is a double-header at the Polo Grounds, when they turn the megaphone and steering wheel over to the typist or an assistant realtoress—the Brigadier was just beginning to get her real stride, but I was about through. I had got to the point where I had ceased to ask even the name of the town we happened to be investigating.

You can readily understand then why, late one weary afternoon, I failed for some moments to get the full glorious significance of the Brigadier's words as she stood in a sort of awed silence for a moment in a roomy new house and then turned to the realtor escorting us that day and spoke in even tones.

"This is it," she said with calm finality. And then as I was too all in to get her drift for the moment she brought me up sharply:

"Come, come, come, come, Sweetie! I trust we are not keeping you up. I say, we've bought this house."

We were standing, I remember, in a kitchen that suggested in its way the roomy coziness of the Grand Central Terminal waiting room. The man who had built the house, the realtor explained, had intended to divide the room into a kitchen, a storeroom and a laundry, but had died before completing the work. So the room was more than a kitchen. It was a bear.

The search now over, the Brigadier was as ecstatic as I. I gave the wink to the realtor, and we left her alone for a while to revel in her new poesession. Out on the front porch then I paid him all I had with me to clinch the bargain, and he wrote out his firm's name per his own on a good enough receipt, which he dashed off on a blank sheet of my memorandum book, and I playfully asked him to frisk me on the hip pocket cautiously. He promptly came back at me with one of those folding drinking cups and a Boy Scout pocket knife equipped with can openers, cap lifters, corkscrews and everything. The Brigadier didn't come out on the porch to bother us for almost half an hour.

The last I remember of our town as we got under way in the realtor's car for the long run back to Manhattan were the rows of square posts of tapestry brick, each post capped with a big white cannon ball of concrete and the posts connected with gracefully sagging iron chains. These posts the Town Beautiful Society of our town had placed on either side of the winding streets as a final unique touch in civic beautification. We hadn't passed a quarter of a mile of the brick posts, I suppose, before I was fast asleep on the back seat. The crisp country air had got me.

I slept at home in Manhattan for the better part of two nights and a day. The Brigadier, who had measured windows and rooms with a pocket tape measure while the realtor and I had been holding our session on the front porch, was buying bolts of curtain material and miles of linoleum while I slept.

And then on the third morning, bright and early, we headed Long Islandward in our own car to inspect our purchase in greater detail and to see the realtor in his local office in our town and complete arrangements for taking the house over. The Brigadier, who had been bubbling with excitement since we had taken the house, on

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"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

WEAR-EVER TRADE MARK ALUMINUM

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made from hard, thick sheet aluminum without joints or seams.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Write for free booklet "The 'Wear-Ever' Kitchen," which tells how to save fuel, food and work. Address Dept. 18.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
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In Canada, "Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

*"Wear Ever" gives to the kitchen an atmosphere in keeping with the beautiful furnishings of the other rooms of the home*

this third morning was strangely silent. Something was bothering her. For a time as we sped eastward across Long Island I feared that she was ominously silent because she had guessed what it was that was keeping me so silent also.

To be perfectly honest, I'll confess I should have got the name of the town in which our new house was situated fixed in my mind more clearly. We had been in and round that and near-by towns all that day with the realtor who sold us the house, and I suppose everyone concerned had more or less taken it for granted we all knew just where we were and everything. I do recall now that fifteen or twenty minutes after the realtor had produced his folding drinking cup out on the porch we had split what was left and he had raised his half aloft and figuratively had given us the keys to the community, mentioning the name of the town in his toast. But all I could remember the morning the Brigadier and I started off to see our house again was that the name of the town was in two syllables and that the last half was either "mere," "wolde," "hurst," "thorpe" or possibly the more common "ville." I could have sworn that morning it was something like that, anyway.

As we continued silently eastward I did make note, perhaps for the first time, of the striking similarity in uniqueness of all exclusive suburban communities. The different æsthetic sameness did begin to get on my nerves a bit and confuse me more and more, but for two reasons I had no serious fears that we couldn't find our particular town. One reason was that if the worst came to the worst I could confess my slip-up to the Brigadier and get the name of the town from her, knowing that the always-efficient Brigadier would never buy a house unless she at least knew the name of the town it was in. The second reason was that safe in my wallet—I peeked into it on some pretext or other and made sure it was there—was the little leaf torn from my notebook on which the realtor had written his firm's name and his own at the bottom of the receipt he had scribbled upon pocketing my cash clincher.

At any pay-station telephone sign all I had to do was to slip into the booth on the pretense of buying a cigar in the shop, get the realtor's name from the receipt and call him up.

This would be a better plan by far than confessing to the Brigadier. In matters like these she has a habit of ——

"Sweetie, you listen to me!" she said suddenly in a tone which—for the Brigadier—was girlishly bashful. "I have a confession to make. My conscience will not let me enter our new house acting a lie, and I have been acting a lie ever since I was getting ready for bed the night we bought the house and it flashed on me—I've been ashamed to tell you but here goes!—that for the first time in my life I had been slipshod, actually an idiot. In my excitement over that kitchen I forgot to get the name of the particular town we were in at the time. There!—and let that close the incident."

Of course I should have let it go at that. But here was the first chance I had had for years. I fell. Against my better judgment I began to play her like a trout.

"Oh, you did, eh?" I said, somewhat sternly for me, in tones to which she was unaccustomed. "You actually bought a house in a town without ——"

"You heard me distinctly the first time, didn't you?" she broke in, some of the girlish contrition tumbling off her tone. "All I wish to hear from you now on the subject is the name of the town. Come, come, come!"

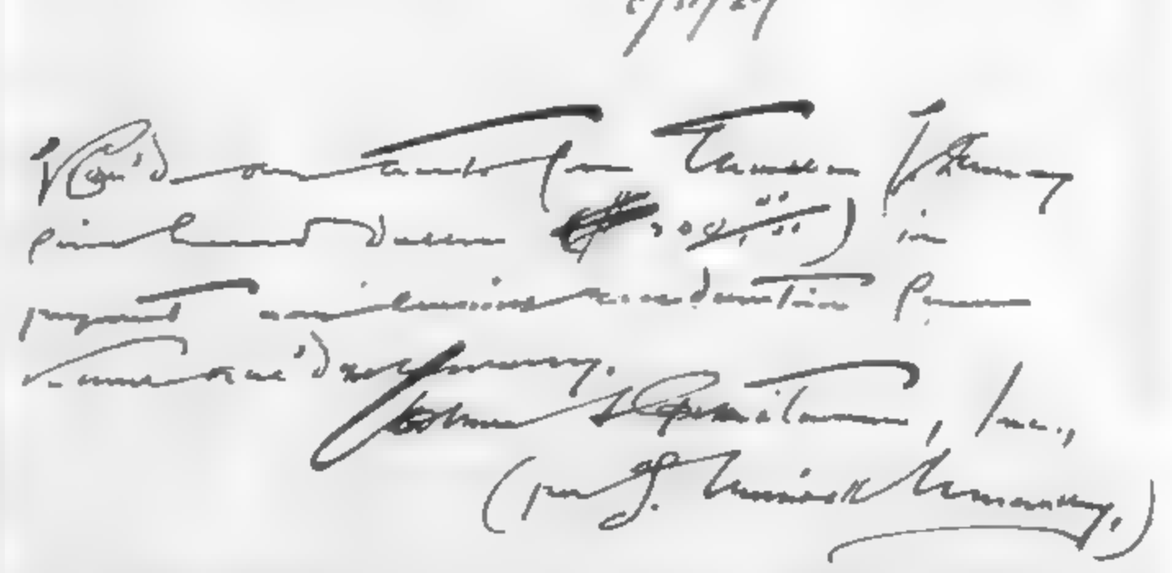
By the end of the next quarter mile she had increased her comes several hundred per cent, and before we could get to a telephone station sign her comes and the exhausts from the car's muffler were hitting simultaneously. In desperation at last I steered with one hand, pulled out my wallet, extracted the receipt for the cash clincher and tossed the folded paper into her lap.

"Been my idea all along," I remarked, perhaps a bit cockily, while the Brigadier silently studied the scribbled receipt for two or three miles, "to look up the firm or the realtor in the telephone book—names on the receipt, you'll observe—in the next town we come to and call 'em up. Simple, my dear, quite simple."

That put a crimp in her come-come-comecomes. She hadn't a word to say even when, upon stopping at the first little blue telephone sign we came to, she handed me back the receipt for the clincher. Sitting even straighter than usual, her arms tightly folded, she sat motionless while I entered a village butcher shop done in Anne Hathaway cottage style with alternating busts of steers and lambs in terra cotta along the eaves.

With my own eyes I had seen the realtor write out the receipt at my dictation—I had been slick enough to dictate all but the names signed at the end—and therefore I had not bothered to study the paper when he had handed it to me. In fact, the first real study I gave to the receipt did not begin until I had spread it out beside the telephone in the butcher shop.

I submit here in facsimile the realtor's writing as reproduced faithfully in line-cut photo-engraving by my good friend Hughie McIlhenney, of the mechanical staff of the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia:



In time I rejoined the Brigadier, and we silently pressed on, but in more or less aimless fashion now.

When we stopped some place in the early afternoon to get oil and gasoline again I asked the Brigadier how about opening the shoe box containing the deviled ham and stuffed eggs and things, but she merely shook her head.

The longer we drove the more clearly I realized that I had been overimpulsive in handing the realtor all five of the one-hundred-dollar bills which I had been carrying with me on tour for weeks in case I should be called upon to make a substantial payment on a house. Even without considering the better half of a big flask of now priceless Scotch which the realtor had set me back, one of the hundred-dollar bills would have been a perfectly good clincher.

As we passed on the road more and more obvious realtors—we could always tell them by their individual and distinctive touches—clean-shaven Gibson-man features, red carnations, fancy vests and spats—I got an idea.

"We might, my dear, locate our man by describing him to one of these colleagues of his we are constantly ——"

"Yes," interrupted the Brigadier with a tight smile. "And we might also stop at one of these Looie the Quince town halls we are constantly passing and ask the chief of police if he could help us locate a certain policeman on Long Island who always wears blue clothes trimmed with brass buttons and suffers from large flat feet."

"Ha! Ha!" I cried in affected laughter. "You—don't—say so!" And I let that one sink in for ten silent miles.

It was about eleven miles beyond, just as we topped a hill and were about to descend its eastern slope, that I ground

(Continued on Page 97)

Santa as a *Whitman's* Messenger

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## Christmas is happiest when Santa brings Whitman's Chocolates and Confections

Santa Claus knows that everybody wants good candy at Christmas. For seventy-nine years he has been taking them Whitman's.

*A Christmas thought!* In making up your list to give Whitman's, remember the people to whom they would be the greatest treat of all, persons who have good taste to appreciate the finest things, but who seldom indulge in them.

Ask your nearest Whitman agent to show you the varied packages, including the Sampler, the Fussy, the Nuts Chocolate Covered, the Super Extra, the Pink of Perfection, the Orchid—each an aristocrat in its own individual way.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
*Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip*

# Velie

## —Price Guarantee—Velie

Applicable to Velie List Prices Announced Sept. 29, 1920

*WE GUARANTEE TO YOU* the present list prices announced September twenty-ninth, nineteen hundred and twenty, on present Velie models, against further decline until July first, nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

*WE AGREE* that should we between this date and July first, nineteen hundred and twenty-one, make further decreases in the list prices of present models, to rebate the amount of any such decrease to Velie purchasers who have paid the list prices now in force.

*WE FURTHER AGREE* to make the rebate to the holder of this bond in actual cash subject to the following conditions:

1st—This Guarantee of Rebate applies only to purchasers of new Velie cars at present list prices as above prescribed.
2nd—The attached coupon shall be properly filled in and forwarded to the Velie Motors Corporation, Moline, Illinois, upon the date of purchase.
3rd—Surrender of this bond to the Velie Motors Corporation, Moline, Illinois, shall be necessary to secure refund
4th—This agreement is not negotiable and applies only to the Velie car and original purchaser indicated below and on the corresponding coupon sent to the factory.

*THIS AGREEMENT DOES NOT GUARANTEE IN ANY WAY WHATSOEVER AGAINST A PRICE INCREASE*

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, MOLINE, ILLINOIS

By W. J. Velie, President

New Low Price **$1385** With Cord Tires

F. O. B. Moline, Ill.

## *Some Have Cut Prices—Others Have Guaranteed Prices. We Have Done Both, and Have Gone the Limit in Both Price and Guarantee*

$1385 for a Velie Six equipped with cord tires all 'round! It is an unheard-of low price, lower than the car ever sold for before. A cut of $200 in price—cord tires added—actual saving nearly $300. Dealers said it could not be done. Motorists who knew Velie values said it could not be done. But it is done. Here it is—at $1385. And further, you are positively protected against decrease.

### A Six With Cord Tires at the Price of a Four

Just consider what this price means—A Six of old and famous make at a price as low or lower than many fours.

The Velie at $1385 has the same motor that broke the path into Yosemite and won the Dyas gold cup—the same motor that put the Velie ahead of much higher-priced cars in the Pike's Peak Climb—the same motor that is making the Light Six records in fuel-saving. It has the Velie deep, luxurious, genuine leather upholstery—the Velie lasting mirror finish—the complete equipment and the ultra-refinements that mark Velie cars everywhere.

You may have said, "I would buy my Velie today if I knew for certain that prices would go no lower."

### Read the Velie Bond Reproduced Above

Every purchaser of a Velie car at the new low price receives this bond. It is signed by the Velie Motors Corporation. It settles the price question once and for all.

The wise buyer will make sure of his Velie while this price is in force. This guarantee does not protect you against increase. Present prices are your gain—but they are not logical. You know that. No thinking person will contend that an honestly made, fairly priced car is less valuable today than it was a few weeks ago. The Velie Six costs just as much to make and it is worth just as much.

### Our Advice to You Is: Don't Wait

See your Velie dealer today while this price opportunity remains open.

Four Models 34—Touring, Roadster, Sedan and Coupé, and four models of the larger 48—5-passenger touring, 7-passenger touring, Sedan and Speedster. A car for every need or preference. Catalog for the asking.

**Velie Motors Corporation**
**Moline, Illinois**

**$1385** With Cord Tires

Velie Six Model 34

**$1385** With Cord Tires

(Continued from Page 94)

on the foot brake and emergency. We stopped dead, both of us gibbering with joy.

"There it is!" we were whooping in chorus.

Far off my port mud guard and stretching away to the blue Sound was a dainty little red, white and green, up-to-date commuting town of the different sort. In the clear sunlight of a September afternoon I could even see the chain-connected, concrete cannon-ball-capped tapestry brick posts dotting bare stretches of the highways.

A full minute of ecstasy must have passed before I noticed that the Brigadier was pointing quite as excitedly to a unique little green, white and red, up-to-date commuting town of the different sort, also equipped with that brick-post touch of individuality. But the Brigadier's town was off her starboard mud guard. Then when we had started down the hill, again undecided, and had come to the luxurious covert of foliage in the valley lands, we flushed three other unique towns under the trees, with tapestry brick posts, sagging chains and concrete cannon-ball caps lining the thoroughfares.

And night fell!

It was at the end of one solid week of hurried motor searches for either my house, my realtor or my five hundred bucks that I found myself passing through townful after townful after townful of tapestry brick posts without bothering even to look at the houses. Towns and houses, they were all alike in the same different way. Besides, I had other things to worry me now. The Brigadier, without a word of good-by or explanation, had gone from the apartment to visit her own folks for an indefinite stay. Also, within a week or less the first of October would arrive, which meant the end of our apartment lease, which in turn meant a raise in rent of twelve hundred dollars on what had been an eighteen-hundred-dollar apartment—that or selling the Liberty Bonds and shooting the whole bank roll on an inside room and bath in a New York hotel.

It was on a night when I was gloomiest that I saw a way out which I might have thought of in the first place. The big idea came to me when a surf-fishing friend of mine, a Jersey-shore native named Bob Higgins from down Manasquan way, called. Bob, who sets a lot of store on my judgment, drops in whenever he is in the city to get my advice on business matters. On the night in question he brought me a big striped bass and the casual statement that the Frank Case place, out beyond the suburbs of Manasquan, was on the market.

I remembered the Frank Case place down in Jersey—three or four little bungalows facing the sea, with a big, substantial house on slightly higher ground just back of them. The big house Case used partly as a permanent home, but chiefly as a sort of community kitchen in which the meals of the summer-season tenants in Case's bungalows were prepared. The Case kitchen, I remembered, compared favorably in size with many a commuting town's Early Georgian electric-light plant we had passed down Long Island way.

One morning recently, immediately following a nor'easter tide in the full of the moon—so Bob Higgins said—Frank Case had risen in time to see his fleet of little bungalows just fading over the horizon on the ebb, the flagship of the fleet head-on for Ireland.

More recently still, Case, hoping to better his fortunes, had moved to Sag Harbor and had opened a bicycle repairing shop. And Bob Higgins said that while clamming in front of the deserted Case house a few days before he had noted a "For Sale" sign tacked to an oyster-bed stake in the side yard.

I paused next morning only long enough to make sure that again there was no word from the Brigadier for me in my morning mail. Then I hurried down to Sag Harbor, looked up Frank Case and closed the deal. And finally I went the limit on a long telegram to the Brigadier, which, even if I do say it myself, had a literary punch in the last lines that was absolutely smeared with the art that conceals art.

Listen!

"—— and as for roominess, need only remark that one time in Edison plant West Orange saw Edison himself doing most amazing electrical experimentation world had ever known in laboratory not half size of Case kitchen. Hurry. Shall be looking for you Grand Central news stand nine-thirty-seven train to-night. SWEETIE."

She rushed up to me at the news stand at nine-thirty-nine.

In concluding this perhaps sketchy résumé of how we happened to take a house down here in the outer suburbs of Manasquan the scene now shifts for the nonce to England.

Everyone is familiar, no doubt, with the published pictures—casual snapshots and the like—of Queen Mary of England. You will readily follow me, therefore, when I say in all humbleness of spirit that the Brigadier and Queen Mary have two things in common: First, they both wear the same kind of hats; and second, both Queen Mary and the Brigadier, as all the outdoor pictures of the Queen and my personal knowledge of the Brigadier prove, always insist, even on cloudless days, upon carrying an umbrella.

It was the fact that the long distance motor moving van men had carried away all our umbrellas with the first vanload of electrical furnishings and things—thus leaving the Brigadier virtually unprotected—which caused me to suppose, once we had come to the end of the somewhat tiresome jitney ride from the Manasquan station to our new home out on the salt meadows by the beautiful sea, that the Brigadier foolishly feared rain would fall from the cloudless evening sky. There we were, standing with our bags on the very threshold of our new home; but instead of taking the slightest interest in the house the Brigadier was standing stock-still, her head raised, her darkening eyes sweeping the circumambient cloudless ether, her foot beginning to tap in a way it has on the sand.

Through an open doorway I saw that Barney Flynn, whom we had sent on ahead on one of the vans, had followed instructions. Regardless of whatever other straightening out of furniture Barney had done, he at least had set in place every piece of electrical apparatus we owned. The glimpse I had caught brought back to me memories of the annual electrical exposition in Madison Square Garden.

"For heaven's sake forget the sky and weather!" I cried at last. "Even if it did rain out of a cloudless sunset sky, you are only a step from your own ——"

The Brigadier had merely lowered her eyes and looked at me, but it was enough. She began quietly, but as she went on her voice rose above the adjacent surf. And in the end she did what I never had known her to do, even in large moments of emotion, in her life before.

She cursed!

"I fail to see," she began tremulously, "any overhead electric light or power service wires, not so much as a telegraph or telephone pole, for miles in any direction on the surrounding—er—Sahara. Before proceeding further with what I have to additionally say, am I to further understand you've bought and paid for a house minus all electric power to even run our ——"

Well, when the precise Brigadier began to split infinitives that way I began to sink bow-on. I could sense the greatest effort of her life coming on. This whole new cataclysmic idea of no electric-power service out in our general neighborhood, the withering shock of it, mercifully left me deaf, dumb and numb. Therefore, of the entire oration I remember only her opening words and her final shriek. Many of the statements she made were wholly uncalled for, unjust. Why should I, a layman, know that it is a sort of technical professional practice among all electric light and power service companies never to extend their lines to any region in which there is a paucity of potential clients?

The Brigadier's final shriek came when Barney Flynn appeared at the front door—complete darkness had closed in upon us while the Brigadier raved on—carrying a lighted kerosene lamp in his hand. Barney, to whom the Brigadier was now an old story, paid little or no attention to the ravings. Instead he set down the lamp on the porch and began calmly to try to force the quaint old-fashioned knob-pulled doorbell, now hanging by its rusty wire from the jamb socket, back into place.

It was then she began to curse.

"D — it!" she screamed, whirling round with arms raised to the stars and addressing the entire Atlantic Ocean "Haven't we even electric lights, an electric doorbell in this whole d——, double d——, d——, d—— dump?"

*Expanding Minds Need Expanding Bookcases*

A child instinctively seeks knowledge. Encourage the use of proper books and you mould a voluntary desire for education.

Macey bookcases were made sectional that they might expand and care for a growing library. They lend themselves to present day limitations of wall space as no other type of bookcase can. They interpret period designs with pleasing simplicity.

They do not look sectional—but they are.
You would like them in your home.
Made in Grand Rapids—
Sold Everywhere.
Catalog on request.

THE MACEY COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Manufactured in Canada by
The Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Ltd.,
Woodstock, Ontario

Distributed in Great Britain and Europe by
The Macey Co., Ltd., 65-66 Houndsditch (Bishopsgate End)
London, England

Macey

Model A 164
Dark Brown Calf, fine Oak tan sole, Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heel, Prado last.

*How will you know?*

TRUE economy consists not in paying the lowest price, but in getting the most for your money. When it comes to buying shoes, how are you going to be truly economical?

Wearers are finding out as never before that reliable shoes are the only kind that are truly economical.

Of Crossett Shoes two things may be said: There are no shoes at similar prices which are built of better material. There are no shoes which give more service per dollar.

The man who wears Crossett Shoes will tell you that through all the recent trying conditions in shoe manufacturing this Company has continued to produce high-grade, fair-priced, truly economical shoes. That is why he recommends them so heartily.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT CO.
NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
TRADE MARK

The very expansiveness of her efforts saved the day—and the Brigadier—for me. For though flood tide had barely begun during her opening remarks, by the time she took to cursing I noted vaguely that a small hen house was afloat. Now there was no way she could get back across the intervening salt meadows to New Jersey proper until ebb.

Marooned as we were—the Brigadier evidently pacing up and down a still uncarpeted floor upstairs, I brooding darkly on the stoop—I had time to think. It must have been past midnight when an idea so colossal hit me that I jumped up with a yell and tore into the house and up the stairs; and I had scarcely begun to outline the idea through the keyhole to the Brigadier when she threw the door open and her arms round me, and Barney Flynn was clumping down the hall in his bare feet, and we were all so excited that we didn't even notice that Barney was dressed in his nightshirt.

"You dear, dear thing!" the Brigadier was gurgling. "And so you bought this place with this splendid idea in mind all the time? I'll wager, Sweetie, you must have been having a great little laugh to yourself when I grew a bit cross at the door when we got here!"

I had put my stuff across, you see.

Listen! Just as soon as the last of the coming spring tides will permit we are going to build a cute little brick power house—just a box of an affair—in the back yard. The price of a one-family dynamo, the Brigadier says, isn't beyond us; and Barney, who is as dippy over the scheme as the Brigadier, says he can easily run the machinery and things and still do the cooking and upstairs work. We shall train ivy all over the brick walls and arrange beds of seaworthy flowers and plants round the little power house, thus making the whole affair attractive rather than the eyesore you might imagine.

I see only one hitch to the idea. The possible hitch occurred to me only the other night. I haven't mentioned it yet to the Brigadier.

I don't know of any place nearer than Perth Amboy, Trenton or Philadelphia itself where we can get steam coal. Out in the suburb where our house is, the tradespeople don't deliver. To date we have been unable to get any fuel, even for cooking, except driftwood.

# Sense and Nonsense

### Not So Easy

A SOMEWHAT new, rather young government official was lunching with Secretary of State W. J. Bryan during that gentleman's régime as head of the department. Very promptly the eternal internal topic of winebibbing was brought up.

The young government official squirmed a bit and said:

"Mr. Bryan, it's just this way with me: When I have finished my work I drink as much as I want, and get away with it very comfortably. It is the mixing with brother officials and the treating that makes trouble for me."

"Well," replied Mr. Bryan placidly, "when you feel that you have had enough and are asked to drink more, why don't you order sarsaparilla?"

"Can't do it—can't possibly do it," was the answer, "for when I feel that I've had enough I can't say 'sarsaparilla.'"

### Overplayed His Hand

WILLIAM BURNETT, an automobile engineer, recently has taken up duck shooting with enthusiasm. He frequently astounds the guides by his insistence on doing the detail work. A few days before the present gunning season opened he was discovered making his own wooden decoys. With extreme accuracy he was painting them in exact reproduction of the live species, even to the yellow ring round the eyes.

"You don't want to be too careful about that," one of the old baymen observed, watching the work. "We had a guide down here once who went too far in trying to fool ducks."

"Is that so?" inquired Burnett, not in the least deterred from what the guide thought a lot of foolishness.

"Yes, sir. He went so far as to get the feathers from killed birds and fasten them on the wooden ones exactly where they belonged. They were just as perfect as a real duck.

"Well, sir, the night before the season opened he set 'em out on the pier, and when we come down the next morning the cats had eat all their heads off and ruined 'em!"

### Ballade of the Day After Election

*ONCE more a crisis has been passed,*
*Once more has gone election day—*
*October tenth these lines are cast;*
*My timely pen I here betray—*
*And now the people shout "Hurray!"*
*They've chosen him o'er whom they raved;*
*And thanks they give, as well they may—*
*Again the country has been saved!*

*I hear the anvil's booming blast,*
*I see the fireball's scattered spray;*
*Where'er I turn dense throngs are massed*
*And drums are beat and brass bands play.*
*Oh, well may those who sing be gay.*
*They've learned they shall not be enslaved—*
*October tenth I write this lay—*
*Again the country has been saved!*

*What awful menace, and how vast*
*Was that which threatened with its sway!*
*And with what fear stood those aghast*
*Who saw themselves that monster's prey!*
*Now calm, the future they survey;*
*They have him whom their hearts have craved;*
*And so—October tenth—I say,*
*"Again the country has been saved!"*

*L'Envoi*

*Ah, Uncle Sam, you know our way—*
*How often have we thus behaved!*
*I hear you chuckle as we bray,*
*"Again the country has been saved!"*

—*Herschel S. Hall.*

### Time to Git Up

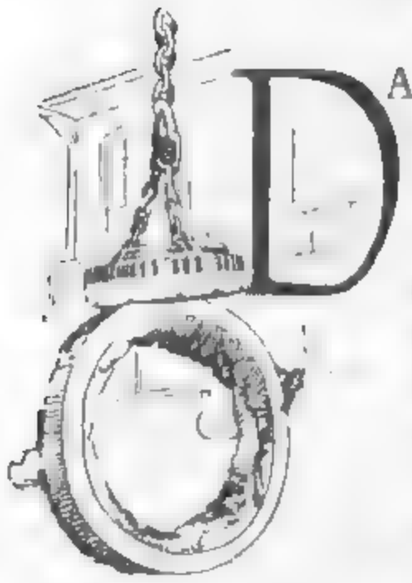
AN AUTHOR who has helped to make a portion of New England famous presided at a banquet in a suburban town some nights ago. He had fittingly eulogized the principal guest of the evening, and in conclusion told this story:

"An old farmer drove into town one day and, going into a feed store, bought half a peck of oats. Stabling his horse by the side of the road, he gave him a royal lunch. When it was ended the farmer hitched up, got into the buggy, took up the lines and addressed the nag, 'Now that you've been fed, git up!'"

The toastmaster turned and looked at the guest for a moment, and sat down.

# Elliott-Fisher Machines Make Possible the Elimination of Two Weeks' Factory Shut-Down for Inventory

**Electric Controller & Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, carry much less stock and supplies since installing the Elliott-Fisher Machines for stores' records, and their perpetual inventory figures are as accurate as their bank account.**



DAY and night you hear the rumble of machinery and the clank of metal against metal as you pass the plant of the Electric Controller & Manufacturing Company in Cleveland.

Giant electric loading magnets and control equipment are made in this factory, which is one of the largest of its kind in the country. The very activity of the plant shows that it is a place of tremendous production, and if you think in terms of factory output, you will realize that the safeguarding of both raw and finished products of the Electric Controller & Manufacturing Company is a very important problem and one of tremendous size.

For years this Company used the accepted methods in making up their planning department and raw stores' records.

Every check that human ingenuity could devise was carefully developed, but despite this fact, the Company realized that they were going along under a certain percentage of blind reckoning, and every year shut down their plant for inventory.

With the installation of Elliott-Fisher Machines, the entire record-keeping method of the plant was revolutionized. No longer is it absolutely necessary to shut down the plant for inventory. Now the plant runs day and night throughout the year, as orders demand.

The costly and order-losing shut-down is not the only big problem that was simplified by the Elliott-Fisher system. Today the Electric Controller & Manufacturing Company carry much less raw material and finished products than previously, simply because, through the use of Elliott-Fisher Machines, they know exactly where their stock stands at all times. Production is planned so that work is done only on parts that are actually required. The fluctuation of stock either in raw or finished product is accurately guided and never reaches a point that is either too high or dangerously low.

In the planning department something over 20,000 list numbers are taken care of on three machines, averaging 600 postings a day to each machine.

Some of the records of this department require as many as eighteen carbon copies at one writing.

The perpetual-inventory figures of this Company are as accurate as their bank account, and this work is done on a minimum labor cost basis. The accuracy of the Elliott-Fisher system, however, is the big feature here, just as it is whether used in retail or wholesale houses, banks, railroads, or other public service corporations.

The flat writing surface of the Elliott-Fisher Machine makes it easy to write any required number of carbon copies, all clear and in perfect register. It will handle any kind and size of cards, loose-leaf, or bound books.

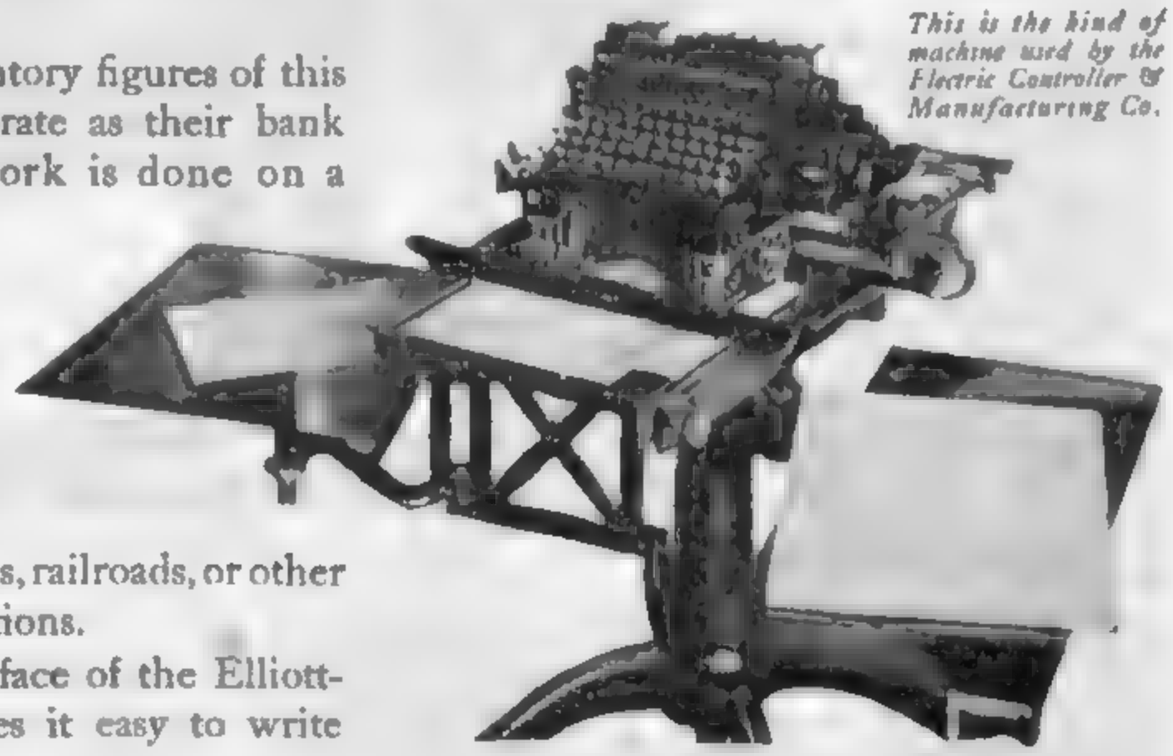
Elliott-Fisher Machines are adaptable for billing, order writing, bookkeeping, recording, and stock-keeping, all on a one-operation basis.

It is just as practical for the small store that would use one machine as it is to the great factory that would use from six to twenty machines.

There is an Elliott-Fisher method that will prove practical for your business. We shall be glad to send you a booklet describing the application of the Elliott-Fisher Machines to your business.

One of our salesmen will also be glad to call upon you without obligation.

**ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY**
**Harrisburg, Pa.**
*Branches in 100 Principal Cities*



*This is the kind of machine used by the Electric Controller & Manufacturing Co.*

# Elliott-Fisher

**Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording**

# THE WHISKERED FOOTMAN

(Continued from Page 23)

"You know wot's wot," said Mr. Briggs, again in a tone of cool, judicial appreciation. He paused, bent a little forward with a languishing air, and added in seductive accents: "'Ow would you like a little place of your own—a flat in London—in the West End?"

Pansy was suddenly aware of an itching in her fingers; and Poppy's golden words about clouting Mr. Briggs' head flashed into her mind. They came with a strange appeal.

"It would depend," she said quietly, but her eyes gleamed with a sudden fire.

"What on?" said Mr. Briggs.

"On whom I shared it with," said Pansy, measuring her distance from Mr. Briggs' head with a careful eye.

She could not have endured any clout she might proffer failing of its full effect.

Mr. Briggs drew himself up to his full height—five feet four—with the air of a conqueror, laid a gallant hand on his heart, bowed with a florid, Bootle grace, and said, "'Ow would I do?"

Pansy's fingers were aflame, but she was too conscientious to take the chance of clouting a master of millions under a misapprehension.

"Is this a proposal of marriage?" she said.

"Yes, miss," said Anderson from the doorway.

He spoke in a bright, informative tone.

Mr. Briggs spun round, staggered to the left, recovered himself and met squarely his butler's bright smile.

"'Ere! Wot the 'ell are you chippin' in for?" he cried fiercely.

"Miss Featherstone didn't seem to quite understand you, sir. She asked if it was a proposal of marriage, and I took the liberty of saying that it was, sir," said Anderson with suave deference.

"Then you take your 'ook an' mind your own business! Nobody said nothink about marriage!" snarled Mr. Briggs.

Opposition was as breath to his nostrils. He had grown sober on the instant and was his keen, bright, red business self.

Anderson looked slightly puzzled. With even greater deference he said: "But I heard you ask her to share your lot, sir—distinctly—with my own ears, sir."

"Flat, you silly old blighter! My flat!" snarled Mr. Briggs.

"Lot, sir," said Anderson civilly but persistently.

"Was it his lot, Anderson?" said Pansy, and there was quite another gleam in her eyes.

"Certainly, miss. I heard it perfectly. My hearing is excellent," said Anderson stiffly and with the injured air of a middle-aged man whose physical perfection has been impugned.

Pansy turned to Mr. Briggs, and her eyes shone on him like stars full of mischief. She clasped her hands and said in a tone of rapture: "But how nice! All those millions!" She took a step toward him with outstretched arms, and added in a languishing voice, "Oh, Benjamin!"

Mr. Briggs threw up his left arm as if to ward off a blow, and backed away from those outstretched arms with ungallant if not ungraceful briskness.

"'Ere! 'Oo are you gettin' at?" he said. "Don't you come a-Benjamming me!"

"Oh, Benjamin!" said Pansy once more, but in the tone of one whose most exquisite sensibilities have been wounded by unjust harshness.

"If you an' this silly old blighter think you can come any o' those games over Ben Briggs o' Bootle you're jolly well wrong!" said Mr. Briggs firmly.

Anderson stepped forward, dropped the tray on the table with a jangling clatter that jarred every fragile nerve in Mr. Briggs' body, turned on him, and cried in the ringing accents of virtuous indignation: "Games, sir? What games? I just happened to overhear you asking this young lady to marry you."

"You never 'eard nothink of the kind!" protested Mr. Briggs, but with not quite his full forcibleness. Like many violent men, he was distressed by violence in others, and Anderson was terrible. His eyes flamed like those of an avenging angel.

"I can testify to it in any court in England!" he cried fiercely.

"Of course he can," said Pansy, supporting her champion.

"And I will!" said Anderson in a terrible voice. "And with Miss Featherstone's charming face ——"

"Damn 'er charmin' face!" interjected Mr. Briggs. He had changed his mind about Pansy's face.

"And your past record," Anderson went on.

"Wot parst record?" cried Mr. Briggs.

"In Bootle, sir—there isn't a jury in England that won't award Miss Featherstone heavy damages if you try to back out of it," said Anderson.

He ended in a cold, judicial, convincing tone, very disquieting.

"There ain't nothink to back out of! I never made no proposal of marridge an' well you know it!" cried Mr. Briggs, emotionally lavish of his negatives.

Anderson loved to perform little deeds of kindness. His naturally warm heart had been reënforced by the assurance of an expert theosophist that the performance of little deeds of kindness would entitle him to the physique of a Jack Dempsey in his next incarnation. He had already conferred a hundred-guinea pearl necklace on Antony's pretty sister that afternoon, and he was bent on conferring a few thousands on Antony's pretty friend that evening. What he would get out of Mr. Briggs' check for a hundred guineas lay between himself and Mr. Briggs' jewelers. What he got out of Mr. Briggs' check for a few thousands would lie between himself and Pansy. He figured it out at thirty-three and a third per cent.

The time had come to cease being violent with Mr. Briggs; he became coldly severe.

"If you take that line, sir, there's only one thing for Miss Featherstone to do, and that's to put the matter into the hands of Messrs. Purkis & Trencher first thing tomorrow morning," he said.

"Damn Purkis & Trencher!" said Mr. Briggs.

"It's all very well to talk like that in the heat of the moment, sir," said Anderson in a compassionate tone. "But they're perfect dabs at handling a case of this kind, sir. They've never lost one."

"Evidently the only thing for me to do is to put the case into their hands," said Pansy.

"Right for Once. You are Above Your Place—There's no Getting Away From It"

She had not enjoyed herself so much since the old, happy days at Little Tarkington.

"First thing to-morrow morning," said Anderson with mournful decision.

Some old strain of viking blood—from the Waterford district—welled up in Mr. Briggs. He went berserk. He turned on Pansy and howled: "You can go an' drown yerself first thing to-morrer mornin'! You don't come it over me! That you don't! Ben Briggs an' 'is brass aren't so easy parted as all that, an' don't you think it! When it comes to the lor it's money that talks! Money!"

He paused for lack of breath. Mr. Bracket came briskly through the door.

Mr. Briggs got his breath again and roared: "You get along an' pack up your trunks an' clear out, bag an' baggage—the pair of yer! If you're not out o' The Towers inside of arf an hour I'll 'ave you thrown out!"

"Here! I say! What's all this about?" said Mr. Bracket in a startled tone.

### XVIII

ANDERSON turned to the startled young millionaire, spread out his hands, and said with mournful deference: "It's Mr. Briggs, sir. He has just made a proposal of marriage to Miss Featherstone. I overheard him asking her to share his lot. And now he says he didn't and is trying to back out of it. I've tried to reason with him."

"S'welp me, I never did!" cried Mr. Briggs.

"You've gone and done it now," said Mr. Bracket to him, showing no sign whatever of attaching any importance to the denial.

"I tell you I never did!" said Mr. Briggs in the voice of one strangling.

"Everybody in Bootle, from the highest to the lowest, said you'd put your foot in it badly sooner or later," said Mr. Bracket, again ignoring the denial.

He spoke gloomily enough, but there was in his voice a note of quiet pleasure such as every man must feel at the exact fulfillment of a prophecy.

"Damn everybody in Bootle!" said Mr. Briggs.

"That's all very well, but they won't be damned. You know what they are," said Mr. Bracket sanely. "You've got into a mess with your goings on, and you'd better get out of it as quickly as you can before people get to hear about it."

"I tell you I haven't got into any mess! It's a plant!" said Mr. Briggs in a faint, harsh voice.

He felt as if he were shattering himself against the hard wall of Mr. Bracket's incredulity.

"You have to say that, of course," said Mr. Bracket in the tone of one accepting a rather tiresome convention. "But the sensible thing for you to do is to come to some arrangement with Featherstone."

"Two arrangements in one day!" cried Mr. Briggs. He had again recovered a good deal of his voice.

"I don't think Miss Featherstone could accept any arrangement, sir. Mr. Briggs has made himself very unpleasant since he learned that there was a witness to his proposal," said Anderson stiffly.

"There wasn't any prop——" began Mr. Briggs.

Mr. Bracket ruthlessly cut the denial short, saying: "Oh, he can apologize for that, and I'm sure Featherstone doesn't want to make trouble in the family. Do you, Featherstone?"

Pansy had an inspiration. It was Anderson who had started the business; he would

(Continued on Page 104)

# Hotpoint

## —electrical Christmas gifts

Just a glimpse of these glittering gifts brings before you visions of a dainty table presided over by a confident hostess, serving tasty, table-cooked food.

The two are instantly associated in your mind in this pleasing way because Hotpoints—

—add immeasurably to the grace and charm of serving, and thereby endear themselves to the feminine heart.

They are practical presents, because while gifty in appearance they are likewise most serviceable.

Should you give a Hotpoint Iron—

—it saves time—no walking—no lifting—no hot, stuffy room. She irons in comfort. And the thumb rest (exclusive) "rests the wrist."

Or perhaps it's a Percolator—

—listen: in less than a minute after the cold water and coffee are put in, percolation begins. Shortly the coffee is ready, sparkling and clear.
No valves or pumps or floats. Equipped with our automatic (exclusive) switch.

If you decide to give the Toaster—

—crunchy and brown, the toast is ready as fast as needed and the hostess sits at the table—no cold, soggy toast—no trips to the kitchen.

As to the Hotpoint Sewing Machine—

—just start it and stop it with the foot control—that's all there is to do but guide the work. Sewing becomes a pleasure.

And so throughout the list. Let the nearby Hotpoint Dealer show you how they combine novelty and usefulness in such an interesting way.

**EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.**
**CHICAGO**

New York Ontario, California Atlanta

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### EDISON
### News Notes

*Electricity has come to be one of the most important factors in our daily life, therefore it is interesting to know that the cost has constantly declined.*

*Since 1890 the cost of living has increased 140%; that is, what then cost us $1.00 now costs us $2.40, whereas ten cents buys the electricity which cost us $1.00 in 1890.*

*It is therefore a grave mistake to omit convenience receptacles for attaching vacuum cleaners and other household helps.*

*Enough receptacles, properly placed, mean not only a degree of convenience and satisfaction far above the added cost but the possibility of higher rentals or easier sale.*

*Every room should have several outlets placed for maximum convenience. Consideration of the likely position of furniture avoids awkward locations.*

# Even the cuffs

*The ideal way*
*of washing delicate things*
*is the way*
*The Eden washes everything.*

The

# are washed perfectly clean

## Cuff edges, immaculately clean and unfrayed—the supreme proof of washing-machine efficiency

Without rubbing, without wear, The Eden washes even the most stubborn dirt out of all fabrics by gently dipping up and down in warm suds just as a woman cleanses her finest laces in a bowl. A man may wear his finest shirts every day without fear of having them worn out by laundering when they are washed by the gentle Eden dip.

## The Eden Has Many Exclusive Features

The many points in which The Eden excels—its superior features possessed by no other washer—together with a record of ten years of perfect service in the home, has given The Eden pre-eminence in the washing-machine field. The exclusive Eden Sediment Zone distinguishes The Eden in that it washes clothes cleaner and better than by any other method known.

Ask your Eden dealer to send an Eden to your home next wash-day. Without any expense to you, or in any sense obligating you to buy, you may prove to yourself on your own washing that The Eden will save you hours of work and many dollars in actual cash. If you wish to own an Eden, you may do so by our Easy-Payment Plan by which you Pay as you Save.

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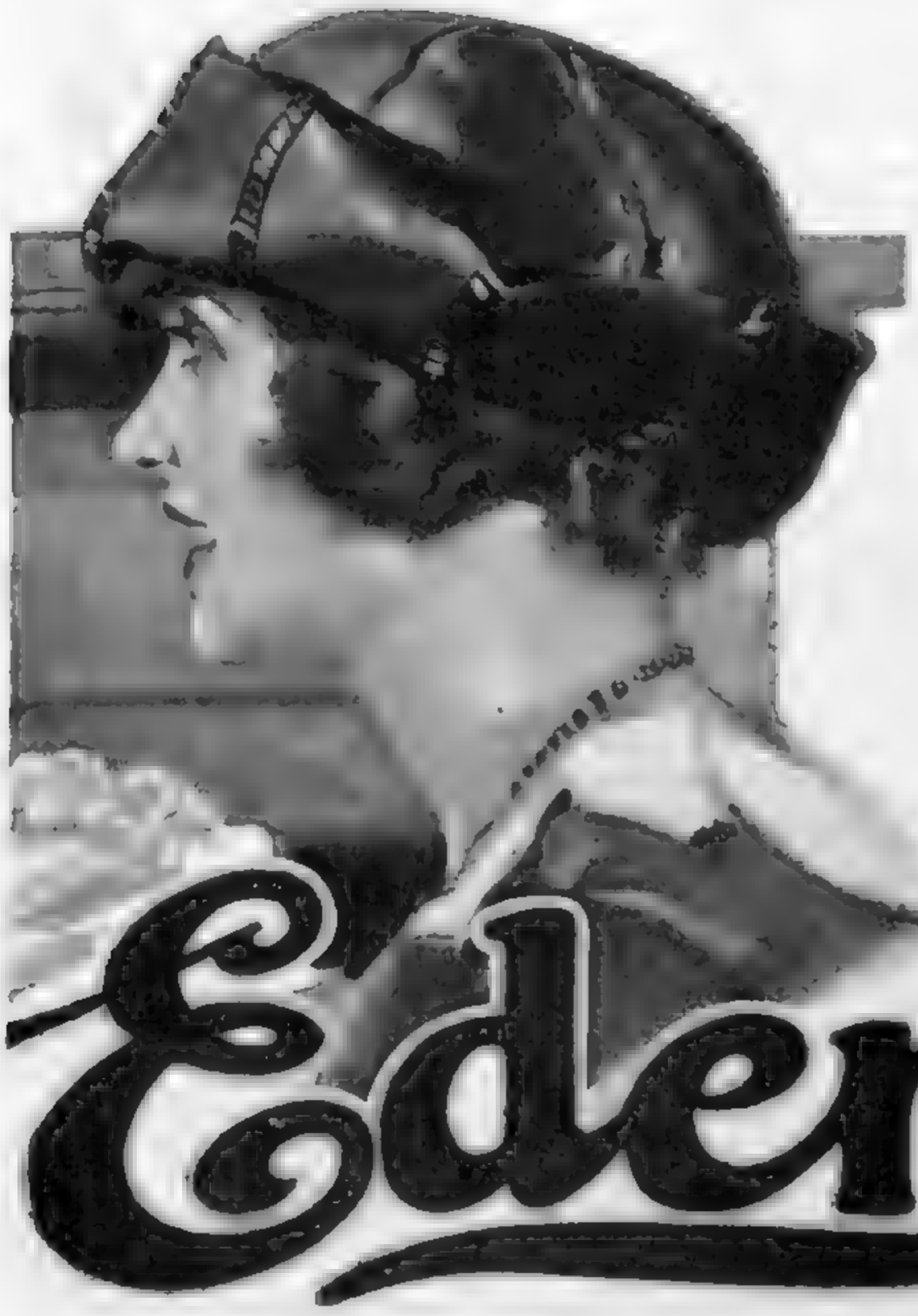
*Saint Louis* *Denver* *San Francisco* *Toronto*
FACTORIES AT ALTON, ILL., PATERSON, N. J., AND LOWELL, MASS

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Our free book, "An Eden in the Home," has helped many women solve one of the most trying problems of the home. Send for your copy today.

# Korry-Krome

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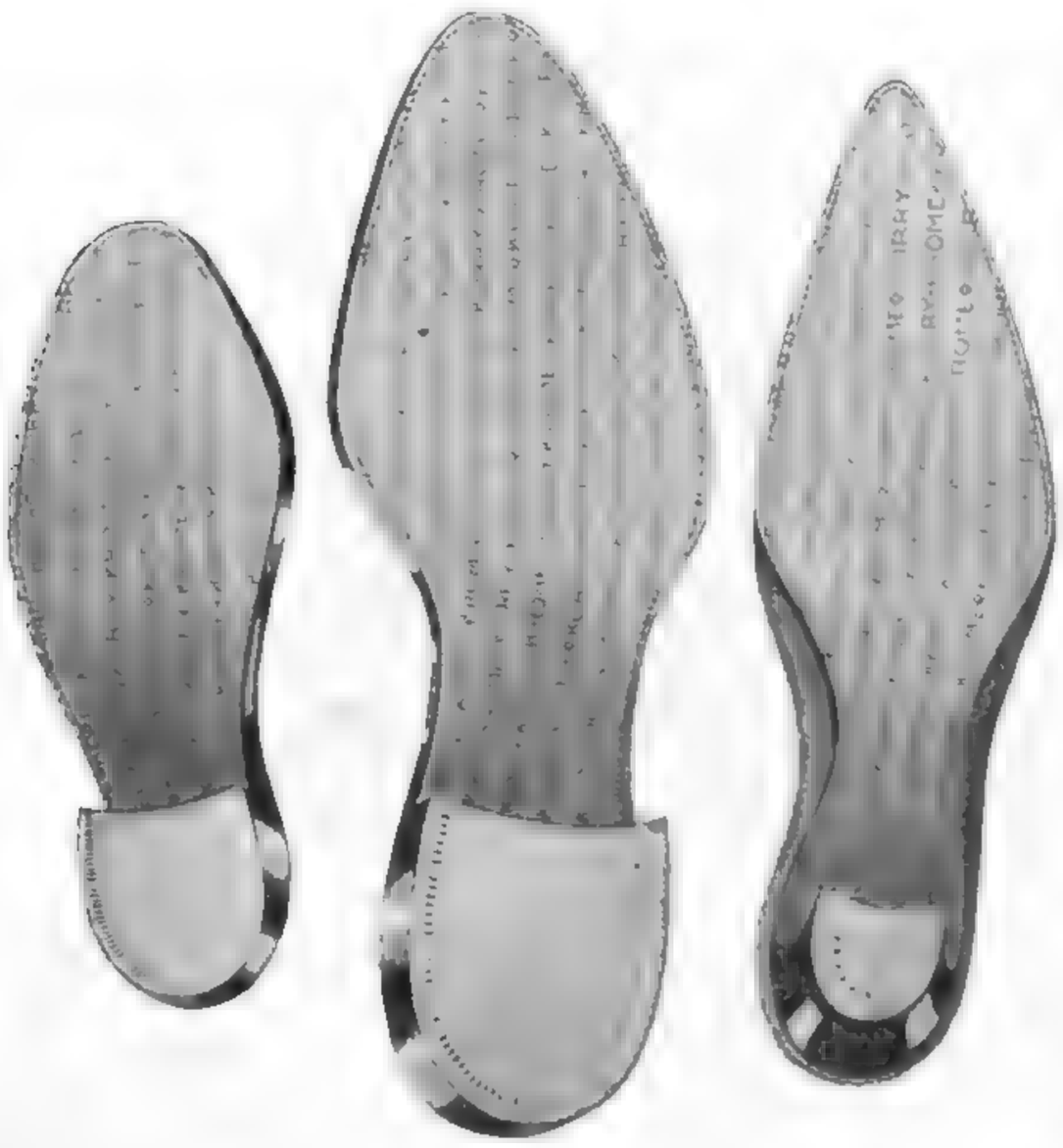

## Save Family Shoe Bills

The expense of making the family's shoes last as long as possible is very considerable. You will need to have shoes re-soled only half as often if you get your repair man to use Korry Soles. They wear twice as long. Think what this means with those youngsters who scuffle through their shoes so quickly.

And Korry Soles (real leather) are permanently waterproof, flexible, and won't slip on wet surfaces. It will pay to ask for them in buying new shoes. They are as good for dress shoes as for work shoes. Your repair man has them in stock or can get them without delay. Tell him which of the two brands of Korry Soles you want. The name is stamped on the bottom of the sole.

**Korry-Krome**

Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

**Korry Special**

As this sole is cut from the shoulder, it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half soles (or two pairs children's sizes up to size 13), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

**J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY** *Established 1867* **Corry, Penn.**


*(Continued from Page 100)*

handle it better than she, and punish Mr. Briggs thoroughly. She would leave it entirely in his hands.

"I leave it entirely in Anderson's hands," she said coldly. "He seems to know exactly the right thing to do in such circumstances."

"I ought to—after thirty years' service in the best circles. Why, dozens of such cases have come under my notice," said Anderson with quiet pride.

"I suppose they have," said Mr. Bracket not very happily.

He hated having anything to do with experts unless they were in his own employ.

"But, of course, the gentlemen were a good deal younger than Mr. Briggs in most of the cases—and they were gentlemen," said Anderson.

"Oh, well, you'll listen to reason," said Mr. Bracket confidently. "Of course Featherstone led Mr. Briggs on a bit, and it was after dinner."

"I did nothing of the kind!" said Pansy indignantly.

"You don't seem to realize that Miss Featherstone is a lady—a good deal better bred than Mr. Briggs or yourself, if I may say so, sir," said Anderson with some heat.

"The devil she is! Beg pardon—I mean I didn't know it," said Mr. Bracket, and he scratched his head unhappily. "That doesn't make it any better."

"It won't with a jury, sir," said Anderson in a tone of rather chilling satisfaction.

"We don't want any talk about juries," said Mr. Bracket with curt decision.

"That's for you and Mr. Briggs to say, sir," said Anderson coldly. "But as to leading Mr. Briggs on, he did all the talking himself. It wasn't till she quite understood from my explanation exactly what he was driving at that she said 'Oh, Benjamin!' and held out her arms in a perfectly ladylike way."

"She did, did she?" said Mr. Bracket helplessly. Then he turned to Mr. Briggs and said with rough decision: "It's quite clear that what you've got to do is to pay up and look pleasant."

"Pay up and look pleasant! Me?" howled Mr. Briggs, who had been recovering in an irksome silence from his young Bootle friend's hard unfaith.

"Well, try to look pleasant," amended Mr. Bracket gloomily. "You can't afford to be mixed up in a silly scandal like this. You know quite well you can't. You'd never be able to show your face in Bootle again."

"Confound Bootle!" howled the lobstrous apostate.

"The county would certainly take it much worse than Bootle," said Anderson in a reflective tone.

"Damn the county!" howled Mr. Briggs.

"Of course it would," said Mr. Bracket quickly. "You'd just ruin your social career."

"Confound my social career!" howled Mr. Briggs.

"After all the money you've spent on it? Do try to show a little sense!" said Mr. Bracket.

"Mr. Bracket is quite right, sir. We all have to pay for our little mistakes, sir," said Anderson in soothing tones. Then he added cheerfully: "After all, what's five thousand pounds to you, sir?"

Mr. Briggs gasped. Livid streaks dulled his scarlet face. His heartstrings and purse strings were inextricably mingled. Who tugged at the one tugged at the other. This was a real tug.

"What's five thousand pounds!" he shrieked.

"Well, say six—or seven. It's a mere fleabite to you, sir," said Anderson with contemptuous coldness.

Pansy was taken aback. She had not expected this sudden introduction of the sordid into the entertainment.

She stepped forward and said quickly: "But I didn't really mean to ——"

"Leave it to me, miss—leave it to me!" said Anderson in an imperative tone and with the air of one who rides the storm and likes doing it. "I understand these little affairs. I tell you I've moved in the best circles for thirty years."

Impressed, Pansy gave ground. Then she changed her mind.

"Oh, well, the impudent little horror needs a lesson. It will do him a lot of good," she said, moving toward the door. She turned to Mr. Briggs and added: "I am clearing out, Mr. Briggs—at once."

She went through the door.

"There, sir, you see! Miss Featherstone quite understands the proper course to take," said Anderson in a tone of warm, even enthusiastic approval.

"Damn Miss Featherstone!" said Mr. Briggs, but with less violence.

The propriety of Pansy's action had daunted him a little for no really good reason.

"Ah, you're heated, sir," said Anderson in a soothing tone. "I think we'd better drop the discussion of this little business for half an hour or so. You'll have calmed down by then."

Mr. Briggs shook his fist at him. He said: "I tell you what it is, my fine feller, you're a blackmailer! That's what you are! A dirty blackmailer!"

His voice had lost something of its fine fervor.

"If you're going to talk like that, sir, I'm afraid it will be ten thousand before we're done," said Anderson with sad severity. "And if the matter goes into the hands of Purkis & Trencher it'll cost you nearer twenty. There's no saying what a jury won't do when it's a case of a wealthy profiteer trying to take advantage of an innocent and charming young lady living under his own roof. That jury will be rabid, sir—absolutely rabid. And the newspapers, sir—their comments on the case!"

"To blazes with the jury, an' the noospapers too!" said Mr. Briggs feebly.

Mr. Bracket observed the weakening, and he was impatient to get to his own business.

"Look here! I'm losing all patience with you," he said roughly to Mr. Briggs. "You're only making things worse and worse, and well you know it. Be sensible, will you?"

Mr. Briggs glared at him savagely. But he was beaten and he knew it.

"Oh, go to blazes!" he said to Mr. Bracket, and tottered through the door.

His bleeding heart craved solitude.

### XIX

ANDERSON turned to Mr. Bracket and said sadly: "I'm afraid Mr. Briggs lacks poise, sir."

"I don't care what he lacks!" said Mr. Bracket frankly. "I want Mr. Hambleton—at once! Where is he? Didn't you give him my message?"

"Yes, sir. And he said—through his bedroom door, sir—that he was too busy to attend to you till after his honeymoon."

"Confound him! There's never any doing anything with him!" said Mr. Bracket with considerable heat and no less disquiet.

"No, sir. He's a very spirited young gentleman," said Anderson.

"Damn his spirit!" said Mr. Bracket with more heat.

The evil communications of Mr. Briggs had evidently corrupted his good manners.

Then he added fretfully: "He's got to attend to me! I must speak to him!"

Anderson shrugged his shoulders as one who doubted that means of compulsion were to hand. He said despondently: "I'll see what I can do, sir. But I'm afraid it isn't much use."

"Look here! I'll give—I'll give you a fiver if you get me five minutes' quiet talk with him," said Mr. Bracket with an effort.

"Thank you, sir," said Anderson with much less despondency; and he started for the door.

Antony—the old Antony—came briskly through it. He had shaved off his whiskers, and his face had recovered its old length. His eyes, lit with the light of a high emprise, were bluer than ever. His hair was again a golden brown. He was wearing a dark tweed suit and a soft hat. Really they suited his tanned complexion better than crimson velvet.

"Now you two! What are you doing on my quarter-deck? Get off it!" he said in a tone of brusque command.

"Very good, sir," said Anderson, and he went through the door.

"I want to speak to you," said Mr. Bracket.

"I haven't time to listen," said Antony coldly, waving him aside. "You can speak to me after my honeymoon."

His face was stern; he wore a preoccupied air—such an air as Napoleon wore on the eve of a great battle.

"That's the very thing I want to speak to you about," said Mr. Bracket.

The sternness fled from Antony's face; a sunny smile illumined it; he said graciously: "Ah, you want to make it brighter and gayer by lending me a pony."

*(Continued on Page 106)*

*Descriptive Booklet Sent Upon Request*

WHAT gift from a thoughtful husband can be more welcome than a Simplex Ironer? It is a gift to gladden 52 ironing days every year—days which otherwise would be spent in wearisome toil instead of comfort and ease. It means hundreds of happy hours gained for the enjoyment of *her* favorite recreations—the call of the outdoors, music, frolics with the children or other pleasures that the changing seasons bring.

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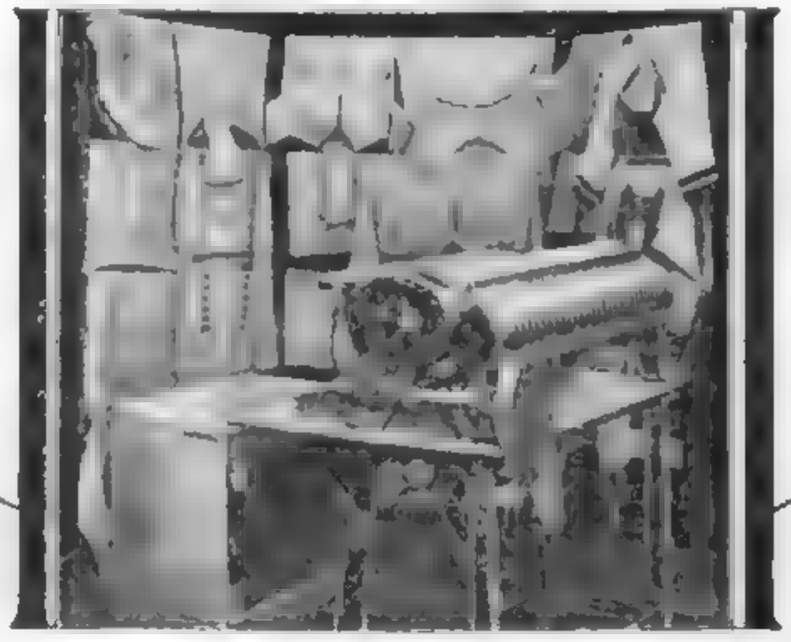

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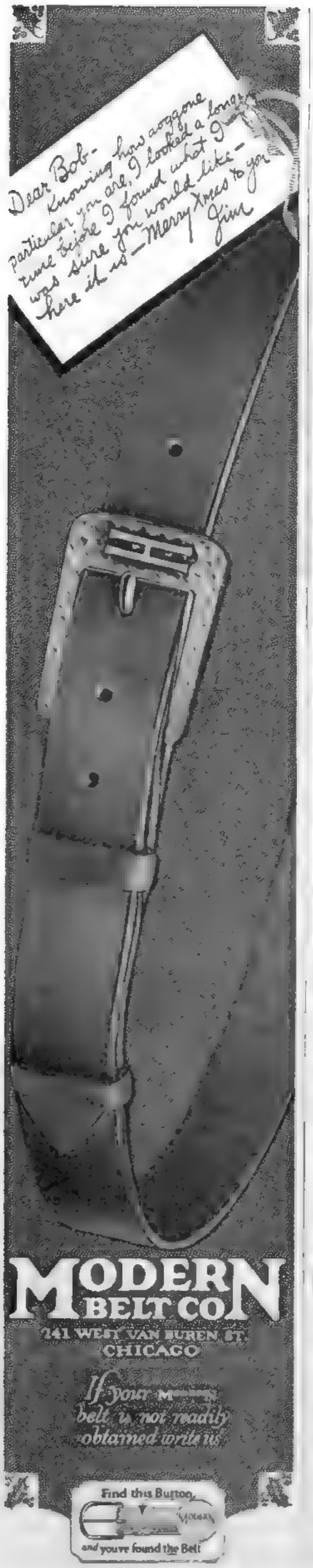
Dear Bob-
Knowing how aggone particular you are, I looked a long time before I found what was sure you would like-
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If your M belt is not readily obtained write us
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(Continued from Page 104)

"I don't!" said Mr. Bracket with uncompromising firmness. "I want to stop it altogether—and I'm going to."

The smile fled from Antony's face; a darkling frown furrowed his brow.

"You are, are you?" he said in a cold, menacing voice. "Have you forgotten what I said about my adamantine fist—already?"

He advanced on Mr. Bracket with a very threatening air, the adamantine and the other fist tightly clenched.

Mr. Bracket backed away from him with his arm up.

"Steady on! Do listen to reason!" he cried. "There's a good deal more than a pony in it."

Antony stopped short; the frown fled from his brow; his threatening air became merely wary.

"Is there? In that case I consent to listen," he said in a magnanimous voice.

"What will you take to give Poppy up?" said Mr. Bracket, coming to the point with most unbusinesslike directness.

Antony paused, a trifle bewildered by the suddenness of the proposition, recovered himself, and said airily: "The usual five per cent commission on the Briggs millions."

Mr. Bracket let the protecting arm sink slowly to his side, and said a trifle impatiently:

"Now do talk sense! That would be a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"And very nice too," said Antony calmly.

Mr. Bracket gazed at him with astonished exasperation. There was no doing anything with a man who could speak calmly of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Then he said: "And you'd have to wait till I got the millions. It might be years and years."

This was not true. He could have paid him a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in gilt-edge securities the very next morning.

This did not occur to Antony, and he said carelessly: "Not so many years. Bonny Ben Briggs is digging his grave with his teeth and his swallow as hard as he can dig."

"Ah, but the thing is that he'll have plenty of time to marry somebody else. That's the danger. And he will—you mark my words. Why, only this very evening he asked that pretty maid of Poppy's to marry him," said Mr. Bracket impressively.

"The devil he did! I'll wring his neck!" cried Antony with a sudden violence that made Mr. Bracket jump.

"That's all very well. But this is a free country," said Mr. Bracket.

"I'll show the old red sweep whether it's a free country or not! The infernal impudence of it!" cried Antony furiously.

"You can't stop him marrying anybody he wants to," said Mr. Bracket confidently. "And you see what it means. Poppy isn't nearly the catch you think she is."

Antony was scowling darkly over the thought of the impudence of Mr. Briggs, and said nothing.

"Not nearly," said Mr. Bracket in a tone of deep satisfaction, rubbing his hands together.

Antony turned on him and said fiercely: "Do you suspect me of mercenary motives?"

"No, no!" said Mr. Bracket hastily, and he ceased to rub his hands together.

"You'd better not," said Antony grimly. "It isn't the kind of thing I should dream of permitting. Poppy's a very nice girl, and I should make her a good deal nicer. Bootle has smothered her finer instincts."

Mr. Bracket eyed him with a fresh exasperation. There was no doing anything with a man who talked like that.

"Yes, a man of my simple tastes would be very comfortable with Poppy—fifty thousand, and a really fine intensive garden," said Antony firmly.

"But you can't reckon on any fifty thousand," urged Mr. Bracket earnestly. "Briggs has a nasty temper."

"I have a nasty temper myself," said Antony with modest pride.

"I know," said Mr. Bracket with a readiness which caused Antony to take half a step toward him with a somewhat ugly look. "But it isn't as nasty as his. If she married you he's more than likely to stop her allowance and cut her out of his will."

"Is he? I have a pleasant wallop," said Antony, feeling his adamantine fist.

"But anyhow you wouldn't get the money till they've planted him in that mausoleum he's building at Bootle; and teeth or no teeth, he's good for another ten years. What you want is a sum down," said Mr. Bracket with earnest conviction.

"Do I?" said Antony.

"You do," said Mr. Bracket firmly. "And I'm the man to plank it down. I want Poppy, and I'm ready to pay for her handsomely. I'm talking business."

"Handsomely," said Antony thoughtfully, and he considered Mr. Bracket with greater interest. "Well, in business you're the expert, and I feel I ought to be guided by you. But this isn't exactly business. It's one thing to burn to make a really rich girl happy and quite another to be paid not to."

"Now for goodness' sake don't go letting sentiment interfere with business!" pleaded Mr. Bracket with almost tearful earnestness.

"It's my generous nature," said Antony loftily. "With me it's always sentiment first and business afterward."

Mr. Bracket ground his teeth with a harried air. His eyes were fully expressive of the pleasure it would have given him to fell Antony to the earth with a sickening thud.

But with admirable self-control he said plaintively: "Well, if it comes to sentiment, what about me? You'd like to do the friendly thing by me."

"I shouldn't," said Antony with frank conviction.

"Oh, come!" pleaded Mr. Bracket.

"No," said Antony. "After that sneaking trick you played me we're on strictly business terms."

"Then I'll make you a strictly business offer: I'll give you ten thousand pounds to drop Poppy," said Mr. Bracket.

"What a dreadful way you have of putting it! Drop Poppy—drop Poppy!" said Antony in a slightly horrified tone.

"I'm a plain business man, as you're always telling me, and that's my offer—ten thousand pounds down on the nail," said Mr. Bracket.

"My goodness, you must be in love with her!" cried Antony.

"I am. Besides I consider her worth it as a speculation," said Mr. Bracket simply.

Antony looked at him thoughtfully; then he said: "Well, it's an attractive offer, and I have to consider Uncle Egbert's five hundred. The poor old chap finds it wearing." His tone grew rather mournful. "He told me he did. And after all he's the only great-uncle I've got."

"Of course you've got to consider him. It's your duty—a—a—sacred duty," said Mr. Bracket in an impressive tone of the warmest conviction.

"Do you think so?" said Antony.

"I'm sure of it!" said Mr. Bracket. "Is it a go?"

Antony drew himself up with an air of lofty dignity and said: "If you had remained my friend it would have been impossible. But since by your own act you have made yourself merely my business adviser—it's a go."

"Right!" said Mr. Bracket, grabbing at his breast pocket. "It's the most sensible thing you ever did!" He pulled out his note case and drew a check from it. "Here's my check—for ten thousand less the hundred and sixty you owe me."

He handed the check to Antony with trembling fingers. Antony took it and examined it carefully.

"Thanks," he said. "Nine thousand eight hundred and forty pounds." He folded it and put it in his note case. "After all—it's a sad admission to make—Poppy will be happier with you than she would have been with me." He paused and added sharply: "If she isn't I'll wring your neck!"

"I'll see to that," said Mr. Bracket joyfully.

He was all aquiver with relief and joy at having brought the difficult negotiations to a successful end.

"You'd better," said Antony, taking out his watch and looking at it. "And I may as well tell you that you're only just in time. She was going to elope with me at nine-thirty, and it's now nine-twenty-eight."

"Goodness, it was a narrow shave!" said Mr. Bracket in a hushed voice.

There was a pause; then Antony said in a compassionate voice: "Poor girl! She'll be awfully disappointed to find you waiting for her instead of me."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Mr. Bracket sharply. "But she isn't going to find me waiting for her instead of you. You've got to stop and explain to her how things are. That's only fair."

"Is it? It seems to me that it will be a rather awkward situation," said Antony.

"Not with your gift of the gab," said Mr. Bracket confidently.

"I wish to goodness you wouldn't call my golden eloquence the gift of the gab!" said Antony with pardonable irritation.

"That's what they call it in Bootle," said Mr. Bracket in an apologetic tone. "But I'll clear out and leave you a fair field and no favor."

He made hastily for the steps down to the terrace.

"Half a minute!" said Antony.

Mr. Bracket stopped short.

"I'm going to start a real intensive garden—a big one—with this capital. If it turns out a winner I'll pay you back—by installments. If it doesn't—well, you'll have to deduct it from Poppy's millions," said Antony.

"Now I call that a really gentlemanly suggestion!" said Mr. Bracket in a tone of warm appreciation; and then he added with genuine fervor: "I do wish you luck!"

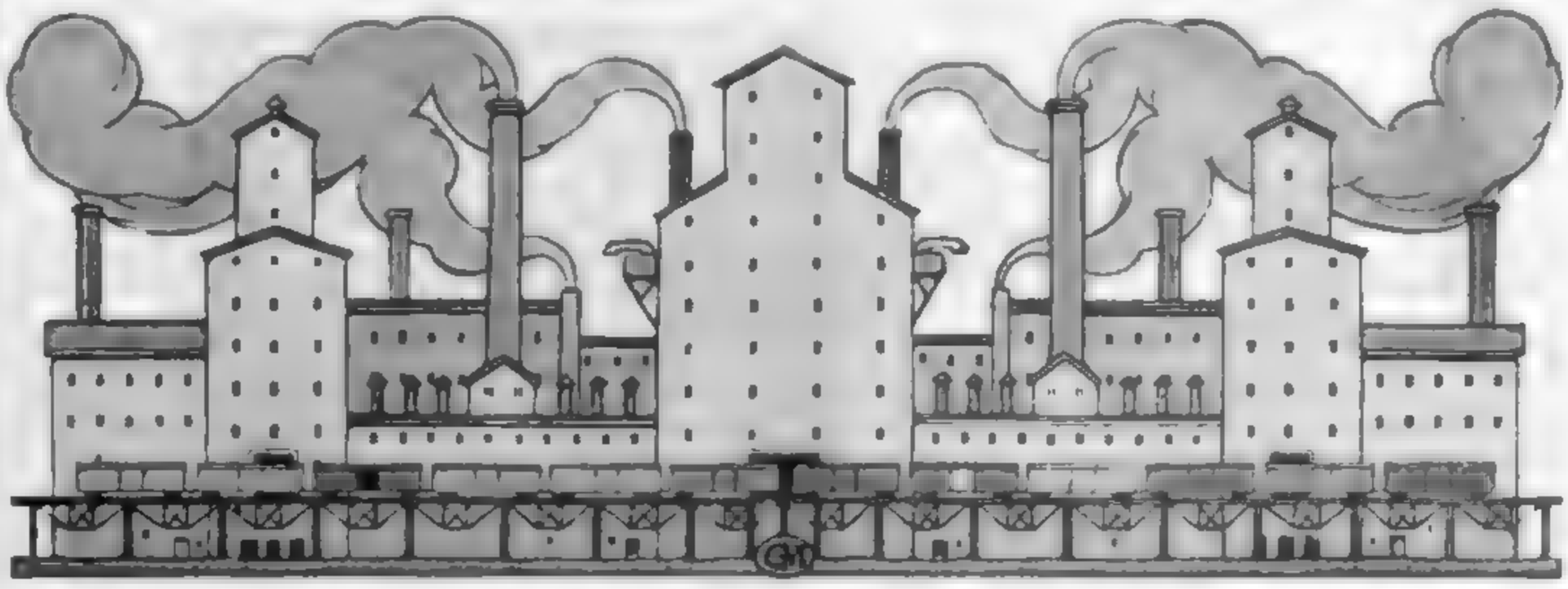
He went down the steps.

**

ANTONY watched his retiring back with a pleased smile. He did not regret his acquaintance with Mr. Bracket. Then with frowning thoughtfulness he addressed himself to the consideration of the task before him.

He had a natural desire to come out of an awkward situation with flying colors.

(Concluded on Page 109)



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Hendrickson
Hewitt Ludlow
Highway-Knight
Harbourt
Huron
H. R. I.
Independent
Italia
J & J
Kalamazoo
Karavan
Kearns
Keystone
Kissel
Kneller
Klemm
Kochler
Low Bed
Macar
Malbohm
Master
Maxim
Menominee
Moreland
Napoleon
Nash
Nelson-LaMoss
Netco
Noble
Ogden
Old Reliable
Oldsmobile
Oneida
Oshkosh
O. K.
Packard
Paige
Parker
Patriot
Pierce-Arrow
Pittsburgher
Ranger
Reo
Reynolds
Riker
Robinson Fire App.
Rock Falls
Rowe
St. Cloud
Sundow
Sunford
Schwartz
Signal
Stanwood
Sterling
Stewart
Stoughton
Sullivan
Texan
Tiffin
Titan
Tower
United
Universal
Urban
Walter
Ward La France
Watson
White
White Hickory
Wichita
Wilson
Wolverine

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Excelsior
Henderson
Johnson Motor Wheel

### TRACTORS

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A & T
Bates Steel Mule
Beeman Garden
Boring
Buffalo
Bullock Creeping Grip
Case
Clark
Comet
Dart
Do-It All
Eagle
Flour City
Holt
Howell
Knox
La Crosse
Lauson
Linn Road
Minneapolis
New Britain
Oldsmar Garden
O. K.
Pioneer
Samson
Sawyer-Massey (Can.)
Spry Wheel
Stockton
Tioga
Topp-Stewart
Turner-Simplicity
Ursus
Wetmore

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Bessemer Gas-o-Kero
Buda
Capital
Continental
Curtiss
Doman
Duesenberg
Eclipse
Fairmont Railway
Falls
Friable
Galloway
Gray
G. B. S.
Hall-Scott
Herschell-Spillman
J. V. B. Marine
Knox
Lathrop Marine
Milwaukee Gasolene Locomotives
Minneapolis
Red Wing Thorobred
Roberts
Rutenber
Scripps
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Weber
Weidely Bulldog
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Woolery
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### MISCELLANEOUS

Austin Mfg. Co.
Domestic Engine & Pump Co
Ingersoll-Rand Air Compressors
Koehring Road Pavers
Maytag Washing Machines
Mudge Railway Cars
Perfect Power Sprayers
Sullivan Portable Air Compressors
Wade Drag Saws

U. S. Pat. No. 1,145,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,210,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

# FLORENCE

## OIL HEATERS

## For that room that is always cold

EVERY house, outside the tropics, has a room that is slow to warm up. It may be on the north side, it may have too small a radiator, it may be draughty.

When you want this room heated, a Florence Oil Heater will make it warm in a few minutes. That curved fire bowl is not alone a beauty feature. It gives extra heat-radiating surface from which genial warmth fairly shimmers forth into the room.

The Florence is easy to keep clean, and is made strong as a kitchen range. A gallon of kerosene will keep it burning for twelve hours. An indicator tells at a glance when refilling is needed.

Your dealer will show you a Florence Oil Heater. If he has none, write us. We try to see that everyone who wants a Florence is supplied.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
346 School Street Gardner, Mass.

Manufacturers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves (8 inch and 12 inch wicks), Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Gas Room Heaters

(Concluded from Page 106)

He could only do that by making it extremely easy for Poppy. He walked up and down. His mind worked quickly, rejecting ideas.

The clock over the stables a quarter of a mile away struck the half hour, and Pansy in a dust coat and small velours hat, heavily veiled and carrying a small hand bag, came through the door.

Antony had taken up his position on the edge of the veranda. He took three steps toward her with his arms out as if to clasp her, stopped short with a convulsive jerk and rocked on his feet.

"Poppy, it cannot be! I have made a most distressing discovery," he said in a deep, mournful voice—a voice shaken by conflicting emotions.

He paused, but Pansy said nothing.

"I have discovered that another—a good fellow—loves you and has loved you for years," he went on, and then paused for her to make the inquiry, natural whether she knew or not, who that good fellow was. But Pansy said nothing. She merely looked at him through her veil.

"If it had been anyone else it would not have mattered," he went on. "I fear I am too selfish to have given you up to a stranger, however worthy he might be. But Bracket—Albert—is my friend. What's more, he is one of my comrades of the great war—at that infernal training camp—and a devil of a job it was to lick him into shape." His voice rang entirely sincere. "But he was worth it. He has a heart of gold, and it will take years to pay him what I owe him. I cannot rob him of the desire of his heart and blight his life."

He waited for a word of recognition of his nobility. But Pansy said nothing.

"Damn it, is she dumb?" he said to himself with some irritation. It did not appear in his voice as he went on:

"So there is nothing for it but to give you up. It will be a wrench"—his voice broke a little, beautifully—"a dreadful wrench."

He waited for a word of sympathy, an assurance that she shared his misery. But Pansy said nothing.

He choked a little, admirably, and went on: "But I comfort myself—no, I try to comfort myself with the thought that you will be happier with him—in Bootle—than ever you could be with me."

He covered his face with his hands and shook with a strong man's emotion.

"Well, you really are the limit, Tony!" said Pansy in a tone of reluctant admiration, and she raised her veil.

Antony dropped his hands and opened his mouth.

"Pansy, begad!" he said in a tone of stupefaction.

Then his eyes shone, and coming toward her he cried: "Oh, joy! Oh, rapture!"

Pansy backed hastily away from him.

"And if you're not tiresome!" she said in an aggrieved tone. "Poppy has just given me a lovely old French pearl necklace to run away with you instead of her, and you coolly tell me it's all off."

"No, not coolly—you can't say I told you coolly," protested Antony, hurt by the slur on his emotional efforts.

"It doesn't matter how you told me. It is off! And I shall have to give the necklace back," she said.

"But it isn't off—not by a long chalk. It's more on than ever. I've got ten thousand pounds," said Antony joyously.

"Ten thousand pounds! How on earth did you get it?" she cried in amazement.

"That noble fellow, Bracket, of course," said Antony.

"But how did you get it from him? How did you get a hold on him? What has he been doing?" she said, displaying a painful doubt of Mr. Bracket's nobility.

"Are you suggesting that I blackmailed him?" said Antony with a lofty indignation.

"Well, I know how you feel about these shirkers," said Pansy in a slightly apologetic tone. "I know you'd strip the very clothes off their backs if you got the chance. You told me so—more than once."

"Well, I didn't blackmail him. He came to me entirely of his own free will with a business proposition. He—he—er—needed my help in a speculative investment, and he has paid me for it," said Antony.

"Oh, I see!" she cried in a tone of sudden, rather angry enlightenment. "He paid you ten thousand pounds to give up Poppy!"

"Certainly not!" said Antony hastily. "I regard the ten thousand purely as a loan—to start an intensive garden with. Let's be getting along to it."

"That was it," said Pansy positively. "And she gave me that pearl necklace to save her from you. It's rather funny," she added in a despiteful tone.

"I suppose she could change her mind if she wanted to," said Antony in a tone of utter indifference.

"She certainly did change it," said Pansy in a rather taunting tone.

"I expect it was her unhealthy passion for Bootle—Bootle and Bracket. But I'm sure I don't care," said Antony with the same pleasing indifference. "Let's be getting along to the station."

"But now that you've arranged it with Mr. Bracket there's no need whatever for me to run away with you," said Pansy in a tone of exaggerated relief.

"No need?" cried Antony in a tone of lively astonishment. "What about the pearl necklace? Why, I'll bet that you'll look more ravishing than ever in an old French pearl necklace!"

"I'm going to give it back to Poppy," said Pansy.

"I'm hanged if you are! A bargain's a bargain, and I insist on your keeping it—unless it doesn't suit you," said Antony with some heat.

"What have you got to do with it?" said Pansy coldly.

"Everything of course!" cried Antony with a generous breadth of view. "I've got ten thousand pounds, haven't I? But let's be off! We don't want to hurry to the station on a night like this."

"Oh, you didn't want to hurry to the station on a night like this with Poppy, did you?" she said slowly in a dangerous tone.

"Of course I did," he said quickly. "But I expected her to be a quarter of an hour late. Give me that bag."

"You don't really think I'm going to run away with you?" she said with a gentle, chilling, contemptuous laugh.

"I'm sure of it—even if I have to carry you every inch of the way," said Antony quietly but in a tone of intense determination; and in two long, quick strides he placed himself between her and the door.

She turned and faced him with eyes that flashed hate, and cried: "The moment you've finished making love to that girl? I'm not!"

"Oh, that! I never did make love to her—not what I call making love," he protested.

"You did!" she cried. "You know you did! You—you kissed her!"

"Oh, a gentle peck or two. That was nothing," he said with honest carelessness.

"Nothing?" she cried fiercely. "Then you did! I knew you would! You—you hateful pig!"

Her eyes blazed at him. His admission and the image it called up were the last exasperation. She dropped her bag, sprang forward, caught him by the shoulders and tried to shake him. Antony clinched.

"You fat-headed little idiot!" he cried frankly and fiercely as he jerked her off her feet in a crushing hug. "You don't really suppose I could really make love to any girl but you? You know I couldn't! Not like this!" He kissed her fiercely. "Or this!" He kissed her again. "You're the dearest, stupidest, most obstinate little devil in the world!" he said more gently, and kissed her again. "I've loved you for a thousand years!" He kissed her again. "And now I've got you I'm never going to let you go!" He kissed her again and again and again.

She lay still and heavy in his arms, the tears trickling from her eyes.

"You bear!" she murmured. "I believe you've broken my ribs." And she laid her head against his cheek like a tired child.

"I haven't," he said, kissing her again; then added a trifle savagely: "But if I ever have to I certainly will."

He kissed her again and set her gently on her feet with his right arm, a girdle of throbbing iron, round her waist—she needed its support—picked up her bag and started with her toward the veranda steps, saying: "We mustn't miss the train. I've got a special license in my pocket, and with any luck we'll be married in an hour and a quarter."

"How you do carry one off one's feet!" she said.

"Well, you're as light as a feather, you know," he said, half lifting her from the ground.

"I believe my heart is, Tony," she said.

(THE END)

YOU'LL seldom see finer cloth than in *Highland Heather* overcoats.

It's finished on both sides, in different colors and patterns; it's rain-proof and warm; and there's no end of wear in it.

A *Highland Heather* overcoat is a sound investment where every dollar counts.

HIGHLAND HEATHER R&W RAIN PROOF

*Write for our illustrated booklet*

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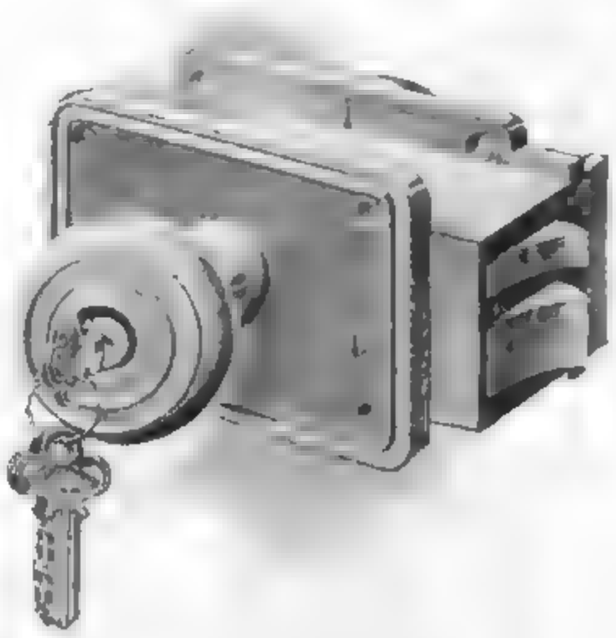
PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

# CORBIN WARE

*"Door Hardware that Harmonizes"*



*Where beauty is more than skin deep*

THE very beauty of CORBIN Door and Window Hardware makes you know that it is mechanically perfect — makes you know that the CORBIN Lock — in fact every article bearing the CORBIN mark — is safe and sure — worthy of its looks.

People who take the care to make such objects simple, restful, beautiful, are just the ones to apply the same principles of simplicity to the mechanics of the article. CORBIN has done so for 68 years with its whole line of Door and Window Hardware.

A perfectly made article of this kind can be recognized by its simplicity—its beauty and its efficiency because of its simplicity.

CORBIN Ware *Works.*

*You'll always find a good hardware store near by.*

**P & F CORBIN**

The American Hardware Corporation Successor

New Britain Connecticut

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

CORBIN


# THE BAD COMPANIONS

(Continued from Page 15)

The elderly Jew nodded thrice slowly. "I will indeed be there," he said.

The professor had a Maryland between his lips, unlighted. He passed a hand into the breast pocket of his voluminous frock coat and drew forth a lighted match with which he lit his cigarette; he then restored the match, still burning, to his pocket. The old Jew watched him with a gleam of mild interest.

"That is chic," he commented; "and new, is it not?"

The professor waved a vast hand airily. "It is so old that now it is new again," he answered. "I used to do it thirty years ago when I was working the country fairs, and it was old then."

He reached out an arm, picked what appeared to be a coin out of the air, dropped it into his pocket with a clink, nodded and departed.

IV

THE claim adjuster from the company which insured the owner of the building in which Kelly had lost his life against such liabilities visited Annette in her flat the following morning. To deal with this case of an orphan girl the psychologist who directed the company's activities had dispatched a shapely young man built and upholstered on fashionable lines. His face, olive-skinned, smooth as an egg, but with blue shadows round the shaven jowl, wore as a habitual expression a look of conquering cajolery; his clothes conformed in all respects to the canons of moving-picture aesthetics. He was very beautiful and very dangerous.

He entered the little sitting room of the flat like an actor appearing upon the stage.

"Ah, good morning, dear mademoiselle," he began. "I am charged to express to you, first of all, the profound sympathy of our directors; and I ask your permission to add my own."

His voice was suave; his eyes were an affront. Clearly he was surprised and tickled to find her so little and so pretty. The ghost of a smile hovered about his lips as Annette murmured her thanks, flushing through her pallor.

"Alas!" he began again, in tones that were musically mournful what time he watched her with the eyes of a cat at a rat hole. "One speaks of sympathy, but in such a matter as this, what—eh?"

Old Kropp, in his armchair behind the door, had moved; and the beauteous young man had only then perceived that he was not alone with the girl. He stared at the old Jew indignantly.

"I did not see the—er—gentleman," he said frigidly. "And as my business with mademoiselle is private, an affair of confidence, perhaps monsieur will ——"

Annette interposed. "It is Monsieur Kropp, a friend of my father's—and of me," she explained.

"In that case, of course," ceded the other.

But he was not pleased. What he purposed to do was always better done without witnesses. He gave the old Jew another scrutiny, and was a little comforted. M. Kropp, who had not spoken, reclined in his armchair in the limp manner of a weak old man; the face that Mr. Malling had found vulpine was now vague, with a senile and almost imbecile amiability. An older man might have known that a countenance of those contours, that pent of brow, that thin-bridged beak of nose, is never the mask of dullness or weakness.

The young man turned back to Annette and approached the table.

"To business, then, mademoiselle," he said. "Shall we be seated?" He took from his pockets some papers and a fountain pen; and lastly produced a Russia-leather note case, which he laid beside him. "It is grotesque—*hein!*—that our tragedies should have their business aspect; but there you are! The late M. Kelly was a painter—yes?"

This scrivener in the clothes of an ambassador was skillful in his trade. M. Kropp lying back in his chair with eyes half closed and ears wide open was witness of a piece of sheer artistry. Put crudely, it was the claim adjuster's business to prove to the dead man's daughter that such men as Kelly were pretty plentiful and correspondingly cheap, that the cash value of them was small. In a voice subdued to its topic he made it clear that the lavish sympathy of the directors and himself was held in check by *actionnaires* of an inhuman avarice; and whenever the girl seemed to listen attentively or critically he was there with a moving reference to her bereavement to torture her into confusion.

Finally: "I am empowered, then, my dear mademoiselle, to strain a point in this most grievous case. Because you are young and alone in the world my company comes very promptly to your aid. I have here a sum of five thousand francs"—he flipped open the note case and revealed its opulent contents—"which I will hand to you as soon as you have signed this receipt."

He tendered her the fountain pen, folded the document conveniently for her, and leaned across the table, pointing with a manicured forefinger to the place at which she was to sign. He had her, he knew, half hypnotized; he kept his practiced eyes fixed on her while he insinuated the pen into the uncertain hand she put forward. So he did not see old M. Kropp come to normal life again and bend his formidable attention on the matter.

"Yes, here, please—your baptismal name and your family name, dear mademoiselle. I will fill in the date for you."

Annette, a little dazed, signed as he bade her. He drew back the document as soon as she had done so, inspected her signature, and laid it beside him with the wet ink uppermost. Then from the note case he began to finger forth notes.

"After all," he said, "five thousand francs is not to be picked up in the street. One, two, three, four ——"

M. Kropp, for all that his stature was nothing out of the way, was long of limb; when he walked fast he had something the look of a peramoulating stepladder. While the pulchritudinous claim adjuster was counting M. Kropp placed his hands on the arms of his chair and with a motion that resembled the unfolding of a foot rule he was on his feet. One stride took him to the back of the young man's chair; a long arm in a rusty sleeve seemed to telescope across the young man's shoulder; and ere that surprised philanthropist could rise and turn upon him M. Kropp had the receipt unfolded and was reading it.

"*Mais vous êtes fou, donc?*" cried the claim adjuster with a snatch at the paper.

M. Kropp put it behind his back. He looked at the young man with a contempt that was as much professional as virtuous.

"You are a beginner, it seems," he said. "Don't you know better than that? If you play this game you should always leave the figures blank and write them in to suit yourself afterward. But here they are, plain as the nose on your face—ten thousand francs. Ten, you observe—not five!"

"*Vieux crétin!*" The young man frothed with epithets. "What has it to do with you?"

M. Kropp smiled; at least his subtle mouth widened and curved in the shape of a smile.

"Orphans, old soldiers and the government are fair game," he quoted. "But this is an orphan who must not be robbed. Young man, you are so near to a prison that you smell of it already. Count out that money, and remember—ten, not five!"

There was a brief battle of eyes, and M. Kropp's victory was decisive. Annette watched in amazement; she had not entirely understood; but it was horrible, all the same, to look upon that gilded and lacquered youth now that the stuffing was removed from him and he was no more than a dishonest clerk sweating his terror of the jail from every pore. When all was done, and the due sum paid down upon the table, he did not so much leave as leak from the room

"And now," said M. Kropp when they were alone together, "what are you going to do with this money?"

"I shall invest it," said Annette. "He was always wishing he could invest. So that is what I shall do."

M. Kropp nodded his concurrence. "And Babille is the man to advise you about that. You should speak to Babille."

Babille was the lamentable skeleton of a man whom Mr. Malling had remarked sitting upon the sofa. He had been in his day the competent financial editor of a newspaper; the chances of Paris journalism, the process of advancing years and the sinister alchemy of absinth had reduced him to his present condition. He picked up the bare bones of a living by compiling

(Continued on Page 113)

# Reducing Mileage Costs

We wish to make a practical, workable suggestion to motorists, which will actually enable them to reduce their tire-mileage costs from 20 to 30%.

To make this suggestion practical you must know the inside facts regarding tire manufacturing today.

Every man inside the industry knows these facts to be true:

—that tire makers are divided into three general groups;

—that one group makes cheap, low quality tires for the sole purpose of attracting the bargain hunters;

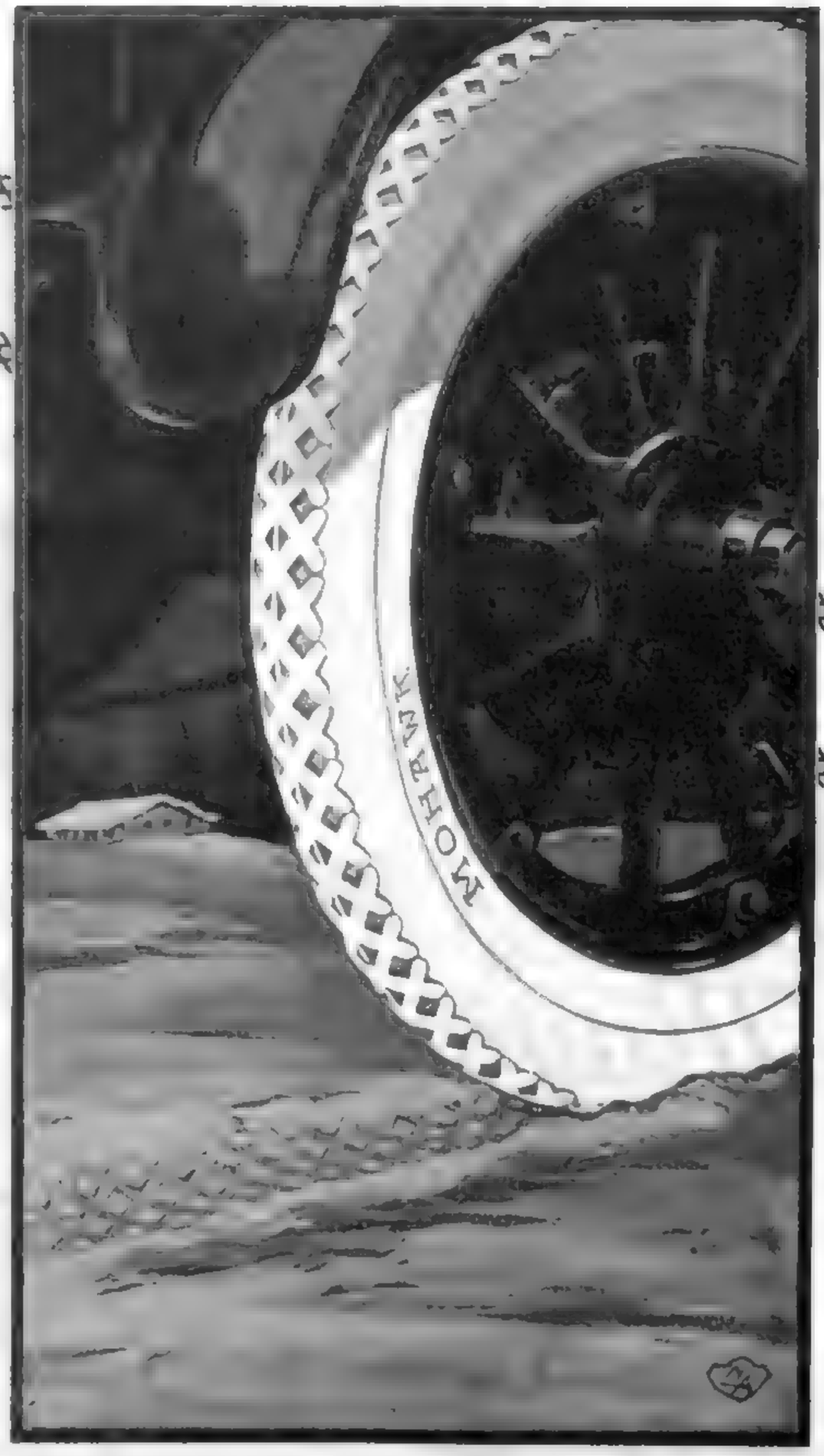
—that another group makes good quality, honest value tires, but builds only about enough mileage into them to make good the guarantee;

—and that there is another small group of tire makers, who have proven that the way to provide the lowest possible mileage cost is to build tires out of the purest grades of rubber and the strongest fabric, eliminating substitutes and shoddy entirely, and to employ the most exacting methods of manufacture and inspection.

There are only a few makers who are building tires this way.

The Mohawk Rubber Company is one of them. We were one of the first to produce these extraordinary high-mileage tires. Tires of this quality group average three, five, even ten thousand miles above the usual guarantee basis.

You can judge for yourself how this excess mileage brings the actual mileage cost down way below the amount which the average tire buyer has come to expect.




*These facts are known to everyone in the industry, but not generally appreciated by the motoring public. They are facts you can easily prove for yourself by trying one of these quality tires in competition with others.*

*We hope you will select a Mohawk Tire for this trial. You will find good dealers everywhere handling them.*

# MOHAWK "Quality" HAND MADE CORD AND FABRIC TIRES

KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO DALLAS LOS ANGELES MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON ATLANTA

# Old Laces and Fine Fabrics

WOMEN never cease to marvel at the things the Maytag will do. And it is because of the marvelous action of the wonderful *Millrace Principle*.

Laces, for instance—filmy things that rough handling would ruin—are beautifully and safely cleansed. And those many other things of delicate texture, which one even hesitates to entrust to strange hands, are safely entrusted to the Maytag.

Yet, in the same cylinder and by the same *scientific action*, such things as heavy spreads, portières, rag rugs—to say nothing of the ordinary clothes, underwear and linens, are cleansed as if by hand—in quickest time and at only a trifling expense for current.

We invite you to see this wonderful electric washer. Go witness a demonstration at the local dealer's store. Learn why it is converting thousands of women to the washing machine idea. In the meantime write for a copy of our famous "Household Manual." It's *free!*

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, DEPT. 100, NEWTON, IA

Branches at Philadelphia, Pa., Indianapolis, Ind., Minneapolis, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., Atlanta, Ga., Portland, Ore., Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Toronto, Ont.
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*Makers of Maytag Multi-Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand Power Washers*

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*Cabinet* ELECTRIC WASHER

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

## The Marvelous Millrace Principle

*Science ever obtains its ends by simple processes.*

*The Millrace Principle is simply the application of the old-time millrace. Note the illustration below. It shows the interior of the Maytag aluminum cylinder. Note that there are only 5 openings. Each of these is designed on the Millrace Principle. As the cylinder revolves, the water is forced through these restricted openings. It enters the cylinder with greatly accelerated motion. It is this lively action which is necessary to flush the dirt from soiled fabrics. It is thorough, yet it is gentle. No other machine in the world cleanses by this scientific Millrace Principle.*

(23)

(Continued from Page 110)

share lists, deviling for the Bourse reporters and the like, and in Kelly's small circle, despite his poverty and the misery of his appearance, he had rank as an authority upon finance.

V

IT WAS some weeks later; Kelly was by now at home in his grave and the color was returning to Annette's face; and Babille ran across M. Kropp, standing at his usual post of observation in the door of his shop. The starved wreck of a man stopped and the established tradesman greeted him agreeably.

"What is the news to-day?" inquired M. Kropp.

Babille appeared to ponder. Then: "The bank rate is up again," croaked this scarecrow solemnly.

"Ah!" M. Kropp made the conventional grimace of surprised interest. "You don't tell me so! And what is this I hear about the investment of our little Annette? You have been advising her—yes?"

The lean man shook his head. "She did not require advice from me!"

"No? What, then?"

"Just simply that I should take her money—the ten thousand francs—and deposit it in the Banque Prolétaire!"

"Eh?" M. Kropp frowned and stared searchingly under heavy brows at the other. "Five per cent a month, is it not—and all that sort of thing?"

Babille nodded. "It is a pity," he said. "But that poor Kelly—he had spoken of it once or twice before her; and all that he ever said is now a gospel for her. Because his own fakes were good ones, he believed in all fakes, did Kelly. But it is a pity!"

"It is a pity," agreed M. Kropp thoughtfully. He stared for a while at his boots, reflecting sadly. Suddenly his look flashed upward to the other's dull and patient face. "But between ourselves," he asked briskly, "what have you done with the money?"

The fleshless mask of a countenance before him quivered and the two shabby elderly men whom from their appearance and their manner of secrecy Mr. Malling would have taken for conspirators plotting a fraud or a theft, grinned at each other with complete understanding.

"I have it safe," said Babille. "Next month I will pay her five hundred francs of it; five per cent. I do not think that Banque Prolétaire will last another month beyond that."

It was fortunate for Annette that Kelly had left no debts; but he left very little of anything; and Annette had decided to secure herself an employment rather than depend upon the private income promised her by the frank and manly advertisements of the Banque Prolétaire. So daily, trim as a new doll, hopeful and buoyant, she carried her childlike prettiness to market. Clerk, shopgirl, interpreter, companion—she was ready for anything; she was chucked under the chin or patted on the cheek and sent empty away from half a hundred offices where the employers were equally keen judges of beauty and commercial value in a girl. But there came the evening when she burst in upon Madame Célestine with the news that she had found a post.

Madame Célestine, *marchande fripière*, sat in her shop as in a grove. About her there hung, like tropical foliage, festoons and garlands of musty garments, depending from hooks in the walls and clotheslines that tangled from side to side of her little shop. She was the lady who had admitted Mr. Malling to the flat; and from her you could buy or hire anything from a suit of chain mail for a *bal masqué* to a dress suit for a wedding or a funeral.

Madame Célestine smiled maternally at the girl over her table-land of bosom.

"That is excellent," she said. "See, your cheeks are all pink again. And what is the post, *chérie?*"

"It's a hat shop," replied Annette. "Oh, such a delicious little place, and such a nice *patronne*. It's all painted white outside, and in the windows there's just one glorious hat on a stand, against a velvet curtain. And madame said I should meet excellent company there and she was sure I would do very well."

Madame Célestine looked puzzled. "It is on the boulevard, this pretty shop?"

"Not on the boulevard," answered Annette. "In the Rue Huningue." She produced from her purse a dainty rose-colored card whence floated a vague scent. "This is it," she said, handing the card to Madame Célestine; "and I can start to-morrow."

Madame continued to smile as she read it aloud. "Claire," it said. "Hats. Rue Huningue, No. 16A. Discretion."

"'Discretion'!" repeated Madame Célestine to herself, once or twice. "'Discretion'! H'm! I believe—but I have the memory so feeble—but I believe I have heard of this place. They asked you about your parents—yes?"

"Yes," answered Annette. "And she was so kind when I told her."

"But," said Madame Célestine with a kind of triumph, "assuredly she did not ask you about your aunt!"

Annette stared. "Aunt—no!"

"*Eh bien!*" said madame. "So to-morrow your good Aunt Célestine goes with you to see her little niece installed. It is more respectable so. And this card—I will keep it till the morning. I have a friend to whom I would like to show it."

She brought that friend with her the following morning when she came to escort Annette to the pretty shop in the Rue Huningue. But for some reason she did not introduce the two. The friend was a slender woman who at a very little distance seemed young, with a face of creamy pallor and full lips that drooped at the corners; it was only when one came closer to her that one remarked the haggard and used quality of her face, and the hate and pain which inhabited her eyes.

They came together across the freshness of the bright morning street of Paris and so at last to the Rue Huningue, quiet, almost private between its opposite rows of tall, handsome buildings. The hat shop harbored at the base of one of them, pretty and dainty as a bibelot.

"This is it!" cried Annette with enthusiasm.

Madame Célestine smiled at her and turned to her other companion.

"Yes," said the slender woman, speaking, as it seemed, through some violently suppressed emotion, "this is it!" And she laughed, a short jet of mirth that she spat, as it were, into the face of the shop. "My first situation," she added. "And my last."

Madame Célestine had moved close to Annette and now took her by the arm. "I thought so," she said. "Then we may as well be going."

The slender woman smiled wickedly. "Why?" she said. "This Claire—she used to call herself Alixe—let's have a look at her since we are here."

She waited for no reply, but thrust open the white door with its little glass panes and their green silk curtain; it swung back with a bang, and she strode in. Madame Célestine, still holding Annette by the arm, followed as far as the threshold and halted there.

Within was a long room in which the window's motif of white and green was continued. Hats on pedestals stood on little occasional tables like curious flowers; the carpet was white, the furniture was green. At the farther end of the room a tall, slim woman, a figure of conventional elegance, rose in haste from a chair and moved forward.

Mr. Malling, who condemned Madame Célestine, would have approved her at a glance. She was costly and perfect in all her appointments; dignity and grace were the note of her; she was handsome, proud and icy.

"What is happening?" she demanded as she came toward them.

Madame Célestine's friend pointed.

"*Tiens!*" she shrilled. "It is Alixe, after all—and plying the same old trade. And she doesn't know me!"

The tall woman stopped and stared. After a moment or two recognition came to her.

"Ah," she said, "it is you!" And then she saw in the doorway the solid bulk of Madame Célestine, and with her the figure of the girl. She knitted her smooth brow in lightning thought.

"So," she began, "you think to trap me—you? Well, I will show you! Get out of this place!"

She advanced upon Madame Célestine's friend formidably. The latter gave no ground. With a practiced gesture, as of a swordsman drawing his blade, the latter lifted her hand to her head and brought it away armed.

Ten gleaming inches of steel hatpin came to the ready. The tall woman paused and measured the situation.

"And now, my little Annette," cooed Madame Célestine, "this is no place for you; let us be going."

She drew the girl out and closed the door behind her.

"Let us walk fast for a little while, *chérie*," she urged. "I do not wish you to hear your Claire talking as she will talk presently, for she is not a nice woman."

And that was the extent of her explanations to Annette.

VI

A COUPLE of days later Babille brought her five hundred francs, her first month's dividends. He had been advised to do so by Madame Célestine and M. Kropp in counsel.

"She will spend it," that experienced lady had said. "And that will occupy her mind and preserve her from these frightful adventures. But I hope your Banque Prolétaire will come to an end soon."

So Annette, who never had had fifty francs of her own at one time before, took this twentieth part of poor Kelly's market value and enjoyed herself immensely. She bought slippers for M. Kropp, gloves for Madame Célestine, and a cravat for poor Babille, who had not worn one for years. For Professor Pericot she bought a purse, for the professor was thrifty and liked to house his sous respectably.

That last purchase took place in the Boulevard St.-Michel when a wettish day was settling to the gloom of a damp and windy evening. Annette, after a couple of hours of desultory squandering, was moving homeward along the sparsely peopled pavement. In one hand she carried the tissue-paper parcel that contained the professor's purse; in the other her own shabby little purse with its silver coins and its tightly folded wad of paper money. She paused from time to time as she went, to inspect the electric-lighted allurements of shop windows; it was at one such halt that disaster occurred.

Other people were looking in at the window at which she stopped. She was wedged between a woman with a basket and a couple of girls. The hand that took her by the wrist from behind, twisted it and eased her purse from her fingers was unseen even by her; and when she managed to struggle round and free herself there was none behind her whom she could accuse. Only, farther along the sidewalk, three thick-shouldered young men, each with his cap slouched over one ear, walked away together. Angry, frightened, uncertain, she made to follow them, and ran forthwith into a large human being who received her with open arms.

"*Voyons!*" boomed a familiar voice. "It is our little Annette."

The being, of course, was the professor, homeward bound from his afternoon turn at a cheap vaudeville. Annette clung to him and babbled the tale of her ill fortune.

"Come!" said the professor, when he had understood. "But do not let them see that we are following. So you are not really sure that it was one of them?"

Annette explained more at length. The professor nodded.

"See," he said. "They are turning into that café. They will not explore their booty there; there are too many people. But—perhaps I see my way! This purse that you have so charmingly bought for me—we unpack it thus; you carry it in your hand; you enter the café alone and choose a seat not too far from those parishioners; and when I enter afterward, you do not know me. Is it clear?"

It was far from clear, but Annette was accustomed to trust her friends. Carrying the plain black purse in her hand she presently wandered to a seat on a plush bench three marble tables from where her bull-necked suspects sat and drank.

And presently there entered the professor. Annette had never seen him at work before, and she stared wonderingly. So did most of the other occupants of the place. The professor's silk hat seemed hung on a peg driven into the side of his head, such was the extreme cock of it. His enormous frock coat was open; a thumb was stuck in the armhole of his waistcoat; his smile, the swagger of his gait—the whole of him was as strident as a brass band.

"Aha!" he remarked with terrific joviality apropos of nothing whatever.

Two quiet card players were in his path; he towered over their table. Folk craned to see what he was at. He picked up a card.

"The ace of hearts," he said in his tremendous showman's voice, holding it up for all to see. "Who will swear to it?" With his other hand he stroked the face of

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it lightly—and behold, it was the ten of spades! Someone laughed, and two or three clapped. The professor tossed the card back to its owners. "Pooh!" He smiled majestically. "A trifle!" Then he lit a cigarette with a lighted match that he drew from and returned to his breast pocket.

There is an art in the trained showman. Crude, absurd, inflated that he was, the professor knew his sure way to the interest of his audience. When presently a fussy head waiter would have stopped him he was cried down by the customers, and the professor was invited by acclaim to continue. He did things with glasses of water, with sandwiches, with coins, and enhanced each trick with buffoonery. He worked his way round the tables till he stood before Annette.

"And here is a lady nursing a purse!" he cried in accents of glad discovery. "She cherishes it, but to me, for one instant, she will lend it freely."

He held it up; people at the other side of the room rose in their places to watch him. The three young men, still unsuspicious, looked on interestedly.

"To whom shall we dispatch this purse?" he cried. "Back to mademoiselle? But then you might say I had concerted this with her." A lightning sidelong glance showed him that one of the three young men carried a hand sunk in a pocket of his jacket. There was no other indication; he must risk it.

"To this gentleman, then," he vociferated, wheeling on him and unmasking the searchlight of his devastating smile. "One—two"—he was turning the purse in his hands—"three!" His hands shot out with a gesture of throwing the thing at the youth; and they were seen to be empty.

"And now monsieur has only to restore mademoiselle's purse, which he has in his pocket, and the entertainment is ended! Mademoiselle can describe the contents, in case of doubt."

His eyes did not leave the thief's face, where already comprehension had dawned. One of the others whispered agitatedly; folks round were beginning to stir and wonder. With a sudden movement, half panic, half anger, the thief snatched his hand from his pocket and tossed him the stolen purse.

Next day, when Babille brought to her the news that the Banque Prolétaire had exploded and restored her the balance of her money, he found her reading a letter in English. Mr. Malling had not been able to dismiss her from his thoughts.

He wrote:

"*My dear Miss Kelly:* It was greatly against my will that I was obliged to leave you in your trouble, the more so that I conceived a great distrust for those people whom you called your friends. I have lived longer in the world than you have and I feel myself free to warn you, disinterestedly and seriously, that you are in danger, not only of being plundered ——"

That was as far as she got when Babille came slinking in with his new cravat, his news and the money.

# SYMPTOMS AND SYMPTOM HUNTING

(Concluded from Page 28)

If one is comparatively breathless, first let him look to his general physical health—whether he is eating too much, whether he is getting enough exercise. What about his habits as to smoking, as to work and play? Does he sit all day in a stuffy room and then go home to a big dinner, a fat cigar and an easy chair? If his shortness of wind is becoming quite noticeable, to himself at least, he would better find out whether he has an organic disease of the heart, vessels or lungs. Then if these possibilities are eliminated let him look to his habits of diet, of indolence, of self-indulgence, and get rid of them by substituting good habits in their stead.

In the list of symptoms used as a text for this article not the least important is the last—"Are you nervous and despondent?" Nervous in the sense implied means apprehensive, worried, fidgety, fussy, easily disturbed, irritable, irascible, given to magnifying troubles and looking upon the dark side of things, hypercritical, pessimistic, introspective. If one is nervous according to this definition of the word, then of course he is also despondent.

Nearly every abnormal state of the body tends to make one nervous, but in by far the greatest number of instances nervousness is the cause and the physical conditions are the effects. Remembering the various attributes enumerated under the general term "nervous," let us see how they can affect the physical health. In order to be explicit and merely for purposes of illustration, without the slightest intention of limiting ourselves to age or sex, let us take as an example the average business man.

Anyone who desires to substitute feminine for masculine here may—with a few slight changes in the text—make it apply to the woman at home as well as to the man in the office.

This man has a nervous temperament. That is, he is what his friends call a fusser—those who work for him use other and stronger terms. He worries easily and often without sufficient cause. Business in the office goes wrong because the office clerks are inefficient, and they are inefficient largely because he is impatient and hypercritical. When he goes home he takes his worries with him, never forgetting them for a moment, even while eating his hasty dinner.

Eating too fast, he eats too much. Now too much means no particular quantity, but any amount more than is required or can be taken care of. Unpleasant emotions retard digestion, consequently in his irritable mood any food at all is too much. The result in a single instance would be acute indigestion. But multiply this by three hundred and sixty-five, and then again by the number of years it has been going on.

Toward middle life this man will have chronic digestive troubles, possibly liver changes and probably kidney complications. His blood pressure will be abnormally high and his artery walls will be harder, less elastic than they should be. In other words, he will be prematurely aged.

During this aging process he may have any of the symptoms mentioned here, and many more—muscle pains in the back, the chest; nerve pains anywhere in the body; shortness of breath, palpitation, vertigo. One might go on through the list indefinitely, but this article is intended to be suggestive and not exhaustive.

The acute illnesses must not be left out of the reckoning, because anything which weakens the vital forces breaks down one's natural immunity to the various germ diseases. Why does pneumonia cause more devastation among the ranks of those beyond middle life? Not because there is an inherent affinity between that disease and age. Younger people are susceptible also, but they have a better chance of recovery. All the help of all the organs of the body combined is necessary to overcome it, and that person has the best chance whose forces are unimpaired.

The chronic alcoholic has the least chance of all, because years of dissipation have produced degenerative changes in many of his vital organs—the kidneys, the liver, the heart and vessels. But mental dissipation also will cause these changes, and this kind of self-indulgence receives far less consideration than it deserves.

Subjective symptoms, unpleasant sensations, are a blessing and not a curse if they are treated with respect. If they did not appear to warn us we should rush headlong upon our misguided course—to disaster. They should be discussed. Discuss them with yourself. Try to discover what they mean, what you are doing that is wrong and stop doing it; what correctible defect you have and correct it. If you cannot succeed by this method discuss them with one who is competent to discover their cause.

But you cannot hand them over to the doctor as some parents place their children in schools, hoping thereby to absolve themselves of all further responsibility. They are your symptoms and you must have an active part in their correction.

Above all, do not discuss them indiscriminately, because symptoms are catching.

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# THE WRONG TWIN

(Continued from Page 5)

"Well, you might call it that."

"What kind of right clothes?" asked his brother.

"Boy's clothes; filthy rags of boy's clothes—like yours," she concluded. Her appraising glance rested on the garments of the questioning twin. Both became conscious of their mean attire, and squirmed uneasily.

"These are just everyday clothes," muttered the Wilbur twin.

"We have fine new Sunday suits at home," boasted Merle. "Too fine to wear every day. If you saw those clothes once I guess you'd talk different. Shoes and stockings too."

The girl effaced his grandeur with a shrug.

"That's nothing—everyone has mere Sunday clothes."

"Is Miss Murtree that old lady that brings you to the Sunday school?" demanded Wilbur.

"Yes; she's my governess, and had to go to her dying mother, and I hope she gets a cruel stepmother that will be harsh to her childish sports, like that Mrs. Blunt was. But she isn't old. It's her beard makes her look so mature."

"Aw!" cried both twins, denoting incredulity.

"She has, too, a beard! A little mustache and some growing on her chin. When I first got Ben Blunt, or from Rags to Riches, out of the Sunday-school library I asked her how she made it grow, because I wanted one to grow on me, but she made a scene and never did tell me. I wish it would come out on me that way." She ran questing fingers along her brief upper lip and round her pointed chin. "But prob'ly I ain't old enough."

"You're only a girl," declared the Wilbur twin, "and you won't ever have a beard, and you couldn't be Ben Blunt."

"Only a girl!" she flashed, momentarily stung into a defense of her sex. "Huh! I guess I'd rather be a girl than a nasty little boy with his hands simply covered with warts."

The shamed hands of Wilbur Cowan sought the depths of his pockets, but he came up from the blow.

"Yes, you'd rather be a girl!" he retorted with ponderous irony. "It's a good thing you wasn't born in China. Do you know what? If you'd been born in China, when they seen what it was they'd simply have chucked you into the river to drownd."

"The idea! They would not!"

"Ho! You're so smart! I guess you think you know more than that missionary that told us so at the meeting. I guess you think he was telling lies. They'd have drownded you as soon as they seen it was a girl. But boys they keep."

"I don't listen to gossip," said the girl loftily.

"And besides," continued the inquisitor, "if you think boys are such bad ones, what you trying to be one for, and be Ben Blunt and all like that?"

"You're too young to understand if I told you," she replied with a snappish dignity.

The Merle twin was regretting these asperities. His eyes clung constantly to the lemon and candy.

"She can be Ben Blunt if she wants to," he now declared in a voice of authority. "I bet she'll have a better mustache than that old Miss Murphy's."

"Murtree," she corrected him, and spoke her thanks with a brightening glance. "Here," she added, proffering her treasure, "take a good long suck if you want to."

He did want to. His brother beheld him with anguished eyes. As Merle demonstrated the problem in hydraulics the girl studied him more attentively, then gleamed with a sudden new radiance.

"Oh, I'll tell you what let's do!" she exclaimed. "We'll change clothes with each other, and then I'll be Ben Blunt without waiting till I get to the great city. Cousin Juliana could pass me right by on the street and never know me." She clapped her small brown hands. "Goody!" she finished.

But the twins stiffened. The problem was not so simple.

"How do you mean—change clothes?" demanded Merle.

"Why, just change! I'll put on your clothes and look like a mere street urchin right away."

"But what am I going to ——"

"Put on my clothes, of course. I explained that."

"Be dressed like a girl?"

"Only till you get home; then you can put on your Sunday clothes."

"But they wouldn't be Sunday clothes if I had to wear 'em every day, and then I wouldn't have any Sunday clothes."

"Stupid! You can buy new ones, can't you?"

"Well, I don't know."

"I'd give you a lot of money to buy some."

"Let's see it."

Surprisingly the girl stuck out a foot. Her ankle seemed badly swollen; she seemed even to reveal incipient elephantiasis.

"Money!" she announced. "Busted my bank and took it all. And I put it in my stocking the way Miss Murtree did when she went to Buffalo to visit her dying mother. But hers was bills, and mine is nickels and dimes and quarters and all like that—thousands of dollars worth of 'em, and they're kind of disagreeable. They make me limp—kind of. I'll give you a lot of it to buy some new clothes. Let's change quick." She turned and backed up to the Merle twin. "Unbutton my waist," she commanded.

The Merle twin backed swiftly away. This was too summary a treatment of a situation that still needed thought.

"Let's see your money," he demanded.

"Very well!" She sat on the grassy low mound above her forebear, released the top of the long black stocking from the bite of a hidden garter and lowered it to the bulky burden. "Give me your cap," she said, and into Merle's cap spurted a torrent of coins. When this had become reduced to a trickle, and then to odd pieces that had worked down about the heel, the cap held a splendid treasure. Both twins bent excitedly above it. Never had either beheld so vast a sum. It was beyond comprehension. The Wilbur twin plunged a hand thrillingly into the heap.

"Gee, gosh!" he murmured from the sheer loveliness of it. Shining silver—thousands of dollars of it, the owner had declared.

"Now I guess you'll change," said the girl, observing the sensation she had made.

The twins regarded each other eloquently. It seemed to be acknowledged between them that anything namable would be done to obtain a share of this hoard. Still it was a monstrous infamy, this thing she wanted. Merle filtered coins through his fingers for the wondrous feel of them.

"Well, mebbe we better," he said at last.

"How much do we get?" demanded Wilbur, exalted but still sane.

"Oh, a lot!" said the girl carelessly. Plainly she was not one to haggle. "Here, I'll give you two double handfuls—see, like that," and she measured the price into the other cap, not skimping. They were generous, heaping handfuls, and they reduced her hoard by half. "Now!" she urged. "And hurry! I must be far by nightfall. I'll keep my shoes and stockings and not go barefoot till I reach the great city. But I'll take your clothes and your cap. Unbutton my waist."

Again she backed up to Merle. He turned to Wilbur.

"I guess we better change with her for all that money. Get your pants and waist off and I'll help button this thing on you."

It was characteristic of their relations that there was no thought of Merle's being the victim of this barter. The Wilbur twin did not suggest it, but he protested miserably.

"I don't want to wear a girl's clothes."

"Silly!" said the girl. "It's for your own good."

"You only put it on for a minute, and sneak home quick," reminded his brother, "and look at all the money we'll have! Here, show him again all that money we'll have!"

And the girl did even so, holding up to him riches beyond the dreams of avarice. There was bitterness in the eyes of the Wilbur twin, even as they gloated on the bribe. The ordeal would be fearful. He was to become a thing—not a girl and still not a boy—a thing somehow shameful. At last the alternative came to him.

"You change with her," he said, brightening. "My pants got a tear here on the side, and my waist ain't so clean as yours."

"Now don't begin that!" said his brother firmly. "We don't want a lot of


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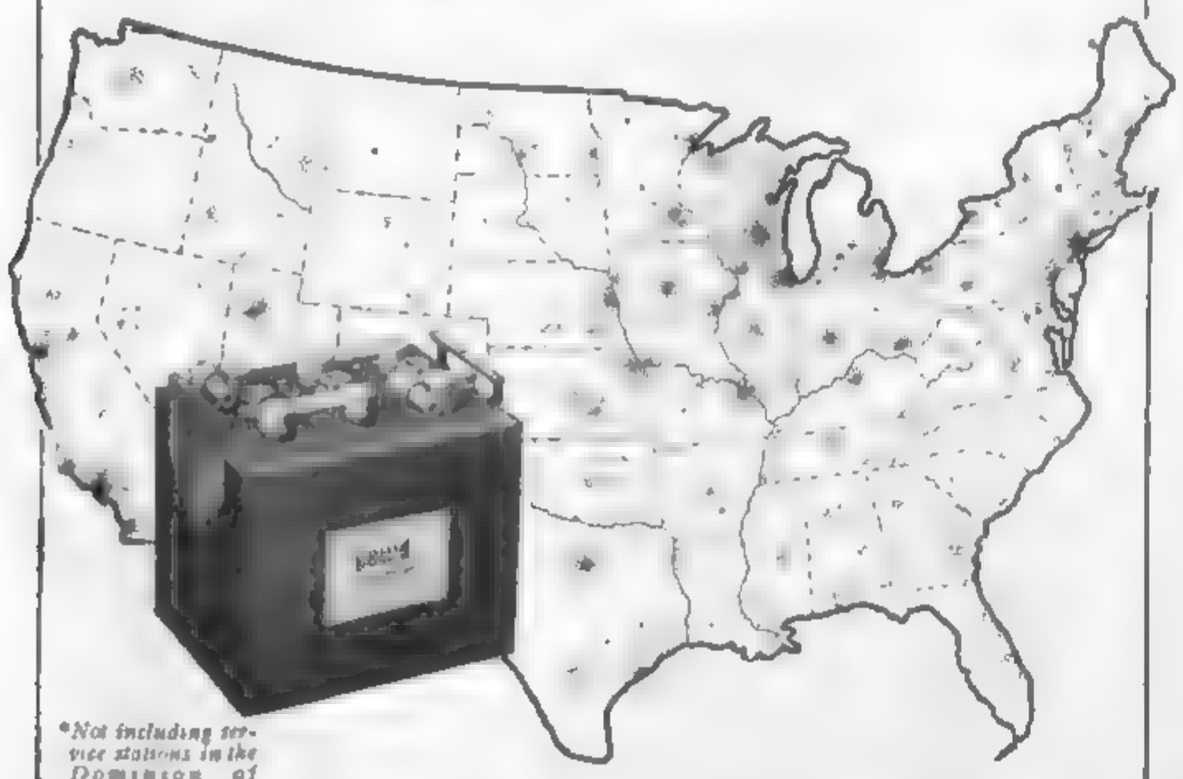

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silly arguments about it, do we? Look at all the money we'll have!"

"Your clothes are the best," said the girl. "I must be filthy and ragged. Oh, please hurry!" Then to Merle: "Do unbutton my waist. Start it at the top and I can finish."

Gingerly he undid the earliest buttons on that narrow back of checked gingham, and swiftly the girl completed the process to her waist. Then the waist was off her meager shoulders and she stepped from the hated garment. The Wilbur twin was aghast at her downright methods. He had a feeling that she should have retired for this change. How was he to know that an emergency had lifted her above prejudices sacred to the meaner souled? But now he raised a new objection, for beneath her gown the girl had been still abundantly and intricately clad, girded, harnessed.

"I can't ever put on all those other things," he declared, indicating the elaborate underdressing.

"Very well, I'll keep 'em on under the pants and waist till I get to the great city," said the girl obligingly. "But why don't you hurry?"

She tossed him the discarded dress. He was seized with fresh panic as he took the thing.

"I don't like to," he said sullenly.

"Look at all the money we'll have!" urged the brother.

"Here," said the girl beguilingly, "when you've done it I'll give you two long sucks of my lemon candy."

She took the enticing combination from Merle and held it fair before his yearning eyes; the last rite of a monstrous seduction was achieved. The victim wavered and was lost. He took the dress.

"Whistle if anyone comes," he said, and withdrew behind the headstone of the late Jonas Whipple. He—of the modest sex—would not disrobe in public. At least it was part modesty; in part the circumstance that his visible garments were precisely all he wore. He would not reveal to this child of wealth that the Cowans had not the habit of multifarious underwear. Over the headstone presently came the knee pants, the faded calico waist with bone buttons. The avid buyer seized and appareled herself in them with a deft facility. The Merle twin was amazed that she should so soon look so much like a boy. From behind the headstone came the now ambiguous and epicene figure of the Wilbur twin, contorted to hold together the back of his waist.

"I can't button it," he said in deepest gloom.

"Here!" said the girl.

"Not you!"

It seemed to him that this would somehow further degrade him. At least another male should fasten this infamous thing about him. When the buttoning was done he demanded the promised candy and lemon. He glutted himself with the stimulant. He had sold his soul and was taking the price. His wrists projected far from the gingham sleeves, and in truth he looked little enough like a girl. The girl looked much more like a boy. The further price of his shame was paid in full.

"I'd better take charge of it," said Merle, and did so with an air of large benevolence. "I just don't know what-all we'll spend it for," he added.

The Wilbur twin's look of anguish deepened.

"I got a pocket in this dress to hold my money," he suggested.

"You might lose it," objected Merle. "I better keep it for us."

The girl had transferred her remaining money to the pockets which, as a boy, she now possessed. Then she tried on the cap. But it proved to be the cap of Merle.

"No; you must take Wilbur's cap," he said, "because you got his clothes."

"And he can wear my hat," said the girl

The Wilbur twin viciously affirmed that he would wear no girl's hat, yet was presently persuaded that he would, at least when he sneaked home. It was agreed by all finally that this would render him fairly a girl in the eyes of the world. But he would not yet wear it. He was beginning to hate this girl. He shot hostile glances at her as with his cap on her head, her hands deep in the money-laden pockets she swaggered and swatched before them.

"I'm Ben Blunt—I'm Ben Blunt," she muttered hoarsely, and swung her shoulders and brandished her thin legs to prove it. He laughed with scorn.

"Yes you are!" he gibed. "Look at your hair! I guess Ben Blunt didn't have long girl's hair, did he—stringy old red hair?"

Her hands flew to the pigtail.

"My hair is not red," she told him. "It's just a decided blond." Then she faltered, knowing full well that Ben Blunt's hair was not worn in a braid. "Of course I'm going to cut it off," she said. "Haven't you boys got a knife?"

They had a knife. It was Wilbur's, but Merle quite naturally took it from him and assumed charge of the ensuing operation. Wilbur Cowan had to stand by with no place to put his hands—a mere onlooker. Yet it was his practical mind that devised the method at last adopted, for the early efforts of his brother to sever the braid evoked squeals of pain from the patient. At Wilbur's suggestion she was backed up to the fence and the braid brought against a board, where it could be severed strand by strand. It was not neatly done, but it seemed to suffice. When the cap was once more adjusted, rather far back on the shorn head, even the cynical Wilbur had to concede that the effect was not bad. The severed braid, a bow of yellow ribbon at the end, now engaged the notice of its late owner.

"The officers of the law might trace me by it," she said, "so we must foil them."

"Tie a stone to it and sink it in the river," urged Wilbur.

"Hide it in those bushes," suggested Merle.

But the girl was inspired by her surroundings.

"Bury it!" she ordered.

The simple interment was performed. With the knife a shallow grave was opened close to the stone whereon old Jonas Whipple taunted the living that they were but mortal, and in it they laid the pigtail to its last rest, patting the earth above it and replacing the turf against possible ghouls.

Again the girl swaggered broadly before them, swinging her shoulders, flaunting her emancipated legs in a stride she considered masculine. Then she halted, hands in pockets, rocked easily upon heel and toe and spat expertly between her teeth. For the first time she impressed the Wilbur twin, extorting his reluctant admiration. He had never been able to spit between his teeth. Still, there must be things she couldn't do.

"You got to smoke and chew and curse," he warned her.

"I won't either! It says Ben Blunt was a sturdy lad of good habits. Besides, I could smoke if I wanted to. I already have. I smoked Harvey D.'s pipe."

"Who's Harvey D.?"

"My father. I smoked his pipe repeatedly."

"Repeatedly?"

"Well, I smoked it twice. That's repeatedly, ain't it? I'd have done it more repeatedly, but Miss Murtree sneaked in and made a scene."

"Did you swallow the smoke through your nose?"

"I—I guess so. It tasted way down on my insides."

Plainly there was something to the girl after all. The Wilbur twin here extracted from the dress pocket, to which he had transferred his few belongings, the half of something known to Newbern as a penny-grab. It was a slender roll of quite inferior dark tobacco, and the original purchaser had probably discarded it gladly. The present owner displayed it to the girl.

"I'll give you a part of this, and we'll light up."

"Well, I don't know. It says Ben Blunt was a sturdy lad of good——"

"I bet you never did smoke repeatedly!"

Her manhood was challenged.

"I'll show you!" she retorted, grim about the lips.

With his knife he cut the evil thing in fair halves. The girl received her portion with calmness if not with gratitude, and lighted it from the match he gallantly held for her. And so they smoked. The Merle twin never smoked for two famous Puritan reasons—it was wrong for boys to smoke and it made him sick. He eyed the present saturnalia with strong disapproval. The admiration of the Wilbur twin—now forgetting his ignominy—was frankly worded. Plainly she was no common girl.

"I bet you'll be all right in the big city," he said.

"Of course I will," said the girl.

She spat between her teeth with a fine artistry. In truth she was spitting rather often, and had more than once seemed to

(Continued on Page 121)

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(Continued from Page 118)

strangle, but she held her weed jauntily between the first and second fingers and contrived an air of relish for it.

"Anyway," she went on, "it'll be better than here where I suffered so terribly, with everybody making the vilest scenes about any little thing that happened. After they find it's too late they'll begin to wish they'd acted kinder. But I won't ever come back, not if they beg me to with tears streaming down their faces, after the vile way they acted; saying maybe I could have a baby brother after Harvey D. got that stepmother, but nothing was ever done about it, and just because I tried to hide Mrs. Wadley's baby that comes to wash, and then because I tried to get that gypsy woman's baby, because everyone knows they're always stealing other people's babies, and she made a vile scene, too, and everyone tortured me beyond endurance."

This was interesting. It left the twins wishing to ask questions.

"Did that stepmother beat you good?" again demanded Merle.

"Well, not the way Ben Blunt's stepmother did, but she wanted to know what I meant by it and all like that. Of course she's cruel. Don't you know that all stepmothers are cruel? Did you ever read a story about one that wasn't vile and cruel and often tried to leave the helpless children in the woods to be devoured by wolves? I should say not!"

"Where did you hide that Wadley baby?"

"Up in the storeroom in a nice big trunk, where I fixed a bed and everything for it while its mother was working down in the laundry; and I thought they'd look a while and give it up, but this Mrs. Wadley is kind of simple-minded or something. She took on so I had to say maybe somebody had put it in this trunk where it could have a nice time. And this stepmother taking on almost as bad."

"Did you nearly get a gypsy woman's baby?"

"Nearly. They're camped in the woods up back of our place, and I went round to see their wagons, and the man had some fighting roosters that would fight anybody else's roosters, and they had horses to race, and the gypsy woman would tell the future lives of anybody and what was going to happen to them, and so I saw this lovely, lovely baby asleep on a blanket under some bushes, and probably they had stole it from some good family, so while they was busy I picked it up and run."

"Did they chase you?"

Wilbur Cowan was by now almost abject in his admiration of this fearless spirit.

"Not at first; but when I got up to our fence I heard some of 'em yelling like very fiends, and they came after me through the woods, but I got inside our yard, and then the baby woke up and yelled like a very fiend, and Nathan Marwick came running out of our barn and says: 'What in time is all this?' And someone told folks in the house and out comes Harvey D.'s stepmother that he got married to, and Grandpa Gideon and Cousin Juliana that happened to be there, and all the gypsies rushed up the hill and everyone made the vilest scene and I had to give back this lovely baby to the gypsy woman that claimed it. You'd think it was the only baby in the wide world, the way she made a scene, and not a single one would listen to reason when I tried to explain. They acted simply crazy, that's all."

"Gee, gosh!" muttered the Wilbur twin. This was indeed a splendid and desperate character, and he paid her the tribute of honest envy. He wished he might have a cruel stepmother of his own, and so perhaps be raised to this eminence of infamy. "I bet they did something with you!" he said.

The girl waved it aside with a gesture of repugnance, as if some things were too loathsome for telling. He perceived that she had, like so many raconteurs, allowed her cigar to go out.

"Here's a match," he said, and courteously cupped his hands about its flame. The pennygrab seemed to have become incombustible, and the match died futilely. "That's my last match," he said.

"Maybe I better keep this till I get to the great city."

But he would not have it so. "You can light it from mine," and he brought the ends of the two pennygrabs together.

"First thing you know you'll be dizzy," warned the moralist, Merle.

"Ho, I will not!"

She laughed in scorn, and valiantly puffed on the noisome thing. Thus stood Ben Blunt and the Wilbur twin, their faces together about this business of lighting up; and thus stood the absorbed Merle, the moral perfectionist, earnestly hoping his words of warning would presently become justified. It did not seem right to him that others should smoke when it made him sick.

At last smoke issued from the contorted face of Ben Blunt, and some of this being swallowed, strangulation ensued. When the paroxysm of coughing was past the hero revealed running eyes, but the tears were of triumph, as was the stoic smile that accompanied them.

And then, while the reformer Merle awaited the calamity he had predicted, while Wilbur surrendered anew to infatuation for this intrepid soul that would dare any crime, while Ben Blunt rocked on spread feet, the glowing pennygrab cocked at a rakish angle, while, in short, vice was crowned and virtue abased, there rang upon the still air the other name of Ben Blunt in cold and fateful emphasis. The group stiffened with terror. Again the name sounded along those quiet aisles of the happy dead. The voice was one of authority—cool, relentless, awful.

"Patricia Whipple!" said the voice.

The twins knew it for the voice of Miss Juliana Whipple, who had remotely been a figure of terror to them even when voiceless. Juliana was thirty, tall, straight, with capable shoulders, above which rose her capable face on a straight neck. She wore a gray skirt and a waist of white, with a severely starched collar about her throat, and a black bow tie. Her straw hat was narrow of brim, banded with a black ribbon. Her steely eyes flashed from beneath the hat. Once before the twins had encountered her and her voice, and the results were blasting, though the occasion was happier. Indeed, the intention of Juliana had been wholly amiable, for it was at the picnic of the Methodist Sunday school.

She came upon the twins in a fair dell, where they watched other children at a game, and she took very civil notice of them, saying, "How do you do, young gentlemen?" in deep, thrilling tones, and though they had been doing very well until that moment, neither of the twins had recovered strength to say so. To them she had been more formidable than a schoolteacher. Their throats had closed upon all utterance. Now as she faced them a dozen feet away, even though the words "Patricia Whipple" applied to but one of their number, the twins took the challenge to themselves and quailed. They knew that deep and terrible voice menaced themselves as well as the late Ben Blunt—for that mere street urchin, blown upon by the winds of desolation, had shriveled and passed. In his place drooped a girl in absurd boy's clothes, her hair messily cut off, smoking something she plainly did not wish to smoke. The stricken lily of vice drooped upon its stem.

One by one the three heads turned to regard the orator. How had she contrived that noiseless approach? How had she found them at all in this seclusion? The heads having turned to regard her, turned back and bowed in stony glares at the rich Whipple-nourished turf. They felt her come toward them; her shadow from the high sun blended with theirs. And again the voice, that fearsome organ on which she managed such dread effects:

"Patricia Whipple, what does this mean?"

She confronted them, a spare, grim figure, tall, authoritative, seeming to be old as Time itself. How were they to know that Juliana was still youthful, even attired youthfully though by no means frivolously, or that her heart was gentle? She might, indeed, have danced to them as Columbine, and her voice would still have struck them with terror. She brought her deepest tones to those simple words, "What does this mean?" All at once it seemed to them that something had been meant, something absurd, monstrous, lawless, deserving a ghastly punishment.

The late Ben Blunt squirmed and bored a heel desperately into the turf above a Whipple whose troubles had ceased in 1828. She made a rough noise in her throat, but it was not informing. The Wilbur twin, forgetting his own plight, glanced warm encouragement to her.

"I guess she's got a right to run away," he declared brazenly.

But in this burst of bravado he had taken too little account of his attire. He recalled it now, for the frosty gray eyes of Juliana

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ran about him and came to rest upon his own eyes. For the taut moment that he braved her glance it unaccountably seemed to him that the forbidding mouth of the woman twitched nervously into the beginning of a smile. It was a fleeting effect, but it did seem as if she had almost laughed, then caught herself. And there was a tremolo defect in the organ tone with which she now again demanded in blistering politeness, "May I ask what this means?"

The quick-thinking Merle twin had by now devised an exit from any complicity in whatever was meant. He saw his way out. He spoke up brightly and with no shadow of guilt upon his fair young face.

"I told her it was wrong for the young to smoke; it stunts their growth and leads to evil companions. But she wouldn't listen to me."

There was a nice regret in his tone.

Miss Juliana ignored him.

"Patricia!" she said terribly.

But the late Ben Blunt, after the first devastating shock, had been recovering vitality for this ordeal.

"I don't care!" she announced. "I'll run away if I want to!" And again, bitterly, "I don't care!"

"Run away!"

Juliana fairly bayed the words. She made running away seem to be something nice people never, never did.

"I don't care!" repeated the fugitive dully.

There was a finality about it that gave Juliana pause. She had expected a crumpling, but the offender did not crumple. It seemed another tack must be taken.

"Indeed?" she inquired almost cooingly. "And may I ask if this absurd young creature was to accompany you on your—your travels?" She indicated the gowned Wilbur, who would then have gone joyously to his reward, even as had Jonas Whipple. His look of dumb suffering would have stayed a judge less conscientious. "I presume this is some young lady of your acquaintance—one of your little girl friends," she continued, though it was plain to all that she presumed nothing of the sort.

"He is not!" The look of dumb suffering had stoutened one heart to new courage. "He's a very nice little boy, and he gave me these ragged clothes to run away in, and now he'll have to wear his Sunday clothes. And you know he's a boy as well as I do!"

"She made him take a lot of money for it," broke in the Merle twin. "I was afraid she wasn't doing right, but she wouldn't listen to me, so she gave him the money and I took charge of it for him."

He beamed virtuously at Miss Juliana, who now rewarded him with a hurried glance of approval. It seemed to Miss Juliana and to him that he had been on the side of law and order, condemning and seeking to dissuade the offenders from their vicious proceedings. He felt that he was a very good little boy, indeed, and that the tall lady was understanding it. He had been an innocent bystander.

Miss Juliana again eyed the skirted Wilbur, and the viewless wind of a smile's beginning blew across the lower half of her accusing face. Then she favored the mere street urchin with a glance of extreme repugnance.

"I shall have to ask all of you to come with me," she said terribly.

"Where to?" demanded the chief culprit.

"You know well enough."

This was all too true.

"Me?" demanded the upright Merle as if there must have been some mistake. Surely no right-thinking person could implicate him in this rowdy affair!

"You, if you please," said Miss Juliana, but she smiled beautifully upon him. He felt himself definitely aligned with the forces of justice. He all at once wanted to go. He would go as an assistant prosecuting attorney.

"Not—not me?" stammered the stricken Wilbur.

"By all means — you!" Miss Juliana sharpened her tone. She added mysteriously: "It would be good without you—good, but not perfect."

"Now I guess you'll learn how to behave yourself in future!" admonished Merle, the preacher, and edged toward Miss Juliana as one withdrawing from contamination.

"Oh, not me!" pleaded the voice of Wilbur.

"I think you heard me," said Miss Juliana. "Come!"

She uttered "Come" so that not mountains would have dared stay, much less a frightened little boy in a girl's dress. In his proper garb there had been instant and contemptuous flight. But the dress debased all his manly instincts. He came crawling, as the worm. The recent Ben Blunt pulled a cap over a shorn head and advanced stoically before the group.

"One moment," said Miss Juliana. "We seem to be forgetting something." She indicated the hat of Patricia Whipple lying on the ground near where smoldered the two ends of the abandoned pennygrabs. "I think you might resume this, my dear, and restore the cap to its rightful owner." It was but a further play of her debased fancy. The mere street urchin was now decked in a girl's hat and a presumable girl wore an incongruous cap. "I will ask you two rare specimens to precede me," she said when the change was made. They preceded her.

"I don't care!" This was more bravado from the urchin.

"Well, don't you care!" Juliana said it soothingly.

"I will, too, care!" retorted the urchin, betraying her sex.

"Will she take us to the jail?" whispered the trembling Wilbur.

"Worse!" said the girl. "She'll take us home!"

Side by side they threaded an aisle between rows of the care-free dead, whom no malignant Miss Juliana could torture. Behind them marched their captor, Merle stepping blithely beside her.

"It's lovely weather for this time of year," they heard him say.

### CHAPTER II

THEY came all too soon to a gate giving upon the public road and the world of the living who make remarks about strange sights they witness. Still it was a quiet street, and they were accorded no immediate reception. There stood the pony cart of Miss Juliana, and this, she made known, they were to enter. It was a lovely vehicle, drawn by a lovely fat pony, and the Wilbur twin had often envied those privileged to ride in it. Never had he dreamed so rich a treat could be his. Now it was to be his, but the thing was no longer a lovely pony cart; it was a tumbril—worse than a tumbril, for he was going to a fate worse than death.

The shameful skirt flopped about his bare legs as he awkwardly clambered into the rear seat beside the sex-muddled creature in a boy's suit and a girl's hat. Miss Juliana and the godly Merle in the front seat had very definitely drawn aloof from the outcasts. They chatted on matters at large in the most polite and social manner. They quite appeared to have forgotten that their equipage might attract the notice of the vulgar. When from time to time it actually did this the girl held her head brazenly erect and shot back stare for stare, but the Wilbur twin bowed low and suffered.

Sometimes it would merely be astounded adults who paused to regard them, to point canes or fingers at them. But again it would be the young who had never been disciplined to restrain their emotions in public. Some of these ran for a time beside the cart, with glad cries, their clear, ringing voices raised in comments of a professedly humorous character. Under Juliana's direction the cart did not progress too rapidly. At one crossing she actually stopped the thing until Ellis Bristow, who was blind, had with his knowing cane tapped a safe way across the street. The Wilbur twin at this moment frankly rejoiced in the infirmity of poor Ellis Bristow. It was sweet relief not to have him stop and stare and point. If given the power at this juncture he would have summarily blinded all the eyes of Newbern Center.

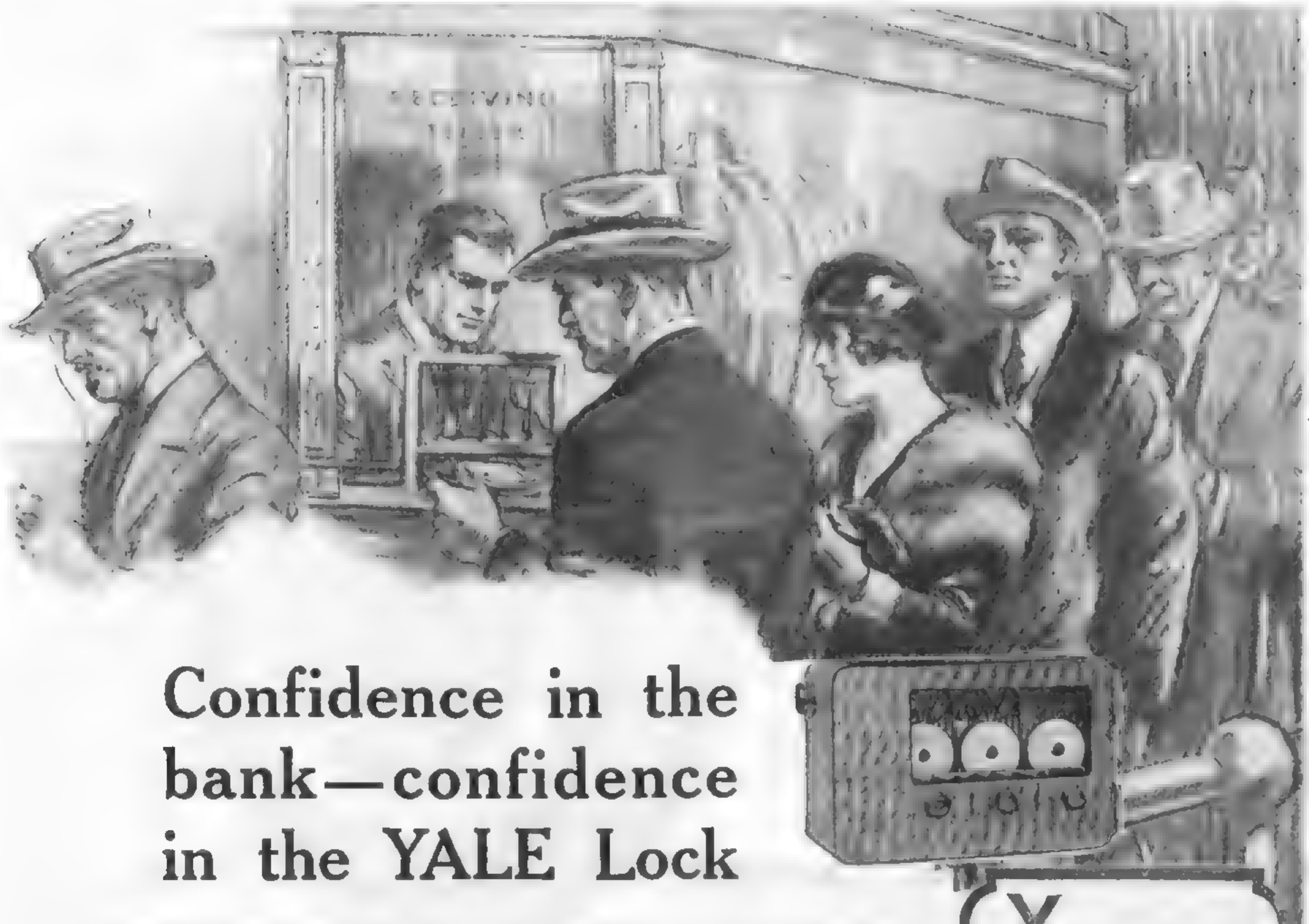
Up shaded streets they progressed, leaving a wake of purest joy astern. But at last they began the ascent of West Hill, that led to the Whipple New Place, leaving behind those streets that came alive at their approach. For the remainder of their dread progress they would elicit only the startled regard of an occasional adult farmer.

"What'll she do to us?". The Wilbur twin mumbled this under cover of sprightly talk from the front seat. His brother at the moment was boasting of his scholastic attainments. He had, it appeared, come on amazingly in long division.

"She won't do a thing!" replied his companion in shame. "Don't you be afraid!"

"I am afraid. But I wouldn't be afraid if I had my pants on again," explained the

(Continued on Page 125)



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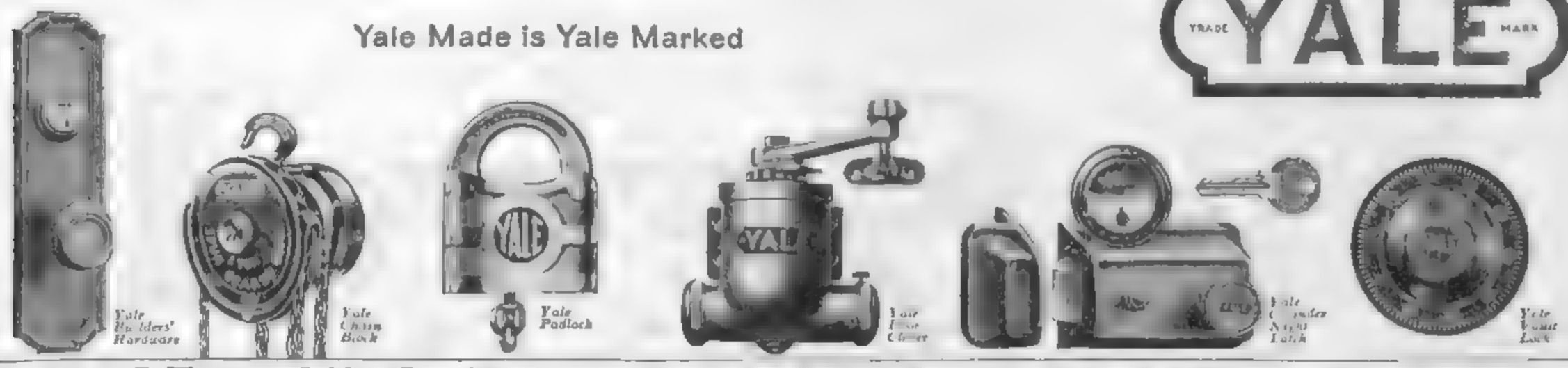


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**Detroit, U. S. A.**
*Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities*

# Sewell Cushion Wheels

(Continued from Page 122)

Wilbur twin, going accurately to the soul of his panic.

"I'll do it next time," said the girl. "I'll hurry. I won't stop in any old graveyard."

"Graveyard!" uttered the other feelingly. "I should say not!" Never again was he to think of such places with any real pleasure.

"All she wants," explained the girl—"she wants to talk up in her nose like she was giving a lecture. She loves to. She'll make a vile scene."

Now they were through an imposing gate of masonry, and the pony languidly drew them along a wide driveway toward the Whipple mansion, an experience which neither of the twins had ever hoped to brave; but only one of them was deriving any pleasure from the social elevation. The Merle twin looked blandly over the wide expanse of lawn and flower beds and tenderly nursed shrubs, and then at the pile of red brick with its many windows under gay-striped awnings, and its surmounting white cupola, which he had often admired from afar. He glowed with rectitude. True, he suffered a brother lost to all sense of decent human values, but this could not dim the luster of his own virtue or his pleasant suspicion that it was somehow going to be suitably rewarded. Was he not being driven by a grand-mannered lady up a beautiful roadway past millions of flowers and toward a wonderful house? It paid to be good.

The Wilbur twin had ceased to regard his surroundings. He gazed stolidly before him, nor made the least note of what his eyes rested upon. He was there, helpless. They had him!

The cart drew up beside steps leading to a wide porch shaded by a striped awning.

"Home at last," cooed Miss Juliana with false welcome.

A loutish person promptly abandoned a lawn mower in the near distance and came to stand by the head of the languid pony. He grinned horribly, and winked as the two figures descended from the rear of the cart. For a moment, halting on the first of the steps, the Wilbur twin became aware that just beyond him, almost to be grasped, was a veritable rainbow curved above a whirling lawn sprinkler. And he had learned that a rainbow is a thing of gracious promise. But probably they have to be natural rainbows; probably you don't get anything out of one you make yourself. Even as he looked, the shining omen vanished, shut off by an unseen power.

"This way, please," called Miss Juliana cordially, and he followed her guiltily up the steps to the shaded porch.

The girl had preceded her. The Merle twin lingered back of them, shocked, austere, deprecating, and yet somehow bland withal, as if these little affairs were not without their compensating features.

The bowed Wilbur twin was startled by a gusty torrent of laughter. With torturing effort he raised his eyes to a couple of elderly male Whipples. One sat erect on a cushioned bench, and one had lain at ease in a long, low thing of wicker. It was this one who made the ill-timed and tasteless demonstration that was still continuing. Ultimately the creature lost all tone from his laughter. It went on, soundless but uncannily poignant. Such was the effect the Wilbur twin wondered if his own ears had been suddenly deafened. This Whipple continued to shake silently. The other, who had not laughed, whose face seemed ill-modeled for laughing, nevertheless turned sparkling eyes from under shelving brows upon Juliana and said in words stressed with emotion: "My dear, you have brightened my whole day."

The first Whipple, now recovered from his unseemly paroxysm, sat erect to study the newcomers in detail. He was a short, round-chested man with a round moon face marked by heavy brows like those of the other. He had fat wrists and stout, blunt fingers. With a stubby thumb he now pushed up the outer ends of the heavy brows as if to heighten the power of his vision for this cherished spectacle.

"I seem to recognize the lad," he murmured as if in privacy to his own hairy ears. "Surely I've seen the rascal about the place, perhaps helping Nathan at the stable; but that lovely little girl—I've not had the pleasure of meeting her before. Come, sissy" — he held out blandishing arms—"come here, Tottie, and give the old man a kiss."

Could hate destroy, these had been the dying words of Sharon Whipple. But the Wilbur twin could manage only a sidelong glare insufficient to slay. His brother giggled until he saw that he made merry alone.

"What? Bless my soul, the minx is sulky!" roared the wit.

The other Whipple intervened.

"What was our pride and our joy bent upon this time?" he suavely demanded. "I take it you've thwarted her in some new plot against the public tranquillity."

"The young person you indicate," said Juliana, "was about to leave her home forever—going out to live her own life away from these distasteful surroundings."

"So soon? We should be proud of her! At that tender age, going out to make a name for herself!"

"I gather from this very intelligent young gentleman here that she had made the name for herself before even starting."

"It was Ben Blunt," remarked the young gentleman helpfully.

"Hey!" Sharon Whipple affected dismay. "Then what about this young girl at his side? Don't tell me she was luring him from his home here!"

"It will surprise you to know," said Juliana in her best style, "that this young girl before you is not a girl."

Both Whipples ably professed amazement.

"Not a girl?" repeated the suave Whipple incredulously. "You do amaze me, Juliana! Not a girl, with those flower-like features, those starry eyes, that feminine allure? Preposterous! And yet, if he is not a girl he is, I take it, a boy."

"A boy who incited the light of our house to wayward courses by changing clothes with her."

The harsher Whipple spoke here in a new tone.

"Then she browbeat him into it. Scissors and white aprons—yes, I know her!"

"He didn't seem browbeaten. They were smoking quite companionably when I chanced upon them."

"Smoking! Our angel child smoking!"

This from Sharon Whipple in tones that every child present knew as a mere pretense of horror. Juliana shrugged cynically

"They always go to the bad after they leave their nice homes," she said.

"Children should never smoke till they are twenty-one, and then they get a gold watch for it," interjected the orator, Merle. He had felt that he was not being made enough of.

"It's bad for their growing systems," he added.

"And this?" asked Gideon Whipple, indicating the moralist.

"The brother of that"—Juliana pointed. "He did his best in the way of advice, I gather, but neither of the pair would listen to him. He seems to be safely conservative, but not to have much influence over his fellows."

"Willing to talk about it, though," said Sharon Whipple pointedly.

The girl now glowered at each of them in turn.

"I don't care!" she muttered. "I will, too, run away! You see!"

"It's what they call a fixed idea," explained Juliana. "She doesn't care and she will, too, run away. But where is Mrs. Harvey?"

"Poor soul!" murmured Sharon. "Think what a lot she's missed already! Do call her, my dear!"

Juliana stepped to the doorway and called musically into the dusky hall: "Mrs. Harvey! Mrs. Harvey! Come quickly, please! We have something lovely to show you!"

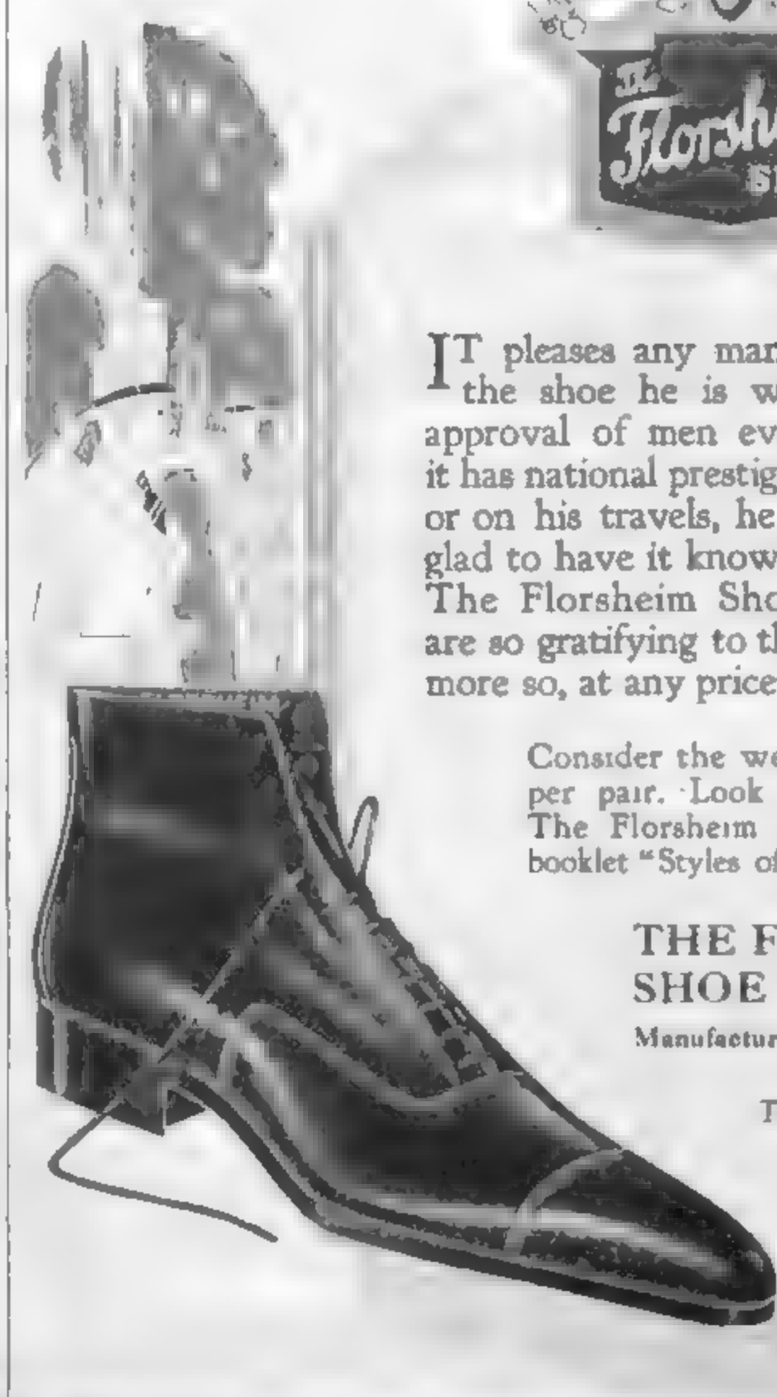
The offenders were still to be butchered to make a Whipple holiday.

"Coming!" called a high voice from far within.

The Wilbur twin sickeningly guessed this would be the cruel stepmother. Real cruelty would now begin. Beating, most likely. But when, a moment later, she stood puzzling in the doorway, he felt an instant relief. She did not look cruel. She was not even bearded. She was a plump, meekly prettyish woman with a quick flustered manner and a soft voice. She brought something the culprits had not found in their other judges.

"Why, you poor, dear motherless thing!" she cried when she had assured herself of the girl's identity, and with this she infolded her. "I'd like to know what they've been doing to my pet!" she declared aggressively.

"The pet did it all to herself," explained Gideon Whipple.

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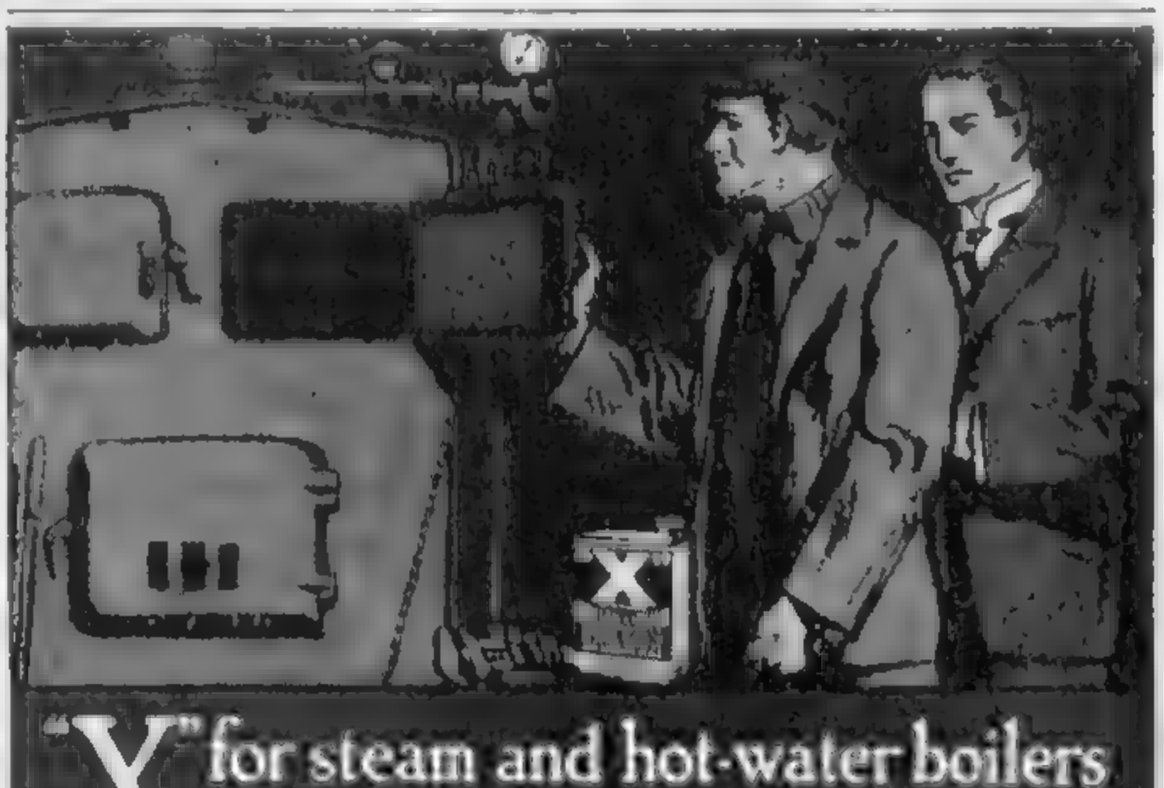

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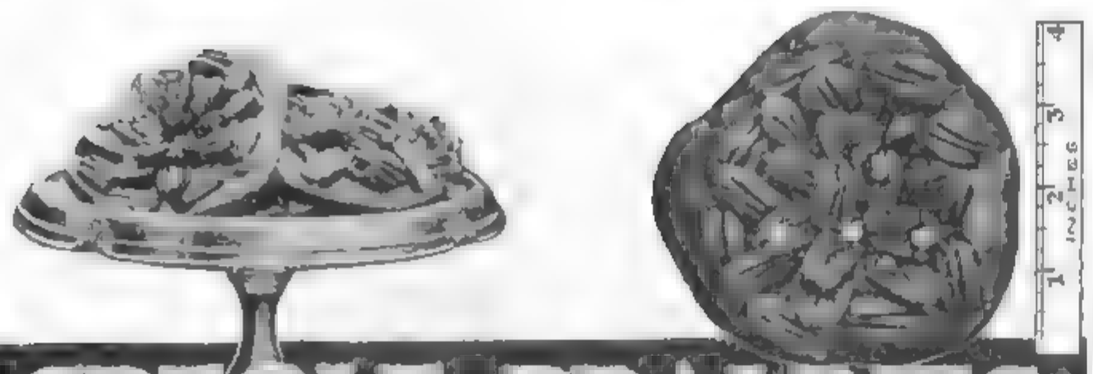

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"I will, too, run away!" affirmed the girl, though some deeper conviction had faded from the threat.

"Still talking huge high," said Sharon. "But at your age, my young friend, running away is overchancy." Mrs. Harvey Whipple ignored this.

"Of course you will—run away all you like," she soothed. "It's good for people to run away." Then she turned amazingly to the Wilbur twin and spoke him fair as a fellow human. "And who is this dear little boy? I just know he was kind enough to change clothes with you so you could run away better! And here you're keeping him in that dress when you ought to know it makes him uncomfortable—doesn't it, little boy?"

The little boy movingly ogled her with a sidelong glance of gratitude for what at the moment seemed to be the first kind words he had ever heard.

"You have her give me back my pants!" said he. Then for the first time he faced his inquisitors eye to eye. "I want my own pants!" he declared stoutly. Man spoke to man there, and both the male Whipples stirred guiltily; feeling base, perhaps, that mere sex loyalty had not restrained them.

"Indeed, you blessed thing, you shall have them this moment!" said the cruel stepmother. "You two march along with me."

"And not keep them till Harvey D. comes home?" It was the implacable Juliana.

"Well"—Mrs. Harvey considered—"I'm sure he would adore to see the little imps, but really they can't stand it any longer, can you, dears? It would be bad for their nerves. We'll have to be satisfied with telling him. Come along quickly!"

"I will, too, run away!"

The girl flung it over her shoulder as she swaggered into the hall. The Wilbur twin trod incessantly on her heels.

"Wants his pants!" murmured Sharon Whipple. "Prunes and apricots! Wants his pants!"

"Mistake ever to part with 'em," observed Gideon. "Of course she browbeat him."

"My young friend here tells me she bribed him," explained Juliana.

"She gave him a lot of money and I'm keeping it for him," said her young friend, and he indicated bulging pockets.

"Looted her bank," said Juliana.

"Forehanded little tike," said Sharon admiringly. "And smart! She can outsmart us all any day in the week!"

■

IN A DIM upper bedroom in the big house Wilbur Cowan divested himself of woman's raiment for probably the last time in his life. He hurried more than he might have, because the room was full of large, strange, terrifying furniture. It was a place to get out of as soon as he could. Two buttons at the back of the dress he was unable to reach, but this trifling circumstance did not for more than a scant second delay his release. Then his own clothes were thrust in to him by the stepmother, who embarrassingly lingered to help him button his own waist with the faded horseshoes to the happily restored pants.

"There, there!" she soothed when he was again clad as a man child, and amazingly she kissed him.

Still tingling from this novel assault, he was led by the woman along a dim corridor to a rear stairway. Down this they went, along another corridor to a far door. She brought him to rest in a small, meagerly furnished but delightfully scented room. It was scented with a general aroma of cooked food, and there were many shelves behind glass doors on which dishes were piled. A drawer was opened, and almost instantly in his ready hands was the largest segment of yellow cake he had ever beheld. He had not dreamed that pieces of cake for human consumption could be cut so large. And it was lavishly gemmed with fat raisins. He held it doubtfully.

"Let's look again," said the preposterous woman. She looked again, pushing by a loose-swinging door to do it, and returned with a vast area of apple pie, its outer curve a full ninety degrees of the circle. "Now eat!" said the woman. She was, indeed, a remarkable woman. She had not first asked him if he were hungry.

"I'm much obliged for my pants and this cake and pie," said the boy; so the woman said, "Yes, yes," and hugged him briefly as he ate.

Not until he had consumed the last morsel of these provisions and eke a bumper of milk did the woman lead him back to that shaded porch where he had lately been put to the torture. But now he was another being, clad not only as became a man among men but inwardly fortified by food. If stepmothers were like this he wished his own father would find one. The girl with her talk about cruelty—he still admired her, but she must be an awful liar. He faced the tormenting group on the porch with almost faultless self-possession. He knew they could not hurt him.

"Well, well, well!" roared Sharon Whipple, meaning again to be humorous. But the restored Wilbur eyed him coldly, with just a faint curiosity that withered the humorist in him. "Well, well!" he repeated, but in dry, businesslike tones, as if he had not meant to be funny in the first place.

"I guess we'll have to be going now," said the Wilbur twin. "And we must leave all that money. It wouldn't be honest to take it now." The Merle twin at this looked across at him with marked disfavor.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Juliana.

"Nonsense!" said Sharon Whipple.

"Take it, of course!" said Gideon Whipple.

"He's earned it fairly," said Juliana. She turned to Merle. "Give it to him," she directed.

This was not as Merle would have wished. If the money had been earned he was still willing to take care of it, wasn't he?

"A beggarly pittance for what he did," said Gideon Whipple warmly.

"Wouldn't do it myself for twice the amount, whatever it is," said Sharon.

Very slowly, under the Whipple regard, the Merle twin poured the price of his brother's shame into his brother's cupped hands. The brother felt religious at this moment. He remembered seriously those things they told you in Sunday school—about a power above that watches over us and makes all come right. There must be something in that talk.

The fiscal transaction was completed. The twins looked up to become aware that their late confederate surveyed them from the doorway. Her eyes hinted of a recent stormy past, but once more she was decorously appareled.

"Your little guests are leaving," said the stepmother. "You must bid them good-by."

Her little guests became statues as the girl approached them.

"So glad you could come," she said, and ceremoniously shook the hand of each. The twins wielded arms rigid from the shoulder, shaking twice down and twice up. "It has been so pleasant to have you," said the girl.

"We've had a delightful time," said the Merle twin.

The other tried to echo this, but again his teeth were tightly locked, and he made but a meaningless squeak far back in his throat. He used this for the beginning of a cough which he finished with a decent aplomb.

"You must come again," said the girl mechanically.

"We shall be so glad to," replied the Merle twin, glancing a bright farewell to the group.

The other twin was unable to glance intelligently at anyone. His eyes were now glazed. He stumbled against his well-mannered brother and heavily descended the steps. "You earned your money!" called Sharon Whipple.

The Wilbur twin was in advance, and stayed so as they trudged down the roadway to the big gate. With his first free breath he had felt his importance as the lawful possessor of limitless wealth.

"Bright little skeesicks," said Sharon Whipple.

"But the brother is really remarkable," said Gideon—"so well-mannered, so sure of himself. He has quite a personality."

"Other has the gumption," declared Sharon.

"I've decided to have one of them for my brother," announced the girl.

"Indeed?" said Gideon.

"Well, everybody said I might have a brother, but nobody does anything about it. I will have one of those. I think the nice one that doesn't smoke."

"Poor motherless pet!" murmured the stepmother helplessly.

"A brother is not what you need most at this time," broke in Juliana. "It's a barber."

TO BE CONTINUED

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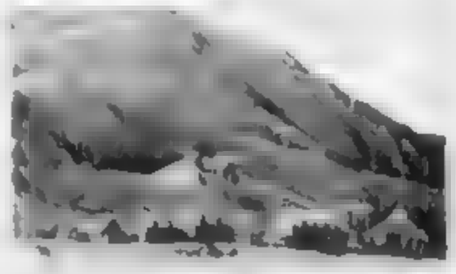

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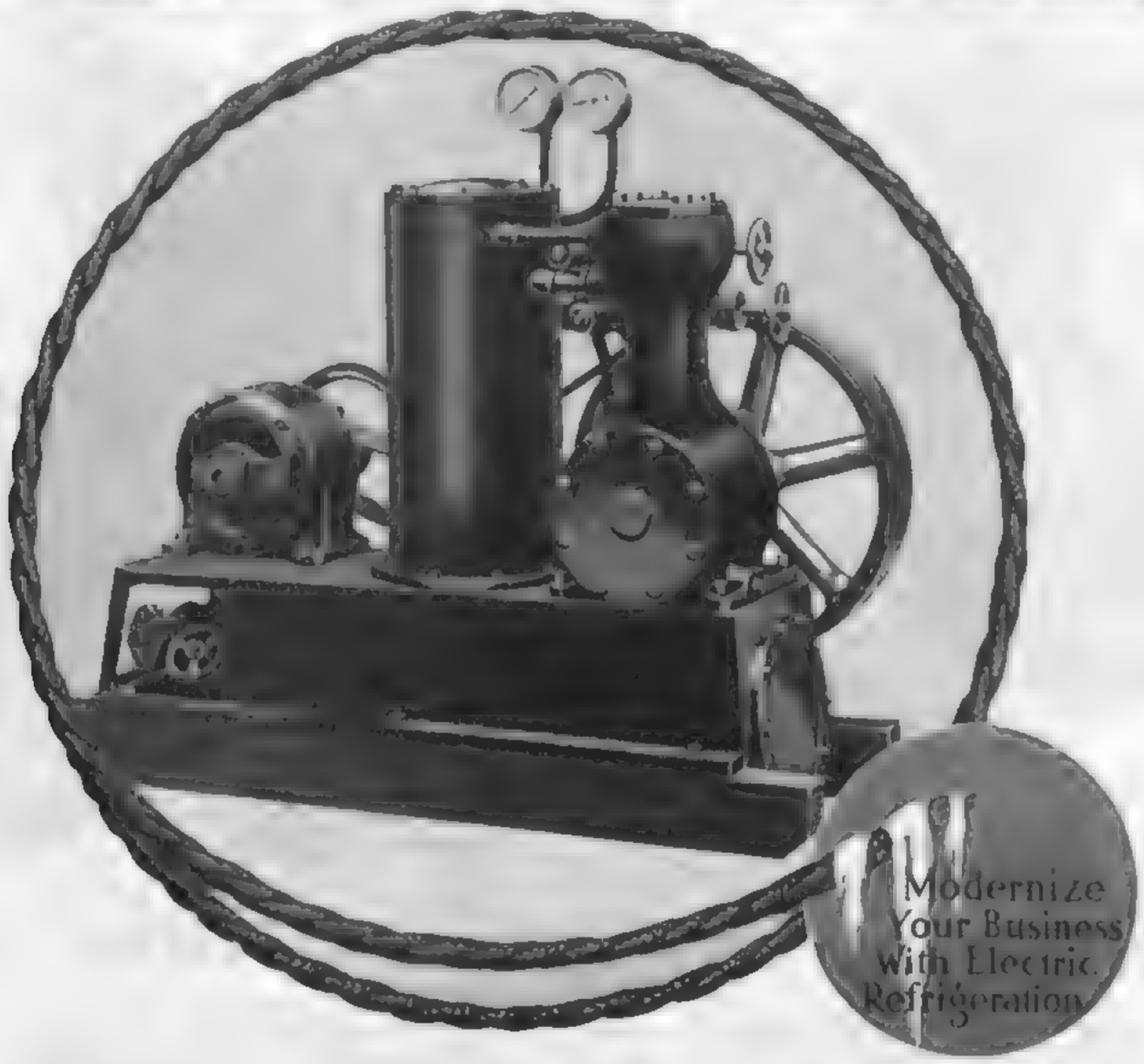


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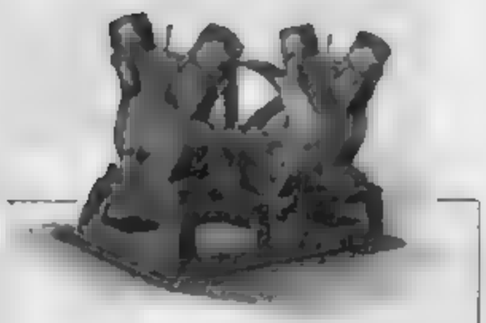

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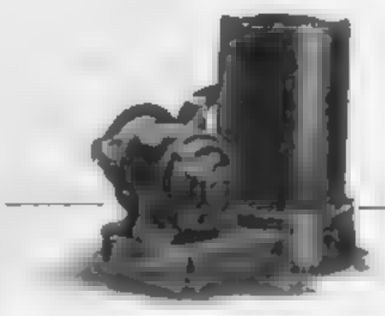

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THE TOLEDO COLD*MAKER* CO., Toledo, Ohio

# OUR FOOD THIS WINTER

(Continued from Page 25)

words, the exceedingly lean promise of the springtime has expanded into what may be termed, relatively speaking, a horn of plenty at autumn. To be specific, there is a prospect of a wheat crop exceeding the prewar average by about 25,000,000 bushels, a corn crop of 3,216,000,000 bushels, or 500,000,000 bushels more than the prewar average; oats, 1,402,000,000 bushels, or 286,000,000 better than the prewar average; barley in excess of, and rye more than double, the prewar average; potatoes exceeding the five-year average; record-breaking rice and tobacco crops; hay exceeding the five-year average; cotton, grain sorghums and apples better than last year, and record sugar-beet and sorghum-sirup crops.

"The crop now being brought into the barns and cribs and elevators, however, has cost more to produce than any other crop ever grown in America. The outlay for raising every bushel and every bale was greater than it ever was before. And yet it must be sold on a falling market. High prices continued during all the months when the farmer was incurring expense in producing his crops. Now that they are produced and, in the main, ready to be sold, he realizes that he produced at maximum cost and must sell at reduced prices. Prices began to fall when some considerable portion of the output was mature and ready to harvest.

"Taking all crops grown in the United States, the relative prices run this way: On March first they were twenty-two per cent higher than on the same date last year; on April first they were twenty-three per cent higher; on May first, twenty-three per cent; on June first, twenty-four per cent; on July first, twenty-one per cent; on August first they were the same as on August first a year ago; on September first they were eight per cent lower than a year ago; and on October first, fourteen per cent lower.

"On all crops, therefore, the farmer, if he disposes of them in October, must sell at a price thirty-six per cent below the prices prevailing when he planted and bore the cost of production."

### How Prices Have Fallen

"Let me make the illustration a little more concrete, following corn and potatoes from planting time until now. Compared with prices of last year, corn was twelve cents higher in March, nine cents in April, seven cents in May, fourteen cents in June, ten cents in July—the months when the farmer was bearing the expense of producing. In August, when corn was nearly mature, it dropped to twenty-seven cents below the price of August last year, to twenty-nine cents lower in September, and is thirty-three cents lower in October.

"The case of potatoes is even more striking. They dropped from a high mark of $4.20 to $1.34 on the first of October. During the producing months they were $1.33 higher in March; $1.91 in April; $2.75 in May; $3.00 in June; $2.58 in July; $1.10 in August, and three cents lower in September and thirty cents lower in October than for the corresponding months last year.

"To state the matter another way, using corn, cotton and wool as examples, this is the situation: The farmers of the United States have produced this year 3,216,000,000 bushels of corn. At present prices they will receive for their crop approximately a billion dollars less than what it would bring on the basis of prices prevailing in October a year ago. The cotton crop this year amounts to 5,858,574,000 pounds of lint. At existing prices it will lack more than a third of a billion of dollars of bringing as much as it would have brought a year ago. The wool clip this year aggregates 259,307,000 pounds. At last September prices it would have brought $133,024,491, but this year, on the basis of current prices, it will bring only $72,605,960, a reduction of about $60,000,000.

"The period of high prices, now followed by a period of suddenly declining prices, has had another effect upon the farmer which may be in the end disastrous to many individuals. The price situation resulted in land speculation, and this pushed up the price of the farmer's instrument of production. Measured in dollars, the price of a farm purchased during the last few years has been, in many cases, much more than twice as high as it was before the war. Every mortgage assumed when the exchange value of a dollar was low must now be carried or paid off with the exchange value of the dollar relatively much higher. The number of dollars which the farmer borrowed on his mortgage would have bought at that time a certain quantity of any particular commodity. Now the amount of money which he must pay back would buy a tremendously larger quantity of that same commodity.

"To put it in terms of production, this is the situation: Say that a farmer assumed last year a mortgage that he could have paid at that time with 10,000 pounds of wool. Now the price of wool, as of other farm products, is much lower than it was then, and to discharge that mortgage, which he stated in terms of dollars and not pounds of wool, he must pay 20,000 pounds of wool instead of 10,000, which the money he actually borrowed would have bought when he used it. Essentially, because of the decline in prices of farm products, the farmer who is carrying a mortgage will have to pay back much more than he borrowed. Therefore the farmer who during the period of high prices has bought a farm and paid in cash anything less than the full purchase price is subjected by the decline in prices of his products to a great strain. There are a great many such farmers."

### Community of Interest

"The 1920 census figures for farm mortgages are not yet available. There has been, however, a steady increase in the percentage of mortgaged farms for the past thirty years. In 1890, 28.2 per cent of all owner-operated farms were under mortgage. By 1900 this had increased to thirty-one per cent, and by 1910 to 33.6 per cent. I know of no reason for expecting that there has been a material decrease during the past decade, and it may be assumed that somewhere near one-third of all owner-operated farms in the United States to-day are under mortgages which must be carried or discharged with all farm products at reduced paying power.

"What I wish to emphasize primarily is the essential interest of the American manufacturer and the American business man in the situation confronting the farmer. The continued prosperity of industry and of commerce is absolutely dependent upon the products of the farm. There is not anywhere in the United States a single manufacturing or commercial center that could continue to prosper independently of the farming communities surrounding it.

"The products of the farm—worth last year $25,000,000,000—constitute the bedrock basis of American business. Manufacturers receive from them directly or indirectly the materials that go to make up their finished products. The banker employs his deposits in facilitating the exchange of products between the farmer and the manufacturer. The railroads and other transportation agencies carry the output of the farms from one to the other. Of the wares on the merchant's shelves many are the products of the farm, and of many others the farmer is the largest purchaser.

"Is the business man interested in whether the farmer operates at a profit or not? The one answer to that is this: If the business man is interested in himself, in the success of his enterprise, in the profits that he hopes to take from it, in the comforts and conveniences that he intends to provide for himself and for his wife and children, then he is most deeply and vitally interested in doing everything possible to see that the farmer has a fair opportunity to conduct his enterprise on a profitable basis. He is interested—or should be interested—in making sure that the farmer gets a square deal, that his products, when they are ready to be sold, find an open, free, remunerative market.

"Now the whole thing sifts finally down to this: If the manufacturer and the merchant and the railroads are to continue in operation, the farmer must produce. If the farmer is to continue to produce, he must receive adequate prices for his products—prices which will give him a reasonable return for his efforts and enable him to maintain a satisfactory standard of living for himself and for his family. There may be people who think that only the farmer is adversely affected if he fails to

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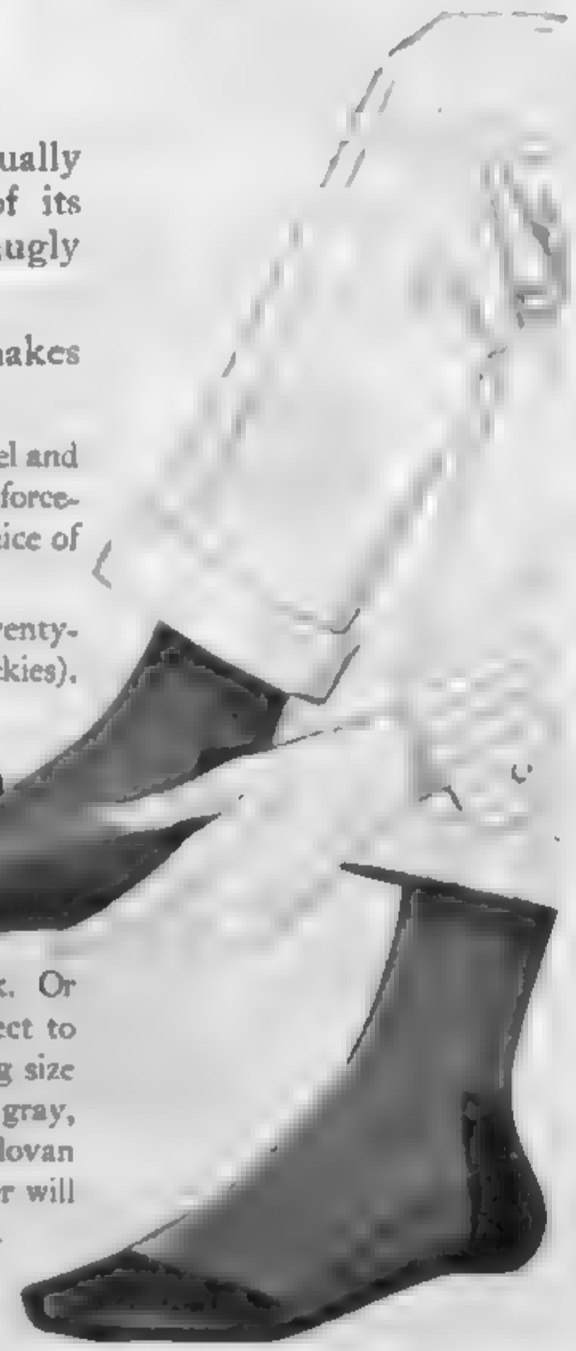

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secure adequate prices. If the farmer stops producing he will suffer, of course, but the manufacturer and the merchant and the banker will suffer just as severely and possibly more so.

"What is the answer to this great national problem? There is no single solution for it. There must, however, be a greater appreciation on the part of city people generally of the difficulties confronting the farmers of the nation, and there must be recognition of the fact that the farmer is entitled to a living wage. We must also do everything in our power to strengthen the national foundation by rendering all feasible assistance in the maintenance and development of our agriculture.

"We must adequately support our Federal and state agricultural agencies. These agencies have accomplished a great deal toward eliminating some of the hazards of agricultural production, including especially the eradication or control of animal and plant diseases and insect pests, as well as in developing better-yielding varieties of crops, in working out improved cultural methods and practices, in studying the cost of production of the principal crops, and in facilitating the marketing of farm products and developing a more orderly system of distribution.

"It should be clear, I think, to everyone in the United States that unless the farmers receive adequate prices for what they produce there will not be a permanent agriculture in America, and without a permanent agriculture there can be no permanent prosperity anywhere in the land.

"The solution of the problem, therefore, is as much a matter of interest to the business man as it is to the farmer and the agencies which are working to improve and develop agriculture."

After Mr. Meredith had told me these things he gave me the free run of his department. I talked with his subordinates who are directly charged with the duty of keeping an account of what is in the national pantry, of crops and stores on hand, and marketing conditions. These men come into actual contact with the producers, the distributors and the consumers of food. Some of them have had long experience. I think they know what they are talking about.

I can't imagine anybody not being interested at this juncture in our affairs in a plain, homely tale of food. All the people I meet these days are chiefly concerned with such homely things as food and clothing and shelter. I recite these details of the rich stores of fatness in our pantry as one who shares in the pride of a piece of work well done. The recital is not of statistics but of a romance. I do not envy the dull mind that can hear the tale lightly or negligently.

### What the Farmer Needs Most

A million people in Austria and the Near East, human beings like ourselves, would go into hysterics of exultation and joy at the mere sight or prospect of the store of food in Iowa alone. I lay a bet that not a king, prince or potentate east of the ninetieth meridian has in his larder such an array of good things to eat as any well-to-do farmer in your own state. The stuff, the real right stuff, is here; and it is something to be grateful for. I do not see why the farmer should not go out under the hunter's moon and serenade the consumer with this little song; it runs to a familiar tune:

*I've got a little pig,*
*I've got a little cow,*
*I've got a little tin machine,*
*Plenty of time for a moonlight ride,*
*And plenty of gasoline.*

*I've got a little house,*
*I've got a little barn;*
*I've got a little tractor too;*
*But the thing I haven't got,*
*And the thing I need the most,*
*Is a little higher price from you.*

That is the one thing, as Mr. Meredith has pointed out, the farmer has got to complain about—falling prices. Everybody is agreed, who has to do with the production of food, that the consumer pays too much and the farmer gets too little. That means that distribution is imperfect and too many profits are taken on the way from the farmer to the consumer's larder. Undeniably the farmers are more restive under this condition than they have been in many years.

The newspapers in the early October days were full of stories about the wheat growers' association endeavoring to secure pledges from its members throughout Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Nebraska and South Dakota to refrain from marketing their wheat crop until the price went up to three dollars a bushel. Cotton growers in the South were resorting to threats of violence and the burning of gins in certain parts of the country to induce cotton raisers to hold their crops until the price reached forty cents a pound. Wool growers and livestock raisers were making voluble outcry that they were facing a serious condition. They were chafing under the phenomenon of falling prices for their products.

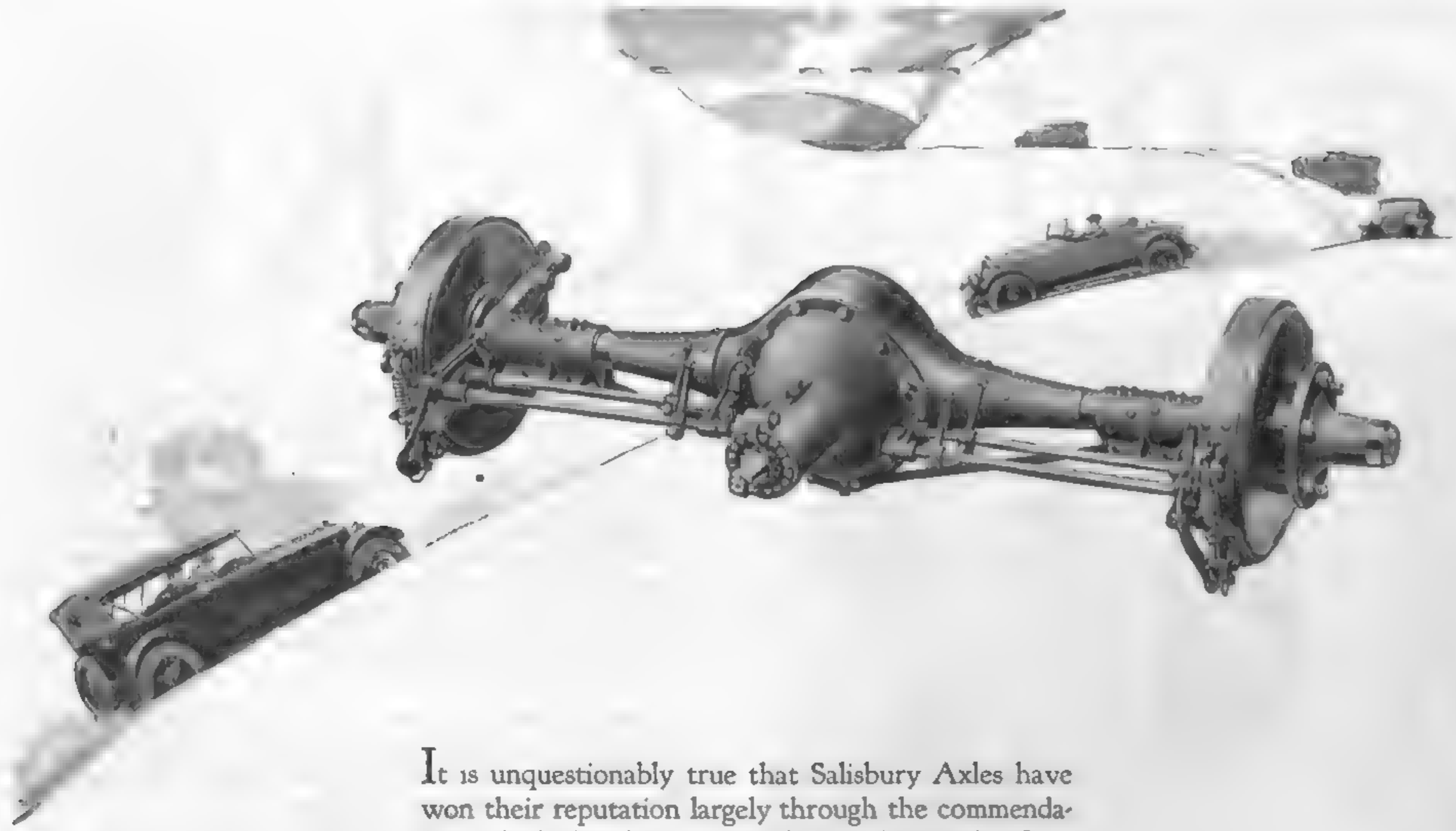
But all prices are going down. There seems to be a general belief among economists that the peak of the high cost of living has been passed and that we are in for a general readjustment of prices of all commodities on a downward scale. The farmer can afford to take less for the food we must buy from him if he gets his own necessities cheaper. On this point I talked with the experts in the Bureau of Crop Estimates. The history of their work goes back to the very beginnings of the department, when the Department of Agriculture began as a subdivision of the Patent Office, in the State Department. Its first and for a time its only employee made crop estimates on a salary of $1000 a year. The present Bureau of Crop Estimates has become astonishingly expert in making forecasts of production and conditions. It is a tremendous organization, with representatives in virtually every county of every state. From them I have all this compact survey of the present situation, now that the crops are in.

### Looking Into the Future

"Officially the Bureau of Crop Estimates does not attempt to forecast prices of farm products. The supply of practically all farm food products is relatively abundant in the United States this year. This is equally true of the world supply. The demand for farm products is fairly constant; people consume only about so much each year, and consumption decreases only in times of scarcity and abnormally high prices, and increases slightly in any one year as population increases or as consumption may be stimulated by abundance and low prices. There is nothing in the fundamental supply-and-demand situation which would justify higher prices for agricultural products in the next few months. On the other hand, we have every reason to believe that the peak of high prices for all commodities has passed and that future prices will trend downward. In the face of an abundant supply it would seem that farm products should participate in the downward movement. If prices of manufactured commodities are reduced simultaneously and in about the same proportion, a decline in the price of farm products could take place without involving financial loss to farmers.

"However, in any discussion of the food and farm price situation, the fact should be emphasized that the 1920 crop is the most expensive crop ever grown; that in the spring of 1920 a shortage of farm hired labor was reported at about thirty-three per cent; that not only was farm labor scarce but it was reported higher in price and less efficient than in any preceding year; that the abundant crops of this year have been harvested only by extraordinary exertion on the part of farmers and their families; that the cost of fertilizer, farm machinery, and supplies of every description which farmers have had to purchase was abnormally high; that farmers who were unable to get cars to move their crops, or to obtain machinery for repair parts because of car shortage, or to get coal for threshing machines, mills or fuel, because of labor strikes and inefficiency, or who read of the constant demand for labor in other industries for shorter hours and higher wages, or whose sons and daughters and hired help leave the farm because of the lure of shorter hours, higher wages and other advantages of city life, are beginning to ask themselves seriously whether they are justified in planning for larger crops another year, in risking their capital, and in working themselves and their families overtime to produce a surplus mainly for the

(Continued on Page 133)



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(Continued from Page 130)

benefit of other people, and whether they themselves would not profit more and live easier by simply planning to raise enough for their own use.

"It should be remembered also that it requires six to nine months or a year to prepare the ground, plant and harvest a crop, and that during the growing season the crop is subject to all hazards of weather, plant diseases and insect pests; and that in the case of meat animals one to three years are required to bring them to marketable maturity, during which period they must be fed, watered and cared for, and are subject to loss from disease.

"From the very nature of their business farmers take long chances in growing crops and livestock and are not in a position to make up their losses by hedging on the exchanges, by crop insurance, by contracts for future delivery, for quick turnover, or any of the many devices developed by manufacturers and dealers for protecting themselves from financial loss or passing the loss on to consumers.

"Consumers should be reminded of the fact that they are really far more interested in having an ample supply available than they are in low prices, because if the supply fails all the money in the world will not avail to increase it until new crops can be planted and new harvests realized.

"The prices received by farmers for their 1920 crops will partially determine the acreage to be planted next year. If those prices are unsatisfactory, especially if they fall below cost of production, in all human probability acreages will be reduced next season.

"Population and consumption are steadily increasing. Production and consumption are now pretty evenly balanced. Production should increase annually to keep pace with the growing population."

### The Spread Between Prices

"An increase in production can be obtained only by increasing yields per acre and per farm, which will involve more intensive and expensive methods. Consumers are directly interested, therefore, in seeing that farm production is maintained or increased; and this can be accomplished only by seeing that farmers receive fair prices for their products, which will cover cost of production and a reasonable profit proportional to their investment and risks.

"Lower prices to consumers can be brought about not only by more efficient and economical methods of production on farms but by reducing the spread between farm and retail prices. This is believed to be disproportionately great for many articles.

"It is equally incumbent upon consumers to coöperate with farmers' organizations and with Federal and state agencies to the same end. Before they can do this it will be necessary for them to take an intelligent interest and inform themselves concerning the conditions which surround the source of their food supply. Agriculture is now an $80,000,000,000 industry and all are dependent upon it for the raw materials for their food and clothing. It is destined to become still more important in future than in the past, and for this reason deserves intelligent consideration by every business man and consumer."

Now for some of the details of our abundant supply: It is supposed that the food consumption of the people of the United States is apportioned about as follows among the various classes of foods: Grains, forty-two per cent; meats, twenty-four and a half per cent; dairy products, fifteen per cent; vegetables, five per cent; sugar, a little under five per cent; oils and nuts, less than five per cent; poultry and eggs, two per cent; fruits, less than two per cent; fish, a third of one per cent.

### What the Figures Show

The following table shows in compact form that the per capita food and feed crop production of 1920 is greater than the normal per capita consumption for all items except barley, buckwheat and cottonseed, and except the consumption of dry beans in the preceding year. The normal consumption of dry beans is not known. A much greater ration than the normal one is afforded for 1920–21 by wheat, oats, rye, rice, sweet potatoes. A larger corn crop than in 1919 is available for feeding to a smaller number of animals, and to promote their increase.

Information concerning the meat production of 1920–21—July to June—is not so definite as it is with regard to crops. Beef cattle decreased 600,000, or over one per cent, from January 1, 1919, to January 1, 1920; swine, 1,675,000, or more than two per cent; and sheep 251,000, or one-half of one per cent; and the high prices of feeding stuffs and the reputed unprofitableness of converting them into meat have caused a reduction of these animals since January 1, 1920. Investigation by the Bureau of Crop Estimates indicates that on August 1, 1920, there were fewer cattle in the country than on August 1, 1918, by somewhat less than nine per cent, and fewer hogs by somewhat under four per cent.

If the per capita meat ration of 1920–21 should be five per cent or more below that of the preceding year, the crop production of 1920 supplies enough to equal the reduction, besides providing the usual ration supplied by crops. The table above shows this.

Of course there are the exports of meat and its products. These do not have to continue to the extent of the exports of the year ending June, 1920. This is the record for that year:

| | POUNDS |
|---|---|
| Beef and products | 345,480,562 |
| Pork and products | 1,765,719,951 |
| Mutton and products | 3,958,131 |
| Miscellaneous | 63,672,129 |
| Total | 2,179,831,773 |

This total is eleven per cent of the dressed-meat production of the calendar year 1919, and ten per cent of the production of dressed weight and edible offal.

Figures on dairy products are unsatisfactory, but, taking them as they are, they indicate an approximate uniformity in number of dairy cows per capita and milk production per capita during the last twenty years. The census of 1920 may qualify this statement. Apparently the per capita production of milk is now ninety-seven gallons a year, as it was twenty years ago. In the meantime the consumption of market milk and of cream,

PRODUCTION OF FOOD AND FEED IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1920 PER CAPITA, COMPARED WITH AVERAGE YEARLY CONSUMPTION PER CAPITA IN 1905–14

| PRODUCT | UNIT | PRODUCTION 1920* TOTAL | PRODUCTION 1920* PER CAPITA | AVERAGE YEARLY CONSUMPTION PER CAPITA, CROP YEARS BEGINNING IN 1905–14 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Corn | Bushels | 3,131,349,000 | 29.3 | 28.9 |
| Wheat | Bushels | 770,015,000 | 7.2 | 6.3 |
| Oats | Bushels | 1,441,839,000 | 13.5 | 11.4 |
| Barley | Bushels | 194,858,000 | 1.8 | 1.9 |
| Rye | Bushels | 77,893,000 | .7 | .4 |
| Buckwheat | Bushels | 15,528,000 | .14 | .18 |
| Rice, cleaned | Pounds | 1,448,667,000 | 13.5 | 7.0 |
| Potatoes | Bushels | 412,933,000 | 3.9 | 3.8 |
| Sweet potatoes | Bushels | 101,779,000 | 1.0 | .6 |
| Hay, tame | Tons | 88,171,000 | .82 | .76 |
| Cottonseed | Tons | 6,000,000 | .056 | .065 |
| Apples | Bushels | 224,241,000 | 2.1 | 1.8 |
| Beans, dry | Bushels | 9,780,000 | .09 | .12§ |
| Peanuts | Bushels | 38,850,000 | .36 | .3§ |
| Sugar | Pounds | 2,272,000,000 | 22.2 | 16.2§ |
| Sorghum sirup | Gallons | 38,525,000 | .36 | .3§ |
| Commercial truck crops | | | | |
| Onions | Bushels | 15,070,000 | .14 | .12§ |
| Cabbage | Pounds | 1,209,176,000 | 11.3 | 7.1§ |

* Subject to revision; forecast of September first
† Estimated population January 1, 1921—107,000,000.
‡ For all purposes; not food or feed alone; including waste.
§ 1919–20.


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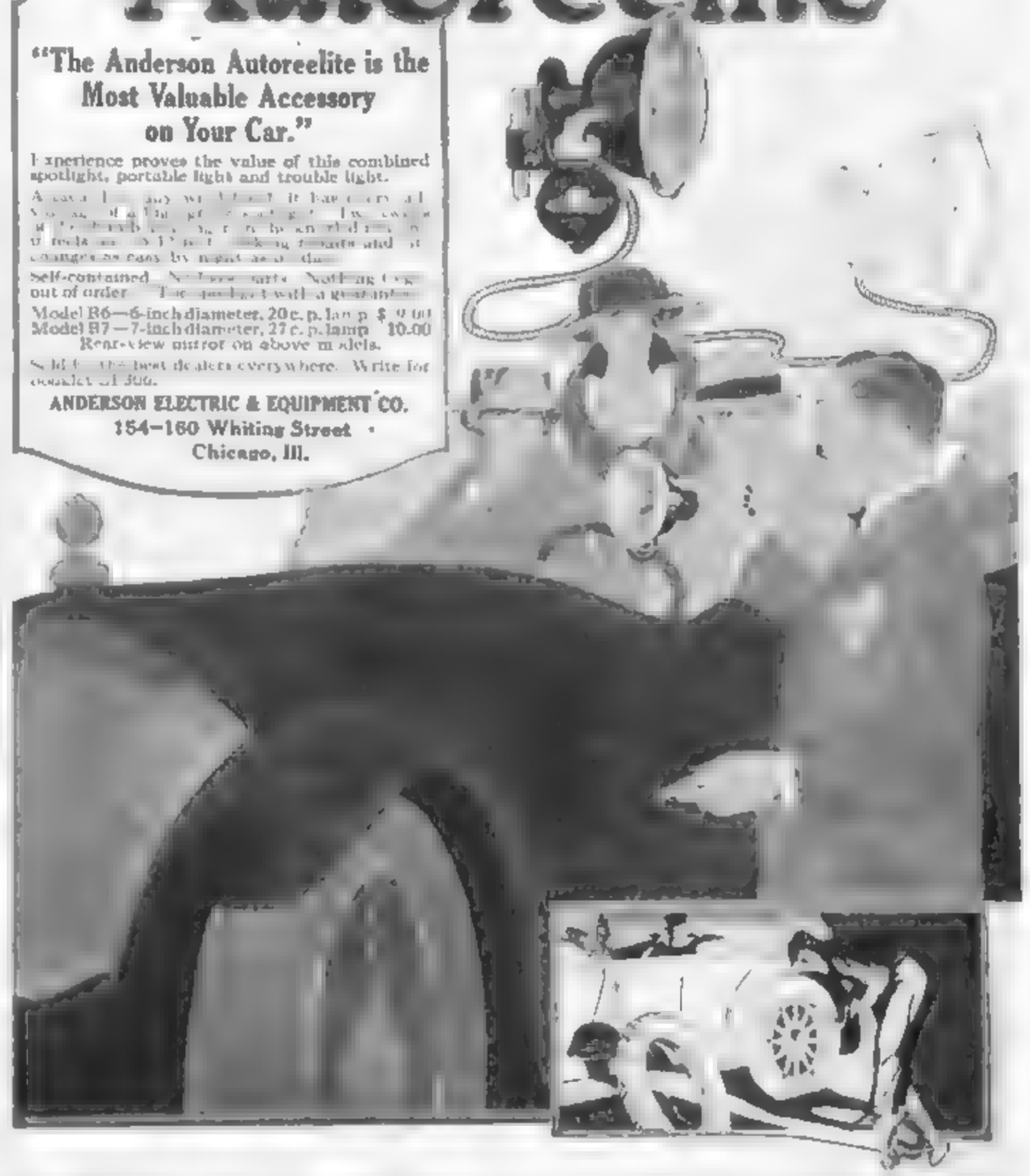

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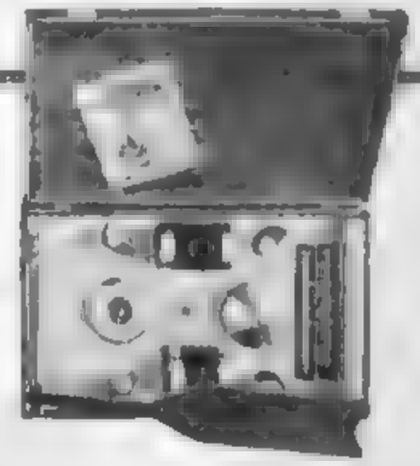

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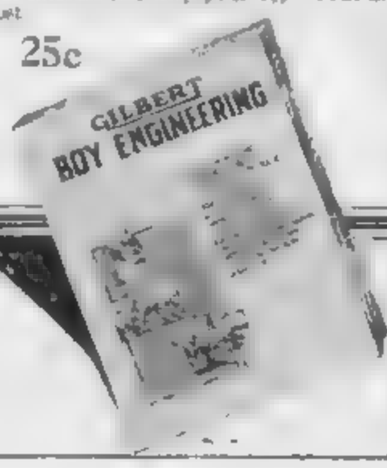


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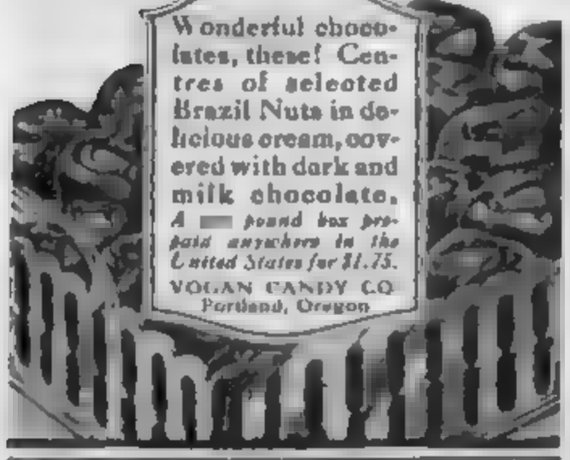
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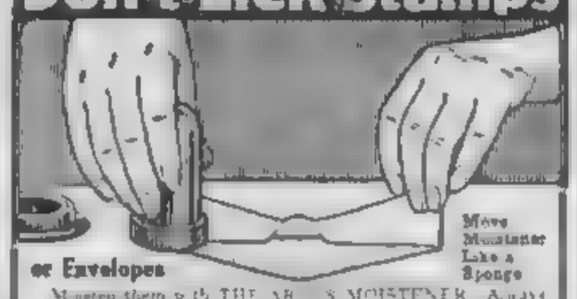

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the manufacture of ice cream and of condensed and evaporated milk have caused an apparent decline in butter production from the former twenty to the present fifteen pounds per capita. The number of dairy cows seems to remain at a quite constant ratio of 0.22 of one animal per capita.

Vegetables as a food group are more abundant in 1920 than in 1919. Potatoes and sweet potatoes are above the per capita average consumption of 1910–14. This is also true of onions and cabbage. The acreage of commercial celery is fifteen per cent above 1919. As far as the information goes—and this covers the bulk of the nutrition of this food group—vegetable production, in total and in most details, is above 1919, except a small decline in sweet potatoes.

With indications of a lower meat-animal slaughter in 1920-21 than in the preceding year, there would follow a lower production of edible animal oils. Cottonseed production is low, and cottonseed oil may also be low in production. But large imports of oil are to be taken into the reckoning. In the year ending June, 1920, the following large imports of oils were received:

| | |
|---|---|
| Chinese nut oil (gallons) | 10,613,638 |
| Coconut oil (pounds) | 209,226,966 |
| Cottonseed oil (pounds) | 24,164,821 |
| Edible olive oil (gallons) | 6,812,598 |
| Peanut oil (gallons) | 22,064,363 |
| Soya bean oil (pounds) | 195,773,594 |

By way of a rough general summary it may be said that a decline is shown in per capita production of edible animal and vegetable oils in 1920–21. Dairy products remained about stationary.

Sugar: Domestic production higher, but this is hardly one quarter of the consumption. Chief foreign dependence is Cuba, and this promises to be fully as good as last year.

Grain production above normal consumption—very much so for wheat, oats, rye and rice. Here is ample surplus to offset loss in meat. But the reduction in meat production may be partly if not wholly balanced by reduction of meat exports. The grain exports of the year ending with June, 1920, were:

| | |
|---|---|
| Barley (bushels) | 20,841,704 |
| Bread and biscuit (pounds) | 17,885,079 |
| Buckwheat (bushels) | 244,785 |
| Corn (bushels) | 10,707,447 |
| Oats (bushels) | 43,450,744 |
| Rice (including Hawaii and Porto Rico, pounds) | 636,104,820 |
| Rye (bushels) | 41,529,161 |
| Wheat (bushels) | 97,430,674 |

This country is always importing as well as exporting food. In the three years before the World War the exported nutrients were twelve per cent of their production, and the imported nutrients were ten per cent of the production. The net exports of the nutrients were two per cent of the production. We are very close to a balance between food production and consumption. Our principal food imports in the year ending June, 1920, were:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cattle | 575,328 |
| Sheep | 196,549 |
| Corn (bushels) | 10,229,249 |
| Sago, tapioca, etc. (pounds) | 127,197,321 |
| Rice (pounds) | 170,919,961 |
| Cocoa or cacao, crude (pounds) | 420,330,886 |
| Cocoa and chocolate, prepared (pounds) | 1,548,973 |
| Eggs, dried, frozen (pounds) | 24,891,098 |
| Fish (pounds) | 368,981,990 |
| Bananas (bunches) | 36,548,475 |
| Currants (pounds) | 35,225,271 |
| Dates (pounds) | 36,893,263 |
| Figs (pounds) | 28,552,351 |
| Olives (gallons) | 5,206,458 |
| Almonds, not shelled (pounds) | 7,355,894 |
| Almonds, shelled (pounds) | 26,326,245 |
| Coconuts, in the shell (pounds) | 89,208,366 |
| Coconut meat, not shelled, etc. (pounds) | 218,521,916 |
| Coconut meat, shredded, etc. (pounds) | 38,707,166 |
| Cream and Brazil nuts (pounds) | 25,336,866 |
| Peanuts, not shelled (pounds) | 12,867,996 |
| Peanuts, shelled (pounds) | 120,344,425 |
| Walnuts, not shelled (pounds) | 27,278,639 |
| Walnuts, shelled (pounds) | 17,504,531 |
| Meat (pounds) | 93,297,665 |
| Butter and substitutes (pounds) | 20,770,959 |
| Cheese and substitutes (pounds) | 17,913,682 |
| Edible oils (gallons) | 40,720,093 |
| Edible oils (pounds) | 293,433,287 |
| Spices (pounds) | 72,906,716 |
| Molasses (gallons) | 154,670,200 |
| Sugar, beet (pounds) | 1,219,834 |
| Sugar, cane (pounds) | 7,590,911,767 |

I think that list will amaze most consumers as much as it amazed me. Bananas, peanuts and coconuts are familiar edibles at every corner fruit stand, but that we consumed them in terms of millions of bunches and pounds seemed incredible. And who ate more than 36,000,000 pounds of imported dates and more than 28,000,000 pounds of imported figs?

I have told here only half of the story of our good fortune. There is as much more to tell. We have enough food in hand for this winter, but what about next winter and the next? All that is another story, and a reassuring one too.

**Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Lowry. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.**


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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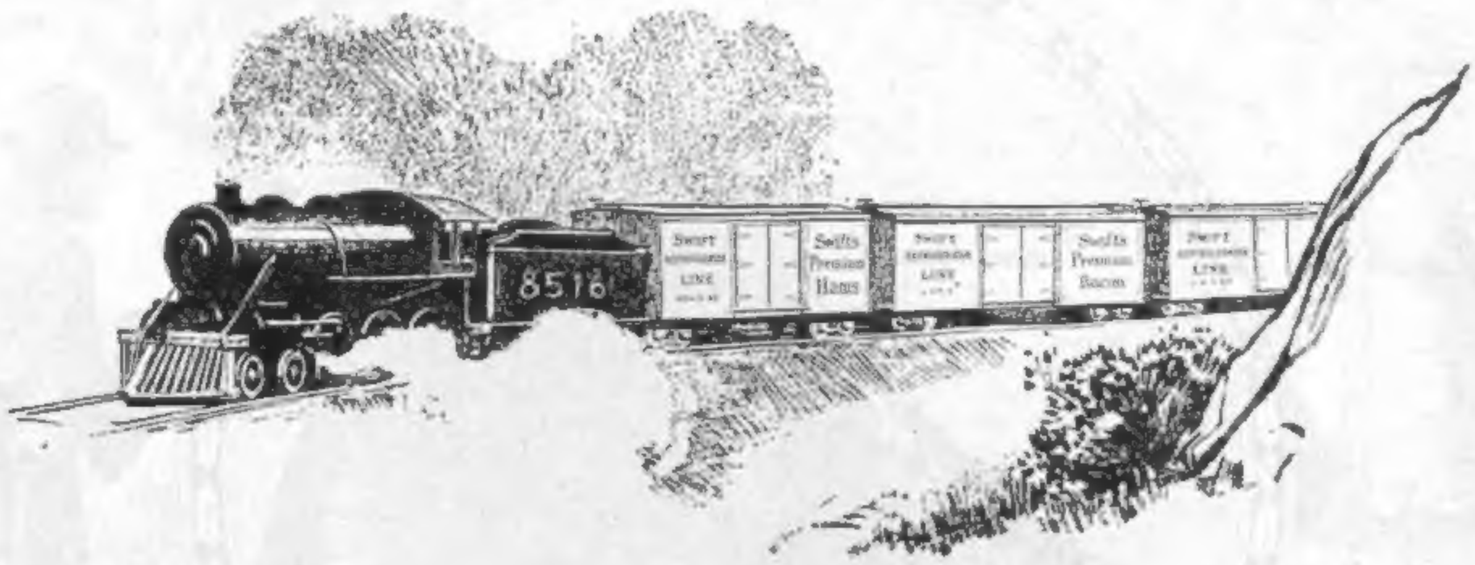


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